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THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY

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THE TWO PERSONS

By CARLOS CHÁVEZ

MUSIC is a sort of bridge from the person who composes it to the person who plays or hears it. For the sake of simplicity, call the composer the first person, and call the interpreter of music—the Public—to whom the composer is speaking, the second person. Interpreting is getting in contact with the music already written, precisely as it is written; a person who does this in any one of several ways is the second person.

Art being a conception—idea or emotion in the act of possessing some organic form—the organic material that conditions an art, alters the relationship between the first and second persons. In painting, for instance, the materials are pigments; in sculpture and architecture, the materials are stone, bronze, wood, etc. Both of these arts employ materials that have a permanent and stable character, and a work of art from these materials results in a tangible object limited in space. Sonorous vibrations (sound), the materials of music and poetry, are a medium of an impermanent character and result in a work of art limited in time.

Contrast these arts: a work of art limited in space lasts forever within the reach of the second person as soon as the artist has finished creating it. But a work of art limited in time is extinguished and gone forever at the exact moment of its creation, and is then finally out of reach of the second person. In the author's mind, to be sure, his creation lasts—a more or less living thing, but, depending as it does on memory, it will gradually fade with the other images of memory. Tradition, the memory not only of the author, but of several persons, may preserve and transmit the work; but it will inevitably suffer a steady process of deformation because memory is never exact and no one will be able to repeat the music precisely as it was first conceived.

To assist memory and to keep the original conception of the music, two other methods, writing and performance, have been invented. These two devices make it possible to repeat a given musical composition at any desired time by any person. In order to come nearer precision than memory comes, we must require of the notation of music sufficient delicacy and complexity to record all the integral qualities of a piece of work, so that it may reach the second person without alteration. But these two devices bring up a host of lesser difficulties after having solved the primary problem.

It is perfectly natural and fitting for the public to disagree with the work of art, or to interpret mistakenly the author's truth. Mistaken opinion need cause us no concern; the serious task in music lies in making sure that the public gets the truth with nothing else added. The public has a right to the conception as the author formed it, in order to have something clear-cut to start with, even if to disagree with it completely.

The interpreter has just as much freedom to like or dislike what the author has accomplished, or to see it from any angle of understanding he wishes to apply, as the author had in composing. Our whole satisfaction, as a public, lies just in this choice.

When we are certain that we have discovered the author's truth, we have made what I call a true contact between first and second persons.

In contrast with music, see how easy it is to establish the true contact in the case of painting and sculpture. An artist paints a fresco or a sculptor casts a bronze that will stand forever, suffering no integral change. The public for this painting or bronze is anyone who stands and stares at it long enough to experience it with his tactile and visual senses. There is no series of intermediate steps between the two persons. And the public starts with the painting just as the painter chooses to paint it—there is no room for gradations to slip into it; the only place to begin knowing the picture is with the picture itself. As I insisted before, the individual member of the public will interpret however he pleases—he will see what he wishes to see, reacting in all manner of ways distasteful, perhaps, to the painter. But he will have started with the tangible fact of the author's truth, and he will have had, to begin with, a true contact with him. Supposing he stands in front of a Cézanne canvas: he will have in reach of his eyes the proportions of color and line, and the volumes of color just as Cézanne put them down on canvas. The public may reject, misunderstand, accept conditionally, or abjectly admire the Cézanne, but it will never, no matter what it feels, be able to incorporate

its feeling—its rejections, misunderstandings, conditional acceptances or abject admiration—into the canvas itself. When another person comes to look at the work, it is pure and clear, just Cézanne and nothing more. No amount of interpretation leaves any stain on the painter's color. Can you imagine tolerating any slightest change in one of these canvasses?

All this brings us back to the problem of the two persons in music. Since notation is the device for preserving a musical work, and since we desire to transmit it in the second person without error, or the wear and tear of innumerable interpretations, our chief aim in this matter becomes a flawless manner of writing. To this end we require a system of marks on paper that can exactly represent all and every one of the properties of the sound called for—intonation, duration, intensity and timbre; and besides, a way of indicating the procedure of performances with which to work out these properties with absolute precision.

This may not seem too much to ask of a system of notation. But the problem is more intricate than it seems at first. Perfect notation as an accomplished fact would make it possible for the author to write the exact gradations of sonorities (that is, intensity of sound) in an orchestral work, and establish, once for all, something that now depends on the conductor's judgment. If the accentuated sounds—diversely accentuated, I should say—and those not accentuated could be precisely written down by the author, the rhythm of the work would stand organized from the first. In the same way, if he were able to indicate the degree of intensity of the sound he could fix, beyond possibility of bad conducting, the proportions of the harmonious parts. Exact notation of the duration of sound would make *rallentandos*, *accelerandos* and *rubatos* independent of an interpreter.

Only such a perfect notation would give music the precise contact of the plastic arts.

It is unnecessary to say how far actual musical notation as it now exists falls short of the writing we desire; clearly, it gives no such firm basis on which to build with certainty a duly proportioned performance. It cannot satisfactorily take down, as fixed values, the properties of the different units of sound. And so, of course, in an ensemble there are all sorts of changes in the attributes of each factor. Several performances, taken from identical writings, are always different performances.

Some of the qualities are more easily fixed than others. In the writing of a score, *intonation* is well managed. *Intensity* is not; *crescendos* and *diminuendos* are not gradations exactly control-

lable; *piano* and *forte* do not exist as absolute values. *Duration* is established by the form of the note and can certainly be related to a unit of measure exactly determined by the metronome; but there are slight changes, accidental deformations in the movement (not merely *rubatos*, *accelerandos* and *rallentandos*), that cannot follow the metronome. The *timbre*, of course, is indicated in determining the instrument that is going to play, but if we distinguish between timbre and color of the sound, we shall find that some sounds played on the same instrument—that is to say with the same *timbre*—may have innumerable divergent qualities, what we call *colors*; and there has been no way yet devised by any composer to secure these.

We have to accept the fact that musical writing now in use is imperfect, leaving always a large margin of elasticity in the contact between the two persons. It is useless to pretend that this is a true contact.

Music on paper is lifeless; the reader experiences it neither as simply nor as purely as in the case of the plastic arts where all you need to do is to stand and look at this or that canvas or bronze. The second person who wants to know a piece of music can read it from the score, perform it on an instrument, or hear it performed for him. In the case of reading it, the mental task of doing so alters the real musical process. When it is read, music being an art of hearing, we hear it with the mind only. More clearly, we form an image of the auditive process; and to this process is added the reaction of the pure interpreter, the music reacting on the reader and he experiencing his own reaction.

When performing it on an instrument, the process is obviously a double one still, for playing music combines the task of performance and of interpretation. The passive listener, only, is in the same position as the public with the plastic arts; he need do nothing but stay still and interpret performed music.

It is hard to think of performed music as pure. The only purity is in unperformed music, but, in addition to being pure, it is a pure abstraction. The listener needs a performer who is not himself. Ideally, the performer should be neither first nor second person, but a neutral entity in charge of the business of making physical the sonorous processes put down on paper by the author.

But the real trouble comes when we realize that the performer is never a neutral entity, always a second person. The author is speaking to him while he plays, as much as to the man who sits motionless, listening. And he has the right to interpret the author as he pleases—quite as much right as has the listener.

It is absurd to expect him to be neutral, however much he may desire to be. When he performs he inevitably interprets, making use of his right as an interpreter. But he interprets actively, not passively, as does the listener-interpreter. And when he performs he is not so much presenting the author's truth, as his own; he incorporates his own truth with the author's, with every note he plays.

Where shall we start to unravel this difficult tangle? Certainly he has the right to interpret. We cannot insist enough on this point. But he hasn't quite the right to embody in the work's very structure his own reaction of it—any more than has an interpreter of a Cézanne canvas.

There is still another impurity of which the listener is the passive victim.

When it is being performed, a piece of music suffers, *ipso facto*, from the degree of the performer's skill; and these diverse grades of skillfulness in performers has automatically established a distinction between *easy music* and *difficult music*. We are not now troubling about the interpretations that are incorporated in a work, but the personal abilities of the performer. And these may have much to do with the finished performance the listener comes to hear; factors as rudimentary as the muscular flexibility of the musician. Suppose that in sculpture, instead of carving a human figure out of hard, neutral marble, the sculptor had to use a living person; and tried, by directing the pose and position of this or that part of the body, to make a sculptural unit of it. Performed music often reminds me of a tableau. A deficiency in skill means an imperfect rendering. How dreadful if the supposedly marble arm of the Goddess in the tableau trembles!

Too sufficient skillfulness is no less dangerous—don't let us assume that everything can be set right by mere skillfulness. The pleasure of the skillful performance, just in itself, may push to one side the musical pleasure, or, rather, invite the player to indulge in splendors and improvements. The sort of thing we get from such famous virtuosi as Liszt and Godowsky, in the works called Transcriptions and Paraphrases. If we own a silk hat it seems absurd not to wear it every day!

The plastic arts are really fortunate. In music, each performance is a little different from the last, and the performance of the piece, which for the author's sake should stay the same, works out a little differently with each successive playing. The performer must first attack the problem of getting, through an imperfect notation, what the author put there. Then, as a second person,

he will interpret the music and incorporate his own interpretation. His condition of skillfulness will make the performance either easy or difficult. And finally, the quality of the instrument enters, as an additional unexpected factor.

There have been various attempts to avoid impurities in performed music. Metronomic music, for instance, music with an unvarying tempo, no rubatos, *accelerandos* or *rallentandos*. The rigor in its tempo does away with the errors in taking down the duration of sound; the exclusion of the *agogic* is in the nature of music and cannot possibly come from a method for excluding the *agogic*.

Strawinsky (*Octuor*) pretends to control the sonorous volumes by means of a steady intensity of the sound. A very good performer might be able to maintain this required volume of sound, but it is hard to tell if it is possible to equalize exactly the *F* of a trombone and the *F* of a flute. And then, if they are practically equalized, it is hard to tell if what was *F* to the flutist was the same volume of *F* that Strawinsky wanted.

Musical celebrities have published editions of the great masters, inserting all kinds of marks where they do not exist. These signs were known to the authors of the works, and they were, no doubt, perfectly capable of putting them anywhere they liked. It is easy to say that an *F* ought to go here or there, and that the author just forgot to put it in, or expected the reader to guess it.

Reproducing pianos do not give us the work itself, as we might, at first thought, assume. They give us a reproduction of a personal performance. Consequently, we cannot count on them to avoid the imperfections of performed music. If the author plays his own work, the reproducing piano is a good way of retaining its legitimate form. But he must have enough skill to play it well. And not every author can do as much. Assuming that he can, another complexity is added to the subject, for, when performing his work several times, he makes it differ to some extent each time he plays it. Of these several ways, he finally records only one. The author may later disagree with himself and try for an even better rendering of his own work. As soon as he finishes writing it, he becomes a second person to himself. And when he performs it he may possibly interpret his music in a way that differs greatly from the initial version. Having ceased to be its creator, he will allow his work to suffer all the alterations of performed music. And if he records it, he does so after having composed, written, polished and practiced it! People love to believe

in impromptu; they keep on thinking that music is created "right off, all of a sudden." It is difficult to realize that musical works are not usually composed either on the instrument, or on paper, but in the mind; not in this place or that, but in several places. If this were not so, we could imagine music recorded at the moment of its being composed on the piano.

When an author conducts his own work played in ensemble (if he is a good conductor as well as a good author), phonograph records may be of real service in recording the rendering he wants others to follow. But still the work is being performed from the notation.

There is yet one more conjecture concerning mechanical devices, one case where the relation between composition and performance might, if ever achieved, be called simultaneous. As far as I know, no one up to the present has proposed a piece cojointly composed by several persons of great musical training and imagination, playing together and composing on the instant. If this were ever done, the phonograph would be a perfect mechanical instrument for recording the work.

This is the most that can be said for mechanical instruments as a means of avoiding impurities. We are forced to conclude that none of these can do more than record the best possible kind of interpretation. The author cannot avoid being in the hands of the performer-interpreter. And with no infallible mechanical device, we must return to the performer-interpreter, and admit that everything depends finally on his musical integrity. He is inevitable; and he invariably brings consequences to a work of art, but much of the time these results are deplorable.

Concert-halls resound with refined bleatings. Our celebrities set about the process of awakening in us the most profound emotions; being anxious besides to have everybody recognize their own superfine sensibilities, they rely on a wizardry that convinces them that they are possessed by one of the spirits of their favorite authors. At other times they become the Cultural Benefactors of the Public. Everything in their profession tends to give them a personal authority to introduce improvements into the original work, and to discover beauty hidden from the moment of its creation. . . .

The performer starts from the assumption that it is necessary to interpret. He should be humble enough to say, rather, that it is inevitable to interpret. Humility, with a genuine desire to understand, would shorten a great deal of disheveled hair on the platform. The important difference in attitude lies just in substituting *inevitable* for *necessary*.

CHOPIN

By PAUL LANDORMY¹

CHOPIN is the order of the day. Two books devoted to him have recently appeared, almost simultaneously.² The one by Guy de Pourtalès is delightful and elevated in style, and of profound psychology.

I lingered for some considerable time over the pages of Guy de Pourtalès, whom I look upon as one of the most fascinating of guides through these romances of the past. He has now afforded me the opportunity of a few considered reflections.

In the first place, Chopin is by no means the wild and frenzied romantic that some might imagine. There is nothing in him of the digressive exaggerations, the inordinate imagination and feeling of Berlioz; nothing of the "attitudes" of a Liszt or a Wagner, however unconscious they might be. He loved simplicity above all else, as is clearly evident from his somewhat feminine concern regarding matters of toilet and dress. "I prefer," he writes, "what is simple, elegant and modest, to the loud and vulgar colours in the shop-windows; pearl-grey, for instance pleases me, as it is neither showy nor commonplace." Here is a request he makes of a friend: "Just call at Dautremont's, my tailor, on the boulevards, and tell him to make me a pair of grey trousers. . . . I also need a black velvet waistcoat of very quiet pattern, simple but elegant. . . ."

Over against such preoccupations which may appear trivial, compare the following remark on art: "Last of all," he said, "there is simplicity. After mastering all sorts of difficulties, after playing notes and notes in endless succession, it is simplicity with all its charm that stands out as the final sanction of art. The man who would attain this at a single bound will never succeed; you cannot begin there."

In what connection did he refer to this simplicity in art? In connection with John Sebastian Bach, whom he loved above all other composers and studied incessantly; fourteen of whose

¹By courtesy of *Le Ménestrel*, Paris.

²Guy de Pourtalès: *La Vie de Chopin*, published by Gallimard. Emile Vuillermoz: *La Vie amoureuse de Chopin*, published by Flammarion.

"Preludes" and "Fugues" he once played, by heart, in the presence of a spell-bound pupil.

Simplicity, to his mind, was perfection; and perfection he pursued with ardent persistence.

In Chopin, creation was wholly spontaneous: the spring of his inspiration gushed forth with amazing force and unexpectedness, "when he happened to be strolling along the road, during an hour of quiet meditation, or whilst seated in front of his piano." But there followed the thankless task of embellishment and revision, a patient, indefatigable revision. Ever dissatisfied with himself, he spent an infinity of time in focussing an inspiration which of itself was a stroke of genius, but which required the implacable revision of style. "He would shut himself up in his room for whole days, walking to and fro in tears, breaking his pens to pieces, repeating or changing a single bar more than a hundred times, and beginning all over again with the most minute and desperate pertinacity. He spent six weeks over a page and the final result was exactly the same as his first inspiration had produced." This method of proceeding is noted by George Sand who is amazed—almost irritated—by it. She was but the limpid, copious spring, whose waters flow along ever the same, though somewhat monotonously, their clearness being occasionally disturbed by some impurity she had never dreamt of dispelling.

This concern for perfection and moderation alike, for a certain reserve and modesty in the expression of the emotions, is not usual in a true romantic, in one, at all events, whom we like to picture to ourselves in our rudimentary classification of schools and styles. The fact is that Chopin does not care for too lofty a romanticism: Beethoven, Michelangelo, Shakespeare appal him. Liszt tells us that he took no pleasure in listening to certain works of Schubert, "whose contours were too sharp for his ears, where feeling is denuded, so to speak. Anything wildly coarse or harsh inspired in him a sense of aversion. In music and literature alike, as well as in ordinary life, anything approaching melodrama was torture to him."

Nevertheless, Chopin does not always dread expressions that are extraordinarily passionate and which might even be regarded as somewhat grandiloquent. We must consider that he felt them so closely akin to his own sincerity, so well adjusted to his own real emotions, that he looked upon them also as an effect of simplicity and so did not think he was going too far. Of a surety, Chopin is romantic. Still, the great heights of feeling are, in his case, tempered by a certain classic taste which is perhaps no

more than a racial instinct. Indeed, we must not forget that Chopin is half French, that Nicolas, his father, was born in Lorraine, and that France is the privileged land of classicism.

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Guy de Pourtalès appears to hint that an over-refined concern for perfection led Chopin to aim, not at great beauties, which may be somewhat neglected, but at small ones, which should be faultless. "He had a liking for the finished, the rare. . . . It is in details that he excelled." Guy de Pourtalès quotes the following opinion expressed by Professor Kleczynski: "Given the opulence of his talent, he has somewhat deceived us. . . . On the other hand, devoting his whole soul to little things, he gave them a fixed form and perfected them admirably."

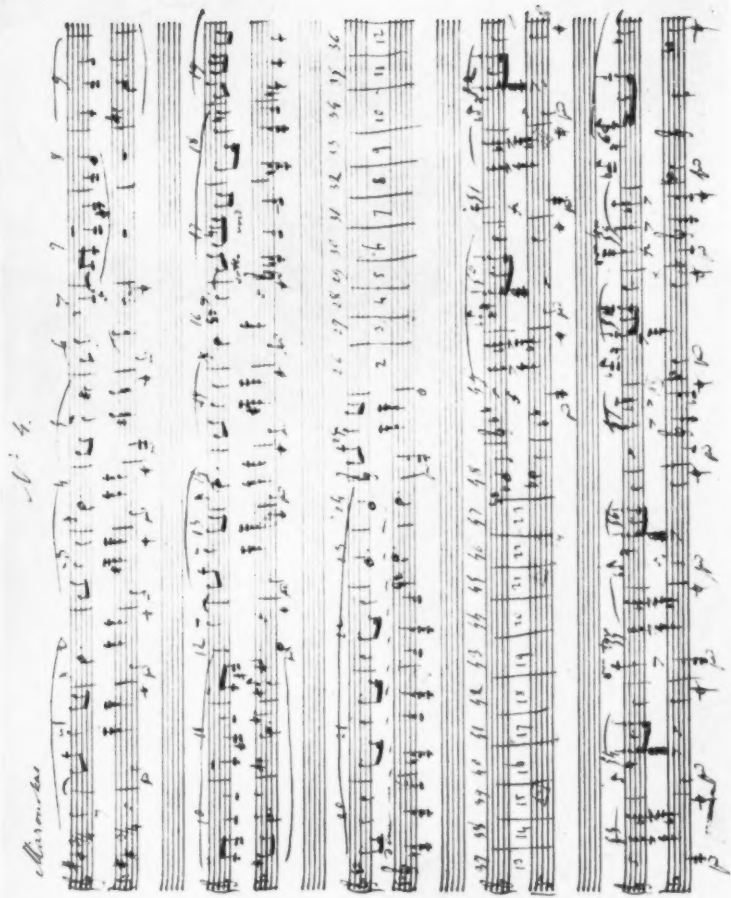
Why mention "little things" in this connection? Because Chopin occasionally composed short pieces, such as his "Préludes" or his "Études"? Most of these, however, within their narrow limits, contain a universe. Of what importance are the dimensions of a work of art? The shortest may be the most profound and poignant, the most dramatic and the greatest in all respects.

Is mention made of "little things" because Chopin wrote only for the piano? Possibly. This prejudice has existed; it still exists. A "great thing" should be conceived for the orchestra, particularly for the theatre. "With your admirable ideas," M. de Perthuis once asked Chopin, "why don't you compose an opera for us?"—"Ah! monsieur le comte," replied Chopin, "let me just write piano music; I am not clever enough to write operas." On another occasion, Chopin wrote to a friend: "Titus advises me to compose an oratorio. I answered by asking him why he is building a sugar-works and not a Dominican convent." But, after all, there is as much grandeur in a piano-page of Chopin as in a Beethoven symphony or a Wagner drama. In a flash of inspiration, Chopin rises as high, lays before us equally extensive horizons. This appears so evident that the question need not be discussed.

Chopin loved only the piano; at all events, he liked to express himself on no other instrument—and he was quite right.

* *
*

We all know what a wonderful pianist he was, somewhat individual in style, rather delicate than strong, gentle than power-



Facsimile of the holograph of Chopin's Mazurka in B minor, Op. 33, No. 4
(published in 1838); 3 pages of oblong music paper.
(Courtesy of the Library of Congress.)

Handwritten musical score on five staves, featuring numerical notation and musical symbols.

The notation includes numbers (e.g., 12, 11, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1) and musical symbols (e.g., clefs, notes, rests, bar lines, and dynamic markings like *ff* and *ffz*).

The score is organized into five staves, with the first staff containing a single melodic line and the subsequent staves containing multiple lines of notation, possibly representing different voices or instruments.

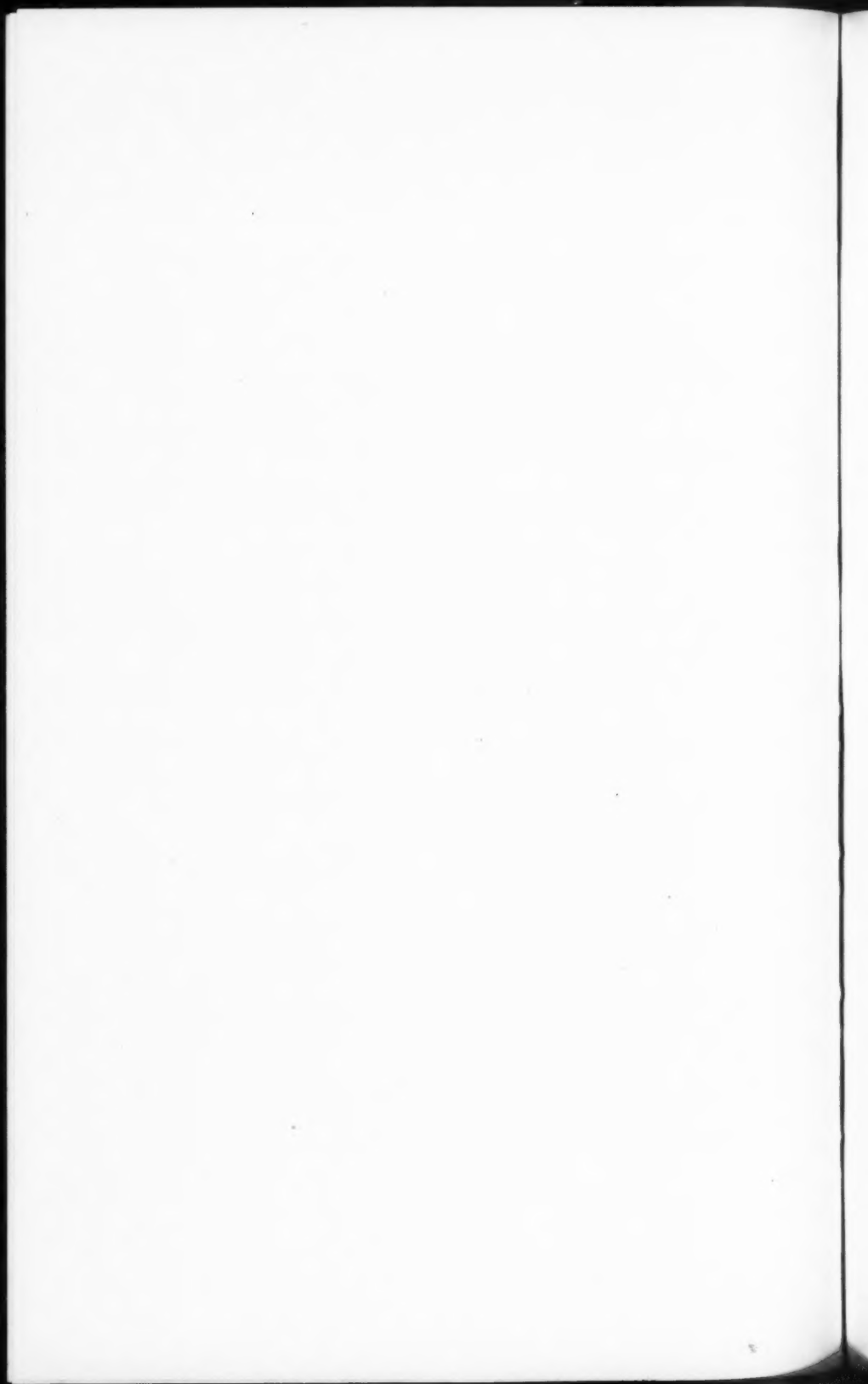
Handwritten musical notation on a single staff, featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The notation includes various note values, rests, and dynamic markings.

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ful. Health, respiration, heart: all his physical energy failed him in obtaining fullness of sound from his instrument, but then, what variety he acquired, what finish and conciseness in the most delicate nuances!

He held strange opinions regarding the playing of the piano. It was he who said:

Pianists have long been working against nature by attempting to make each finger produce a like volume of sound. On the contrary, each finger ought to have its own part. The thumb has greatest strength because it is the thickest and most independent of all the fingers. Then comes the little finger at the other end of the hand. Afterwards we have the first finger, its main support. Finally the second, the weakest finger of all. As regards its Siamese twin, certain pianists, by exerting their utmost powers, attempt to make it independent. This is impossible, and in all probability useless. Consequently there are several kinds of sonorities, just as there are several fingers. The problem is to utilise these differences. And this, in other words, is the whole art of fingering.

There is a great deal of paradox in these few lines, along with certain observations that are extremely apposite. They are first of all paradoxical, for if we did not study to acquire some equality of fingering, how could a scale or anything else be played satisfactorily? Indeed, it is not in the strokes that the fingers should, as a rule, mark their individuality; on the contrary, this latter ought so to be effaced as to make it appear that there is one and the same pressure on all the keys.

On the other hand, Chopin is perfectly right in maintaining that we should utilise the natural inequality of the fingers for purposes of expression. In song, it is important to choose one or the other finger to play some particular note, if we would obtain a certain pressure on the key, and consequently a certain quality of sound, an incisive or muffled, gentle or loud timbre.

Thus we see how far we ought to accept Chopin's whimsical remark, and how far we ought to reject it. After all, he himself knew quite well what he meant, and no doubt exacted from his pupils a serious course of study, with the object of enabling them to acquire agility, independence and equality of fingering. We know that in order "to give the hand an advantageous position, he placed it lightly on the keyboard so that the fingers rested on the E, the F \sharp , the G \sharp , the A \sharp , and the B. This he regarded as the normal position. Without changing, he then got his pupils to do exercises intended to give independence and equality of fingering."

And as it is the pianist in Chopin that we are now considering, we must not fail to remind ourselves of what Liszt said so prettily

regarding that *rubato* of which Chopin possessed the secret, and which Liszt alone, it would appear, succeeded in imitating:

He always caused the melody to undulate . . . or rather he gave it an uncertain vague motion, like an airy apparition. This is the famous *rubato*. But the word taught nothing to those who knew, nothing to those who did not know; consequently Chopin ceased to add this explanation to his music. If one knew and understood it aright, it was impossible not to divine this *rule of irregularity*.

To one of his disciples, Liszt explained it in the following words: "Look at those trees; the wind frolics with their leaves and awakens life in the trees themselves, but they do not stir." The thing could not be more forcibly expressed.

Thus we return to our first reflections. In all things, Chopin seeks after simplicity. Like every musician, he would tone down the harshness of the measure in accordance with the requirements of melodic expression, but in this appeal to some relative irregularity, he insists that there be nothing excessive, nothing exaggerated. There are many pianists who think that this indication of a *tempo rubato* entitles them to indulge in the most disconcerting rhythmic dissipation. The word has deceived them; before it, the thing itself had long, long existed. By definitely establishing the word in the technical language of music, Chopin put many of his interpreters on the wrong scent regarding his real intentions. They imagined that he was inventing a new style of execution; a thing diametrically opposed to what he meant. For this "stolen time," to Chopin's mind, should be so absolutely "stolen" that no one notices it, and certainly not the left hand, which, he insisted, always should remain an impeccable "maître de chapelle," faithfully attached to the measure.

* *
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What are the feelings that Chopin expressed by these technical means to which we have rapidly alluded? What content did he supply to that supremely elegant and perfect form? With what material did he feed his inspiration? We find the answer to these questions in the volume of Émile Vuillermoz: *La Vie amoureuse de Chopin*.

Every one knows the great gifts of Vuillermoz, one of our most incisive musical critics, an all-embracing intellect, a writer of delightful and ingenious charm, a word-painter full of surprises. All the same, I did not expect such a book from his pen, so greatly does it surpass, in my opinion, everything that this author has

yet produced. He has laid aside a certain affectation—his only defect. Here we have simple, direct language, well thought out, and emotion that grips. Hitherto we have not known all that Vuillermoz really was, he had only shown himself as the most brilliant of *virtuosi*. In this book, the human element is to the fore, and that in the most engaging fashion.

Émile Vuillermoz tells us of Chopin's three romances (Constance Gladkowska, Marie Wodzinska and George Sand). He gives proof of a remarkable critical ability along with a profound sympathy for these ill-starred passions.

He is a prudent historian, without any great confidence in the veracity of autobiographies, memoirs or letters. He trusts to his own common sense rather than to the literal meaning of so many various writings, and his common sense is most acute, having been sharpened by a rich experience of life—the experience of a keenly impressionable heart, from which nothing is alien.

Chopin was the purest of lovers. In him there is "no trace whatsoever of dissoluteness." He never yielded to the temptation of facile amours. His passion for the young *prima donna* Constance Gladkowska was wholly platonic. He loved Marie Wodzinska as one loves a young girl one would like to marry, and the fact that this union did not come about, thinks our author, was the most terrible disappointment in his life. "One cannot reflect without emotion that, on Chopin's death, there was found a withered rose in an envelope fastened by a black ribbon knotted cross-wise. On the envelope, dedicated to the memory of Marie, poor Fritz had written these two Polish words, at once so simple and so complex: 'Moja bieda,' which mean alike 'My torment and pain, my chagrin, my sorrow and my regret.'"

But it is naturally on Chopin's liaison with George Sand that Vuillermoz dwells more especially, and the analysis he attempts of these two characters, these two souls so little meant to understand each other, as well as that of all the circumstances which intensified an initial misunderstanding, surpasses all that has hitherto been said by historians and critics.

Our author justly reproaches the biographers both of lady-novelist and of musician for never having had "the loyalty to raise this liaison out of the literary or musical plane. Consequently, according to their own personal esthetics, George Sand is represented either as an abominable ogress abducting and putting away a guileless individual, or as the most motherly and attentive of lovers and nurses."

George Sand's cruelest enemy was perhaps Rémy de Gourmont. He describes her as a "formidable ghoul" and concludes as follows: "She flung away this pretty toy only after she had very nicely pulled it to pieces."

Her kindest defender is Wladimir Karenine. He would prove too much, however: George Sand is sometimes in the wrong, a fact which must be acknowledged.

Vuillermoz tries to be impartial, and he really is as far as possible—especially for a musician. For who is the musician that will not writhe at the "protecting attitude" assumed by the lady of Nohant when, speaking of the wonderful composer we all admire, she calls him "Chopinnet," "Chip-Chip" or "le petit Chopin"? Does it not seem to us that "*la Berrichonne* has very coarse hands for toying with so frail and fragile a bibelot"? She finds him "*gentil*," but of no importance. During the stay in Majorca, when he is sick unto death, she declares that he composed "music that made one dream of paradise. . . . But I am so accustomed to seeing him up in the clouds," she adds, "that it does not appear to me as though his life or his death proves anything so far as Chopin is concerned. He is not very sure himself in which planet he exists, and forms no conception of life such as the rest of us do."

Besides, George Sand wrote too much, and that in accordance with the humour of the moment, somewhat by chance—to tell the first comer her impressions regarding her companion. She said too much about him, and from too many different angles, favourably and otherwise, changing her opinion from hour to hour, as women do but too frequently, adapting her mode of thought to that of her correspondent, wishing to please him, sometimes to exculpate herself and forestall possible accusations, making literature also, discounting the effect of a fine development. Where is the truth in all this?

Chopin's attitude is quite the contrary. He kept silence. Never was there a man of greater secrecy.

It must be confessed that the historian has no easy task. Assuredly George Sand was no musician: such is the judgment of Liszt, a trustworthy critic. She played the piano quite prettily as an amateur, and music vaguely impressed her in a way which she attempted to express in literature. But it is precisely here that we see how superficial was her musical sensibility.

It was better so, for she did not bore Chopin with critical remarks or advice. It was all the worse, too, for she was not conscious of the incomparable worth or value of the artist she had

linked to her life: she did not experience for him that fervid admiration which would have helped her all the better to console and serve him.

To serve him! But how could such a woman have given herself up completely and whole-heartedly to such a rôle? She, too, had her mission to fulfil. In the first place, there was her own art, literature, to serve. In one sense, it is perhaps somewhat noteworthy that George Sand was quite frequently able to give support to the frail nature of Chopin. To do this, she must have had a motherly soul. The union of two artists, engaged in such different arts, could not normally have produced the mutual satisfactions which resulted for them, more or less indifferently, during several years.

If George Sand did not fully understand the artist in Chopin, at all events, she formed an admirable appreciation of the man in certain aspects of his nature, and in her novel, *Lucrezia Floriani*, she gives evidence of singular discernment in describing some of his traits under the character of prince Karol: "As he was extremely polite and reserved, no one could ever, even faintly, suspect what was taking place in him. The more exasperated he was, the more frigid he showed himself, and his degree of fury could be judged only by that of his icy courtesy. Then he was really insufferable." And indeed we can imagine that this may well have been exasperating to the last degree. "If Lucrezia inhaled the fragrance of a flower, if she picked up a pebble, if she caught a butterfly for Célio's collection, if she taught Béatrice a fable, if she petted the dog, if she plucked some fruit for little Salvator, he would say to himself 'What an astounding nature, everything pleases, amuses or delights her. She finds beauty and perfume, grace, utility and pleasure, in the slightest details of creation. She admires and loves everything. Consequently she does not love me, though I behold and admire, cherish and understand only her in the whole world. An abyss yawns between us.' This was true at bottom: a nature rich in its exuberance and one rich in its exclusiveness cannot blend into each other. One of the two must absorb the other and leave nothing but ashes. And that is what happened." This is a far-reaching conclusion.

Vuillermoz asks himself whether we can finally "decipher, within the range and limits of his music, the characteristic episodes of Chopin's love life." He does not think so. In his opinion, the act of artistic creation is absolutely independent of all external occasions which appear to be its cause. We hold erroneous ideas as to the conditions under which the most impetuous and tur-

bulent geniuses reveal themselves. Our imagination pictures men who are "haggard illuminates, bowed like ears of corn beneath the afflatus of a tyrannical inspiration. In reality, things do not happen so. A great deal of sang-froid is needed to give balance and solidity to a fine passionate phrase. Problems of syntax must be discussed, the sentence must be built up and written carefully, after bringing into play all the trifling though subtle springs of harmony, in accordance with certain well-defined rules. . . . The execution of a masterpiece may easily be mistaken for the faint emotional shock which formed its starting-point."

How much might be said on this point! Most assuredly I agree with Vuillermoz that no great interest should be attached to hunting up the "anecdote" which may be added as a subtitle to the first page of a book for the amusement of the incompetent reader! I agree with him in emphasising the importance of obtaining the right focus in composition, the importance of that sang-froid, mental alertness and critical acumen which this kind of work demands.

But there can be no focussing without something preliminary, without a "datum" which can be supplied by inspiration alone, and this datum itself results from the little "emotional shock" of which Vuillermoz speaks, that little shock which may well be a real upheaval, a profound disturbance of the senses. All the same, we will not reduce everything to problems of technique: these problems must be solved, though at the right time. The gusts of genius are at first those of a mighty wind, sometimes disorderly. There are assuredly things to criticise, to rectify. But the mysterious *unconscious* must first have spoken.

It speaks, too, in the "focussing." This it is that suggests ingenious combinations. Reasoning never supplies invention, even in mathematics, as Poincaré has adequately demonstrated. In art it is the province of taste, of the critical sense, to eliminate what is worthless, not to replace it by that which possesses value. Inspiration has no need of a haggard and roving eye,¹ but neither can everything in art be reduced to the science and the skill of a good technician. Let us make light of the "anecdote," not of the emotion that inspires it.

¹Inspiration, moreover, may also manifest itself in all sorts of external phenomena which seem to prove that the composer has lost something of his "sang-froid." During improvisation, Beethoven's face was transfigured. "The muscles projected, the veins swelled, the mouth trembled." When composing the 'Mass in D,' he was like one possessed. He stamped about and shrieked in the glow of invention, his countenance livid and perspiring, his features distorted.

It is, therefore, fitting to discover—or to divine—what is taking place in the heart of the great musicians if we would acquire a better understanding of their music. Whatever Vuillermoz may say, his book on the love-life of Chopin is not wholly useless if we are to come into close contact with the “Préludes,” the “Mazurkas” or the “Nocturnes,” and to interpret them. Once we learn what kind of man he was, so reserved and taciturn, so silent, gentle and polite, and yet so impressionable and easily upset, we shall avoid certain erroneous interpretations to which his works might occasionally lend themselves. I am well aware that the music speaks for itself, but so many various feelings are attributed to one and the same page differently presented. All the same, it is better to verify its true meaning by everything we can discover in other directions concerning the emotions which may have given it birth.

This is just why Vuillermoz does not waste his time when he points out that Chopin was essentially the musician of love—because love occupied the first place in his soul, a place it never held in Liszt, Berlioz or Wagner. It was the strongest characteristic of his nature. Chopin “loved love”; he lived for nothing else: this must never be forgotten when playing or listening to his music. Love is not a “decorative motive” for him, as it is for others; it is the very essence of his being which expresses itself “without gesticulations or *mise en scène*,” without idle theorizing or vain eloquence, in instinctive *élans*. It may well be that Vuillermoz is right when he concludes: “The case is unique throughout the history of music.”

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It may perhaps be wondered why the “musician of love” wrote so many waltzes, mazurkas and polonaises? Doubtless at first it would seem as though pure love would find more characteristic expression in other musical forms than the dance.

One may reply that Chopin’s dances are not dances to be danced, in which a concern for the rhythm to be imposed and maintained is the one dominating feature, but rather idealised dances which readily lend themselves to every kind of expression. They are dances that interpret joy and sadness, resignation and melancholy, pride and heroism; and love, like other feelings—or blended with them—may here find wonderful expression.

There is another way of solving the difficulty, however, and that is to show that it is not a difficulty at all, but rather the

contrary. We may regard the dance as the one musical form which best lends itself, most naturally and intrinsically, to the expression of love. Is not dance music the most definite evocation of the "couple"? Does it not call to mind enlacements which represent the amorous gesture *par excellence*? Such is our author's point of view: "The most chaste of dances creates in a couple a physical participation which is the very image of love itself."

I may add that we are not here dealing with such dances of the *ancien régime* as the minuet, the chaconne or the pavane: always more or less stiff and formal. Chopin's dances are passionate and romantic dances, not merely dances expressive of external grace and vivacity, noble and harmonious attitudes.

We must also consider their Polish origin. The *mazur*, for instance, is a complicated dance containing endless figures. Each couple dances in turn, improvising the most audacious steps, the most expressive pantomime. A single *mazur* may last over an hour. And their sole theme is love—love expressed in step and gesture, which the dancers set forth as the real object of their conversation and intrigues, once the dancing is over.

This, at any rate, is the explanation of the importance of the musical forms of the dance in Chopin's work, even—and more especially—if we look upon him principally as the poet of love.

Love! He lived on love and died of love. Never was he loved as he himself loved. Both happy and unhappy—happy in loving, unhappy in not being loved—he produced masterpieces all the more poignant in that he never found reciprocated happiness except in dreams, and so the harsh reality of things proved all the more cruel.

(Translated by Fred Rothwell.)

AUSTRO-GERMAN MUSICIANS IN FRANCE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

By J.-G. PROD'HOMME

BECAUSE of its geographical position in the extreme west of Europe, and by reason of its history, France has, in all ages and all intellectual spheres, been subjected to influences coming, now from the south and now from the north or the east. From the Mediterranean side, or from beyond the Rhine, "the Nile of the Occident" (Lamartine), varied civilizations have met there and superimposed themselves upon the ancient Celtic groundwork, overspread, but not wholly absorbed, by the alluvium of the Romans and the invasions of the barbarians on the threshold of the middle ages. Later, following the vicissitudes of royal polity or of war, Britain, Italy and Spain have come in turn to leave their accessions.

The eastward Germanic countries of Central Europe have indubitably met with most resistance in stamping their influence on the old Gallic land; whereas this latter, giving the tone to Europe for several centuries, by its prestige alone imposed its customs, its arts, its fashions, and even its language, on the cultivated classes of the other nations.

The history of music confirms, in its domain, these statements, as we need indicate here only in broad outlines.

Following the curve traced by political history—by history, in short—it shows, since remotest centuries, the continual interchanges effected in that art which is at once the most mobile and most universal in point of expression, the most accessible to sensibility, among the Latin peoples; while the eastern countries, pursuing a different evolution, still remained untouched by them.

Here our aim is, simply, to endeavor to fix the advent of Germanic influence on our music during the modern period. Doubtless our old musicians at the commencement of the fifteenth century lent their ears to the songs of minstrels whom a German princess, the malign Isabella of Bavaria, spouse of Charles VI, had brought with her to the French court. This is merely a

hypothesis, and had no results comparable with those following the Austro-Germanic invasion from the eighteenth century onward.

With the Reformation, and in spite of it, the music of our neighbors had not as yet penetrated beyond the Vosges. Contrariwise, the Psalter of Claude Goudimel, Clément Marot, and Théodore de Bèze, had been adopted (in Lobwasser's translation) by the German Huguenots.

Not until the middle of the reign of Louis XIV do we find a German musician in Paris, and this not one of the lesser lights; though perhaps not the first, he is the only one of whom we know anything from this point of view. This musician is the illustrious organist and harpsichordist Johann Jacob Froberger, ending in France a journey which had taken him through Belgium and England.

Giovanni Giacomo Froberger—so we are told by Loret's gazette, *La Muse Historique*, in rimed doggerel—was in Paris in September, 1652. In the issue for the 29th our rimester gives a burlesque account of the concert given in his honor at the Church of the Jacobins:

Some eighty singers that same day
 Were at the Jacobins, they say,
 And there, all in three choirs arrayed,
 A most angelic concert made,
 Which moved the listening congregation
 To the profoundest admiration.
 The violins, violas, vielles,
 Bass-violos too, and chanterelles,
 Performers on the harp and flute,
 Guitar, theorbo, and the lute,
 (Such "Lutherans," to whose fair speech
 We'll gladly list, if they don't preach!)
 With trumpets, harpsichords, hautboys,
 An instrument to every voice,
 And all together there in fine
 Blending in harmony divine;
 Their myriad tender accents rain,
 That Orpheus' self to hear were fain,
 And lavish all these marvels for
 Twelve hundred thirty ears or more.
 Withal, this throng of Arions,
 Psalterions and Amphions,
 To realms of joy sublime did bear
 The souls of all who heard them there.
 Said each to each, "How lovely 'twas!"
 But, as my brain is oft the cause
 That I act strangely like a mule,

I found it fit for ridicule
 That these melodious strains they'd raise,
 Not to the gods of heaven in praise,
 Not to some sovereign power, nor e'en
 To any king or any queen,
 But simply to regale a mere
 Pot-bellied German who is here,
 A very mediocre man,
 (How this my fury's fire doth fan!)
 A man who is, I must insist,
 Only the Emperor's organist,
 And, more than that, he's in the pay
 Of Arch-duke Leopold to-day,
 As he has been for some time past.

It is probable that this "pot-bellied German" condescended to play the organ by way of thanks. We know, furthermore, that Froberger, after spending four years (1653-7) in Vienna at the end of his journey, lived till his death on June 9, 1667, in the little principality of Montbéliard (then an appanage of the Duke of Württemberg) in the service of Princess Sibyl, at Héricourt.

Huyghens, writing to the princess on the 29th of August following, reminded her that in Paris "the famous Anna Romaine, singer to His Most Christian Majesty, understood and enjoyed the profound attainments of M. Froberger better than anyone else." (This singer gave concerts that were numerous attended.)

But although only these two mentions are made of Froberger's stay in Paris, it is brought to mind by several of his works. In a precious manuscript in the National Library, containing works for lute, clavecin and organ by Chambonnières, La Barre, Couperin, and others, there are transcribed a large number of pieces by "Gio. Froberger," several being direct souvenirs of his journey. Among them are a *Toccata di Gio. Giacomo Froberger, fatta a Bruzellis anno 1650*; an *Allemande par Froberger faite à Paris*.

Thirty years afterwards there arrived at the court of Versailles a violinist to the Elector of Saxony who, like Froberger, was passing through France in finishing his European tour. His name was Westhoff. Called to the court, he entranced Louis XIV by his playing of sonatas; the king condescended to have one repeated, and dubbed it *La Guerre*. The *Mercure Galant*, equally delighted (as were all its contemporaries) with Westhoff's art, had two pieces of his, a Sonata and a Suite for violin solo engraved; these permit us to evaluate their author's virtuosity. (January, 1683.)

It is noteworthy that in these closing years of the *grand siècle*, a period covered by the curious *Livre commode des adresses de Paris* (Handy Directory for Paris) by Abraham Du Pradel, the pre-

cursor of La Tynne and Bottin, we find no foreign name among the very numerous musicians and instrument-makers then installed in Paris.

At this time, when Westhoff was astonishing court and town, Lully had already brought about great progress in instrumental execution, and had imposed on his orchestra and singers a severe discipline which was to be notably relaxed after the Florentine's demise.

The European renown of the French Opéra had attracted to Lully musicians from all parts of Europe. Among these were Teobaldo di Gatti, Batistin Stuck (who, despite his German name, was born in Florence), the Englishman Humphrey (in 1666), the Hungarian Cousser, the German Fischer, the Alsatian Muffat.

Cousser (or Kusser), born at Presburg in 1660, came to Paris about 1675, and remained there some seven years; later he went to Strasbourg, and died at Dublin in 1727. This errant musician, after his return to Germany, published a book of "*Compositions de musique suivant la méthode française*" containing six Suites inscribed to the Duke of Württemberg, in whose service he was in 1682, before writing operas for Brunswick and Hamburg.

The violinist Johann Fischer (b. Augsburg, 1646; d. Schwedt, 1721), who returned to his native town in 1688 after having served Lully (according to Gerber) as *notist*, published in 1691 his "*Musikalische Mayenlust, 50 Airs françois pour deux violons & basse générale*"; followed, in 1686, by "*Airs et Madrigaux allemands pour voix et instruments*"; also Suites, etc.

The Alsatian Muffat (the Elder) (b. Schlettstadt in 1645, his father being a Savoyard; d. Passau, 1704), studied Lully's style in Paris for six years, became organist in Strasbourg in 1674, and then (1678 or 1679) organist to the Archbishop at Salzburg until 1687. At Passau, where he dwelt later, he published two "*Flori-legia*" (1695 and 1698) containing *Suites françoises avec basse continue*. In a Preface, printed in four languages, Muffat made this profession of pacifist faith, showing that he was a man of good-will:

The turgid criticisms of certain ill-disposed and feeble-minded folk who, because I have been in France and learned the principles of music under the best masters, falsely impute to me a too great inclination for that nation, and set me down as unworthy of the good-will of the Germans in this time of war with France. I have, assuredly, quite other designs than those

Of stirring up the turbulence of arms,
And calling on god Mars to lead the fray.

My profession has been far removed from the tumult of arms and from the reasons of State that cause the appeal to them. I occupy myself with notes, with chords, with tones. I practise the study of sweet concords, and when I mingle French airs with those of the Germans and Italians, it is not done to stir up strife, but rather, perchance, as a prelude to the harmony of all these nations, to gladsome Peace.

We know, alas! that after more than two centuries Music has not yet brought this miracle to pass.

According to Lecerf de La Viéville, who wrote in 1705, "The merit of the Germans is not great in music." So they thought in France at the beginning of that eighteenth century which was to witness the marvellous efflorescence of Germanic music. And by "Germanic" we mean here, without ulterior intent, all the art of Central Europe, the art of the Austro-German lands, including both Germany properly so-called in its relation to the modern epoch, and the countries till recently subject to the Danubian monarchy; for, as M. Romain Rolland has observed, German music is a composite of elements gathered from all points of Central Europe—from Bohemia, Poland and the Danube as well as from the Rhine and the Alps; in a word, from the non-Prussian countries.

Let us call to mind, for this year of 1705, the arrival in Paris of one Pantaleon Hebenstreit, the inventor of a primitive sort of piano that Louis XIV baptized *Pantaleon* or *Pantalón* after the inventor's given name. This appellation, though no longer applied to a musical instrument, has attached itself to the lower portion of masculine apparel. (We remark in passing that Bach wrote for the above instrument.)

Hebenstreit played before court and townspeople, like Westhoff at an earlier date. In Paris he was the guest, in particular, of the celebrated Ninon de Lenclos, whose father had won renown as a lutist, and who was herself a good musician and a player on the same instrument. He was considered the more worthy of interest, wrote Abbé de Chateauneuf ("Dialogue sur la Musique des Anciens," 1725), because he came "from a land little given to produce men of fire and genius."

About this time the erudite musicographer Abbé Sébastien de Brossard, although he took the trouble to read the books he bought (as his learned biographer, Michel Brenet, tells us) during his long sojourn in Alsatia, did not care to reproduce the music found therein. He liked them, he esteemed them, but confined himself to the regretful note: "It's a pity that the words are German!" or "It's a pity that we have not a translation into French, or at least into Latin."

French influence was, on the contrary, at work in the east, and Mattheson, in his "Kernmelodische Wissenschaft" (1736) cited Lully, rather than the Italians, as a model for young composers. "The French are unsurpassable in dance-music [he avows]; *Frankreich ist und bleibt die rechte Tanzschule*." And Father Kircher, towards 1650, had already written: "Musicians say, of the French, that their style is hyposchematic (in dance-music) and aglow with exotic triplets [i. e., triple measure]; of the English, that it is symphonic, instrumental, flexible in admirable variety; of the Germans, that it is harmonious and woven of numerous voices. Thus the body of Helen, formed of members from all other of the most finely-shaped bodies, presents the most absolute harmony in all its parts."

Mattheson, in his "Neueröffnetes Orchester," after setting forth a lengthy parallel between the same nations, reaches a somewhat different conclusion: "The Italians surprise (*surprennieren*), the French alone charm (*charmieren*), the Germans reason (*studieren*), and the English reward (*recompensieren*)."

Quantz, flute-teacher to Frederick the Great, considered the art of singing superior among the Italians. But to the French he awarded the palm in choral music and the dances. Like Marpurg and Mattheson, he found the French instrumentalists preferable to all others.

Although Germany might pride herself on having given birth to a Bach and a Händel, the place of France in the world of music was still important at the time of Louis XV, by virtue, especially, of her dramatic music and her masters of the clavier, admired and studied by Sebastian Bach himself.

Towards the end of the Regency, in 1725, the foundation of the Concert Spirituel by Danican-Philidor was to offer to foreign instrumentalists a centre of attraction that neither the Opéra nor the Chapel Royal could furnish.

At the theatre the Italians (the *Bouffons*) were in turn admitted, tolerated, and rejected (in 1729, 1752, and, later yet, in 1778-9). The Germans (or self-styled Germans) could hope for success only in concert-work, at first as players and subsequently as singers; furthermore, they sang in Italian or Latin, or made themselves known as publishers. Since then they have persisted from the days of Louis XV till now, with occasional eclipses during which the Italians regained the upper hand, especially in the theatre. As for us, we assist at the contest carried on in France, as in a walled arena, between the transalpine and transhenish artists, for the conquest of Gallic ears. And it must be admitted

that these latter lend themselves not without complaisance to such experiences, and are only too prone to let themselves be convinced, if not always charmed, now by one side and anon by the other.

* * *

In this invasion of France by foreign music it may be seen that auditions and editions go hand in hand, each promoting the other; the latter, in the case of instrumental music, more and more displacing written copies, owing to the growingly frequent employment of engraving, whereby works unknown yesterday to the amateur are spread abroad.

Paris, in the mid-century of Louis XV, was, like Vienna in the east—overrun, besides, by the Italians and would-be Italians—the most musical city of western Europe. The virtuosi and composers of Mannheim, Dresden, Prague, Vienna, streamed hither not simply to win applause, but also to find publishers. It was at Paris, in 1764, that was published—the first of its kind for over a century and a half—the *Orfeo* of Gluck, in Italian. But for the thirty years preceding, German instrumental works had been engraved there, at first those of Quantz, who dwelt in Paris for seven months in 1726–7. Quantz, who was “no stranger to French taste,” as he expressed it, remarks in his autobiography that the Opéra displeased him as to singing, composition and orchestral execution; but that, outside of the orchestra of the Académie Royale de Musique, there was no lack of good instrumentalists; and he mentions the famous viol-virtuosi Forqueray and Marais, the “capital violinists” Guignon and Batistin, the flutists Blavet, Naudot, and the Braun brothers of Strasbourg. “The Concert Spirituel and the Concert Italien were not to be despised.” But, he adds, “the French nation suffers greatly from a prejudice against foreign music; and this prejudice, while it lasts, will prevent the amelioration of its taste for music.”

A little later, this last criticism would have had no foundation in fact. We need only follow Michel Brenet in glancing over the lists of concessions obtained by publishers and engravers of music, or by the musicians themselves, down to the Revolution, to prove the hospitable welcome accorded by Paris more and more lavishly to the purveyors of foreign music, outside of the opera.

Following Quantz came Schultz, Pichler, and Telemann, who stayed in Paris for eight months in 1736–7, and had his *Quadros* for flute and strings played by Blavet, Guignon, Forqueray the

Younger, and Édouard, "in admirable fashion," as he says himself; "these performances electrified the court and the city, giving me an almost universal vogue enhanced by an extreme courtesy." On March 25, 1728, the Concert Spirituel performed his *Psalm LXXI* for five-part chorus with orchestra, a cantata, *Polyphème*, and a burlesque symphony on the chanson *La Béquille du Père Barnaba* which was immensely popular at the time. Telemann left Paris "thoroughly satisfied, and hoping to return," taking with him a pleasing remembrance of French music, "that subtle imitress of nature," whose zealous propagandist he became on returning to Germany, in order to combat the prejudices there obtaining against it.

Previous to the advent of Telemann, the Concert des Tuileries (which did not disdain this sort of exhibition) had welcomed for the first time, in 1728, an unknown German, a player on the chalumeau, who performed a Concerto on this rustic instrument, with symphonic accompaniments which formed the choruses. "The whole thing had quite a singular effect, and gave pleasure," observes *Le Mercure* (Feb., 1728, p. 385).

At the home of the Prince de Carignan, the Director of the Opéra, there is noted, from 1739, the presence of Wenceslas Spourni, some compositions of whom, for violoncello, were published in 1740.

In 1734—and this fact is the more noteworthy because of its isolation—the author of an *Épître sur la Musique*, Seré de Rieux, chants the praises of Händel, an *Air Italien* by whom was interpreted at the Tuileries by the singer Corenans:

Flavius, Tamerlan, Othon, Renaud, César,
Admète, Siroë, Rodelinde, et Richard,
Éternels monuments dressés à sa mémoire,
Des Opéras Romains surpassèrent la gloire,
Venise lui peut-elle opposer un rival?

(Flavius, Tamerlane, Otho, Renaud, Cæsar,
Admetus, Siroë, Rodelinde, and Richard,
Raise to his memory eternal monuments,
Surpassing the glory of the Roman operas:
Could Venice pit a rival against him?)

An obscure violinist, Antoine de Bretonne, secured that same year (April 13) a concession for publishing "a collection of minuets by signor Handel and other Italian masters." The lamented Georges Cucuel, who ascertained this fact, makes the point that the date is important, and that the obtaining of said concession was followed by performances of Händel in the Concert

Spirituel (Dec. 8, 1735). "Whether or no any publication actually followed, cannot be affirmed," he adds. Some years later, however, minuets by Händel were engraved in vaudevilles, set to occasional verses. A player on the German flute also executed some of them at social gatherings in 1739: "After various modest grimaces on his part he told us that it was a parody on an Italian minuet by Endel, with elaborate variations." (*Lettres de Thérèse, ou Mémoires d'une jeune demoiselle de province pendant son séjour à Paris*. The Hague, 1739; p. 13.)¹ In that year (1739) Michel Corrette published three works by the German master.

So Händel's first appearances in Paris were nothing less than solemn rites; and the dilettanti of the time of Louis XV, thinking him an Italian, took a quite different view of him from ours, in this modern epoch.

Thereafter we find Sonatas by Wodiczke; pieces for clavecin "of novel taste," by Feinsberg; pieces for violoncello, and others, by Spourni; Symphonies by Richter (1744), flute-concertos by Hasse, Rezell, etc.

Following the phrase of Mme. Brenet, to whom one must always have recourse in questions concerning editions, the Parisian publishers were eagerly seeking a source of commercial profit in the reproduction of foreign works. At first they launched them one by one; then, as the demand was stimulated, Charles-Nicolas Le Clerc obtained a collective concession, in 1751, for the engraving of a comprehensive series in which figured in more or less recognizable shape, as viewed in the meticulous transcription of the scribe, the names of Cannabich, Camerloher, Forster, Fesch, Fritz, Händel, Gronemann, Hasse, Harnal, Klein, Pichler, Quantz, Schmitz, Small, Spourni, Telemann.

And thus, one might say, editions created auditions. At that period, when inquiring minds sought all things that were new, foreign, strange—a period that did not dote, like the nineteenth century, on historical and archæological erudition—all these sonatas, concertos and symphonies found currency among the amateurs so numerous before the Revolution, both in Paris and the provinces, and also among the provincial concert-societies, whose musical life was genuinely active and intense, closely following the concert programs of the Tuileries or, it might be, preceding them.

However, previous to the coming of Gluck, summoned by the Austrian Marie-Antoinette in 1774, our audiences, whether in theatre, concert, or church, had never found themselves face to

¹Georges Cucuel, "Quelques Documents sur la Librairie Musicale au XVIII^e siècle." *Sammelb. der I. M. G.* for January, 1912, p. 387.

face with a German of genius. Händel, Hasse and Graun had not introduced themselves to Parisian amateurs by means of any grand work (Händel, like Bach, did not come into general notice before the modern epoch). Mozart had appeared merely as an infant prodigy before his return in 1778, and had left hardly a trace of his passage. And, apropos of Mozart, we must not neglect to mention the Bavarian Eckardt of Augsburg, a compatriot of Leopold Mozart's; or the Silesian Schobert and the Alsatian Honauer, all three of whom had exercised a certain influence on the youthful Salzburger. Presently we shall see with what fervor the Germans were welcomed after the organization of the Institut National de Musique, and also to the band of the Garde Nationale, out of whose fusion with the Institut was to issue the Conservatoire National de Musique. Even under Louis XV they had been quite numerous in the king's own band; do we not find mention among the "regulars" of this band of the Gelinek brothers, the Bauerschmitt brothers, Eigenschenk senior, Ziwny (father and son), Georg Schubert, Brinisholtz, Anton Stamitz, Wächter, Ludwig, Borg, Scapre, Koll?—And whom do we find at the head of the king's music?—Martini-Schwartzendorf, the author of *Plaisir d'amour*.

This steady immigration and infiltration was favored by the cosmopolite taste of prominent amateurs such as the Prince de Carignan and the farmer-general Le Riche de La Pouplinière,¹ who maintained at Passy a complete orchestra conducted by Stamitz (later by Gossec); then there were the Prince de Conty, and the Duke d'Aiguillon in Guyenne, great amateurs imitated by a host of others less ostentatious, or less fanatical, all of whom contributed, about 1750, toward forming the new style whose entire merit has been ignorantly attributed, even quite recently, to Germany:—the new style which prepared the way for the great Viennese classics Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert.

The revolution that took place in Germany from 1750 onward was the outcome of alien influences. The Mannheimers (J. Stamitz, Filtz, Zart) came from Bohemia, as did Gluck and Benda. Neither is it a matter of indifference that this new music found its *point d'appui* in Paris, where the earliest editions of the Mannheimers were published. Gossec was a disciple of Stamitz, whom he succeeded as *chef d'orchestre* at La Pouplinière's. Richter settled in Strasbourg, Beck in Bordeaux; and the critics of Northern Germany characterized the new music as "symphonies after the recent foreign fashion," and its composers as "musicians à la mode

¹Cf. the author's article on La Pouplinière, *MUSICAL QUARTERLY*, October, 1924.

of Paris" (Hiller, quoted by R. Rolland in his "Voyage musical," pp. 100-101).

Then there was Hasse, welcomed to Paris in 1750; Graun, at the same time as Stamitz; Toeschi, Holzbauer, Wagenseil; Gluck, the "celebrated and learned musician to His Imperial Majesty" (1768); Johann Christian Bach (the Milanese or English Bach) in 1773, afterwards himself coming to assist at the première of his *Amadis* at the Opéra in 1779; Karl Stamitz, Dittersdorf, Mozart, Abbé Vogler, Edelmann, Haydn (with his *Stabat*, at first given unsuccessfully in 1783), who, up to the revelation of Beethoven at the Conservatoire, was to be considered as the great, the inimitable, symphonist; and still others who figure, year after year, on the programs of the Concert Spirituel at the Tuileries, or at other concerts founded in emulation of it—the Concert des Amateurs at the Hôtel de Soubise (where the National Archives are now kept), the Concert de la Loge Olympique, at first in the Palais Royal on the eve of the Revolution; concerts that became innumerable when the freedom of the theatres was decreed.

Step by step, the conquest of Paris went on, to be achieved toward the end of the reign of Louis XV on the arrival of the Chevalier Gluck; not a one-sided conquest, because, side by side with the Germans, the Italians held their own; indeed, the time was not far off when the Italian theatre became official and received a subvention. Framery, in his *Journal de Musique* (April, 1770), shows it to have been the belief of the Germans

that a masterly and well-ordered harmony could not fail to add new beauties to the charms of the melody. In their opinion, not every mode of expression is befitting to vocal art; there are a thousand nuances that are much better suited for orchestral rendering. They have experimented, they have succeeded, and have raised themselves far above their teachers, who now hasten to imitate them. Thus it is that Hasse, Bach, Gluck and Holzbauer were formed. Let the Italians bring on the symphonies of their best masters and compare them with those of Stamitz, Toeschi, Van Maldere, or M. Gossec, who alone of Frenchmen can march abreast of these great men in the genre of the symphony—and is not he himself a pupil of the German School?

And Chabanon, in *Le Mercure* of April, 1772, after the revival of Rameau's opera, writes:

We shall not be so unjust as to compare the overture to *Castor* with the symphonies that Germany has been giving us for twelve or fifteen years, with the works of Stamitz, Toeschi, Holzbauer, Bach, or with those of M. Gossec, who in this line has become the musician of our nation. The pieces which I cite have the advantage of often producing melody (*chant*) as well as noise. In them the composers have

combined a multitude of different instruments that were not in use at the time when *Castor* was written. All these instruments, whose combination nourishes the body of modern symphonies, impart a charming variety when sounded separately or entering alternately. The nuances from soft to loud, in their continuous and gradual unfolding, are other of those finesses of art whereof Rameau made little use.

At the time when the above lines were printed, Haydn led the van of symphonic musicians; for neither Bach, who was scarcely heard of before the dawn of the nineteenth century, nor Händel, confined to England, had won notability in France. Even after 1800, in the *Encyclopédie méthodique* of Framery, Ginguené, Suard and de Momigny, for example, Sebastian Bach is set down simply as "celebrated," like Händel, or as a "famous organist." "Assuredly," writes de Momigny in vague terms, "there is nothing firmer than the glory of Sebastian Bach; the stage could only have widened his fame, and made him more popular, without augmenting his profundity." And that is very nearly all. "The names of Mattheson, of Kuhnau, of Händel and of Bach, as well as some others, are still celebrated among the organists," one may also read in the article *Allemagne*, whose author, Suard, a strong partisan of the composers of that country, adds: "Does it well become a Frenchman to speak disdainfully of the country which has produced men like Händel, Graun, Hasse, Bach, Wagenseil, Haydn, and so many other composers and living virtuosi who are applauded and sought after throughout Europe?" This imposing list is hardly more than—an enumeration; and in Paris they knew, of all these masters, only some few vocal works with Italian words. Gluck and Haydn alone really meant anything to the amateurs of the time of Louis XVI: "Haydn, who most fully realizes the type of the Symphony, does not grow old; this is a superb fruit which has matured and dropped." He carries the genre to the highest degree of perfection in his last twelve symphonies, "which unite all the freshness of Spring to the glowing fires of Summer and the maturity of Autumn."

Let us not forget that here in Paris was engraved for the first time (1764), by the publisher Venier, and five years after the composition of his first symphony, a symphony by Haydn in a collection of symphonies *di varii autori* advertised under the headline "Unknown names worth knowing" (*Noms inconnus bons à connaître*), comprising six compositions by Van Maldere, Haydn, Beck, Pfeiffer, Schettky, and Franzl. In 1761 Haydn received from Paris a testimonial of admiration by which he was evidently much gratified; Le Gros, director of the Concert

Spirituel, wrote to congratulate him on the success obtained by his *Stabat Mater*, performed four times, in competition with those by Pergolese and the Portuguese Jesuit Vito. (In point of fact, its success had been only partial at first, the regular attendants on these concerts having been slow to applaud any *Stabat* but Pergolese's.) Le Gros invited Haydn, in the name of French musicians, to send all his new compositions to France, where they "would be published to his great advantage."

Hereupon Haydn wrote for Paris the six symphonies called "de la Loge Olympique" after the title of the Lodge of Freemasons—an artistic lodge, like that of the *Neuf Sœurs*—which had ordered them; the same symphonies that the master offered the publisher Nadermann for the sum of fifteen ducats, in a letter of Oct. 25.

During the entire following period Haydn, eclipsing all his Austro-German contemporaries of Mannheim or Vienna, was considered the symphonic musician *par excellence*; and whenever the Conservatoire, from the year IX (1800–1801) onward, gave one of the concerts called *exercices d'élèves*, it rarely happened that the concert was not opened by some symphony or symphonic fragment by Haydn. It was the same in the Concerts Spirituels at the Opéra and, one might say, everywhere; the quartets of Haydn, too, together with Pleyel's, enjoyed unequalled reputation and popularity among all amateurs of Paris and the provinces. In one of the least musical regions of France the youthful Berlioz heard, about 1815, quartets by Pleyel and Haydn played by amateurs of his native town.

Nevertheless, Haydn never went to Paris, even during the period of his visits to London, which, to be sure, were contemporary with the revolutionary period. Indeed, queries Mme. Michel Brenet,

What would he have done there? To find a place after Gluck, Piccinni, Sacchini, as a dramatic composer, was not in his power. To present himself as a simple symphonist, like Eichner or Cannabich, would have elicited a welcome beneath his deserts—to shine in the salons, to manoeuvre, amid the intrigues that still kept alive the "quarrel" betwixt Gluckists and Piccinnists, to take sides in the disputes of the philosophical gentry.—

It is certain that, while Haydn did not attempt to make himself personally known to the Parisian amateurs, he at all events thought their approbation desirable; his direct despatch of compositions to Paris was not limited to the symphonies for "la Loge Olympique"; the score—interleaved with autographic leaflets and copied pages—of *La Vera Costanza*, now kept in the library

of the Conservatoire and formerly in the archives of the old Théâtre Italien, was sent to Paris for representation, and was actually performed (though quite without success) under the title of *Laurette* on Jan. 24, 1751.

The death of Haydn was commemorated in Paris on two occasions; the first time, in 1804, when a false rumor of his decease was spread abroad in Paris in December (cf. the "Correspondance des Amateurs" for the 15th), and again in 1810, at the beginning of the concert-season. Haydn had died May 31, 1809, after the occupation of Vienna by the French. Méhul, in the course of the season at the Conservatoire, ending on the 21st of that month, had brought out three symphonies that were not without interest; he posed as a rival of the Master, whom the public, more than ever, preferred to him. The first two concerts of 1810 (Feb. 18 and 25) were devoted exclusively to the memory of Haydn. The first comprised a *Chant* on his death, by Cherubini (words by Joseph Chenier), a symphony, a chorus from Haydn's *Orpheus*, a violin-concerto arranged by Kreutzer from motifs in his symphonies, the *Benedictus* in C minor, and a symphony. A week later the concert was repeated in a slightly different order.

Haydn had been elected an associate member by the Institut de France in 1802. At the beginning of the preceding year, after the performance on Dec. 24, 1800, of *The Creation* at the Opéra, in the presence of the First Consul—who had just escaped assassination as he left the Tuileries—the musicians had had a gold medal struck and addressed to him. The Institut did likewise, in 1802, followed next year by the Concert des Amateurs; after them the Conservatoire (1805) and the Société des Enfants d'Apollon (1807).

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Leaving the domain of the symphony, let us take a fresh start with the theatre at the end of the reign of Louis XV. On May 10, 1774, the king died. On April 19 there had been given the first performance of *Iphigénie en Aulide* by the "chevalier" Gluck, who, of all the musicians coming from the east, was now to attract the undivided attention of the musical world and of the outside world as well; the chevalier Gluck, who became the reformer of the lyric tragedy, and that on the stage founded by Lully himself and signalized by Rameau, on the stage where, until then, if we except the incursion of the Italian *Bouffons* in 1752, the repertory had been dictated by French masters alone.

Here we disclaim all intention of revamping, for the *n*th time, the phases of the Franco-Italian-Germanic musical war that burst upon Paris on the arrival of Gluck, then over sixty years of age; he was invited hither under the protection of the Dauphine Marie Antoinette, who became Queen of France three weeks after the première of *Iphigénie*, and three months before that of *Orphée*. At the same time the ex-mistress of Louis XV, Madame Dubarry, engaged the Italian Piccinni to come from Italy. The final victory rested with Gluck, with his five grand operas *Iphigénie en Aulide*, *Orphée*, *Alceste*, *Iphigénie en Tauride*, and *Armide*; his ultramontane rival did not succeed in counterbalancing his triumphs; nor did the latter's disciples Sacchini (whose *Œdipe à Colone* was the greatest success of the old Opéra, with 600 representations), and Salieri (with *Les Danaïdes*).

Gluck's overwhelming triumphs, bitterly disputed, caused the disappearance of the earlier scores of Lully, Rameau, and some others that still figured on the billboards. And speaking of these, it is a matter of interest to note the lease of life of some of these works just when Gluck, between 1774 and 1784, effected the definitive dismissal of their scores from the repertory of the theatre.

Of Lully, *Roland* had disappeared in 1755, *Proserpine* and *Persée* in 1758, *Alceste* in 1767, *Amadis* in 1771; only *Armide* which survived till 1781, and *Persée*, revived from 1779 to 1782, not without being more or less "adapted" to the taste of the time, strove against the new current—but in vain.

Of Campra, we still find performances of the *Fêtes Vénétiennes* up to 1775, as arranged by Destouches. For contemporary ears Dauvergne arranged *Callirhoë* and the ballet of *Les Éléments*, which held out until 1780. Of Rameau—whose works it was desired, for the honor of French music, to maintain still longer on the stage—we find *Pygmalion* and *Castor et Pollux* presented for the last time in 1781 and 1783, *Les Fêtes d'Hébé* in 1776, and *Les Fêtes de l'Hymen* in 1777. His other works did not go beyond 1771.

And in the shadow of that "Germanic Orpheus" who was to control the Opéra till Rossini's advent, disappearing in his turn toward 1830, there slipped in the Voglers, the Vogels, the Winters, and also, alas! the Steibelts, Lachniths and Kalkbrenners, the arrangers—"derangers," Grétry called them—of the masterworks of Mozart, Haydn, and other German worthies.

Gluck, who had already visited Paris twice (in 1745 and 1764), was the better acquainted with French taste from having written (1758–1764) a dozen *opéras comiques*, the librettos of which Count Durazzo had requested Favart to send him. But

now, in 1774, he did not come to Paris as an imitator or as a composer of comedy-operas, but as a reformer of opera, of the lyric tragedy, as a revolutionary, bringing with him his score of *Iphigénie*, the book of which was "borrowed" from Racine's chef-d'œuvre by Du Roullet, an attaché of the French embassy at Vienna.

Then appeared *Orphée*, the book by the Italian Calzabigi, who had likewise dwelt long in Paris and studied the strong and weak points of the French theatre, both dramatic and lyric. Possibly some old Parisians may have remembered this Italian, of whom Casanova handed down a decidedly unflattering portrait; twenty years earlier he had dedicated an edition of Metastasio to Madame de Pompadour; together with his brother he had also proposed to minister Paris-Duvernoy, a friend of the favorite, the lottery-scheme that assured the construction of the École Militaire. Calzabigi may have prided himself, and Gluck perhaps flattered his claim, in the belief that he had taken a preponderant part in Gluck's reform. It is certain, at all events, that by his choice of antique subjects, so simple and so beautiful, like those of *Orphée* and *Alceste*, Calzabigi pointed the way for Gluck, and did no little to secure the triumph of the chevalier's scores. That of the Italian *Orfeo* had been engraved at Paris, as remarked above, through the agency of Favart, as early as 1764; but in three years only some half-dozen copies had been sold. In the same year—a still more extraordinary happening, without precedent for an opera not yet performed—there appeared a prose translation of the libretto, by Morambert, who wrote:

M. Calzabigi goes from strength to strength as a continuator of the celebrated Metastasio; in style he closely resembles that poet. His works read like elegant extracts; their beauties are rather indicated than developed, but it should be noted that the words of an Opera are not writ to be read, and that they do not stand in need of finished form any more than statues meant to be viewed from a distance. The Poet must draft the design and fix the outlines; it is for the Musician to blend the nuances and add to the sketch the magic of coloration.

This is not ill-conceived, and contains some very just observations on the relation of the words to the music which are directly applicable to the poems of Gluck's Italian collaborator. It was (with no apparent contradiction) the same thought that Gluck—proposing to give the leading rôle, in opera, to music—expresses in his famous dedication of *Alceste* to the grand-duke of Tuscany, the future Emperor Leopold II, when he avows it to be his aim "to rid music entirely of all the abuses that . . . disfigure Italian

opera," and that he hopes "to confine music to its true office of seconding Poetry through expression"; or when in another dedication (that of *Paride e Elena*) he adds, "Singing, in an opera, is merely a substitute for declamation." Gluck, however, was confident that he was setting to music, not elegant extracts, but full-fledged dramas. And after all, what did it matter? There were only certain refinements expressing the same quest for novelty and rehabilitation as in the old French opera. While the Italians sacrificed everything to the singer, our opera was fighting that tendency and its own age-long attachment to the withered form of the lyric tragedy. One needs only to glance over a few of the earlier critiques, or even some of more recent times, to get an idea of the importance that the French aristarchs attached to the libretto, to the plot, to the versification—in a word, to the literary composition. A feuilleton signed S. . . (Suard) in *Le Moniteur* in January, 1810, proclaims the fact as clearly as the hundreds of analyses of operas published in the course of 150 years by *Le Mercure de France*;—underneath the opera-score they were always looking for the classic tragedy.

Thus it came that Gluck, aided by Calzabigi—who perfectly understood that a libretto *à la* Metastasio would not be viable on the Parisian stage—proceeded both to thwart the efforts of the "Italianizers" and to resuscitate that same moribund (or, rather, dead) tragedy, but by giving it a form more nearly approaching antique models, and a musical life more intense than the one it had lost.

This was understood by intelligent composers like the great Philidor, so unjustly relegated to oblivion as a glorious player of amiable chess. Philidor had been engaged by Favart to correct the proofs of Gluck's Italian *Orfeo*, in 1764, and he did not fail to profit by the task. For him this chef-d'œuvre of Gluck was a revelation; and when the Opéra revived (in 1777) his *Ermeline, princesse de Norvège*, it was a new score, strongly influenced by Gluck, that he submitted to the none too benevolent judgment of the public. Thenceforward, only the German Orpheus and his School engrossed the attention of our young musicians. Grétry, who never had much success at the Académie de Musique, brought out his *Andromaque* (after Racine) in 1780, followed the same year by Philidor with a *Persée* (after Quinault) that won scant applause; next year came Piccinni with his *Iphigénie en Tauride*, which did not eclipse that of his redoubtable rival; then Gossec with a *Thésée* and Le Moyne with an *Electra* (1782), and Piccinni once more with a *Didon* (1783). But of all this mythological rubbish

the only operas to maintain themselves alongside of Gluck, and as long as his, were *Les Danaïdes* of Salieri, produced under his name, and the *Œdipe à Colone* of Sacchini, which were kept in the repertory of the Opéra till 1828 and 1844, respectively. And after Salieri came Cherubini, Lesueur at the Théâtre Feydeau, then Spontini and Lesueur again at the Académie Impériale de Musique, to perpetuate tragic opera à la Gluck, though not without gradually divesting it of its lofty antique purity; for they sought to make up by spectacular effect what they lost in simplicity, thus guiding it on the path toward the romantic form affected by Scribe and Meyerbeer.

At the Opéra (so says M. Romain Rolland) Gluck realized "the art imagined by the Encyclopedists"—an international art. Gluck said this in set terms, not unlike what Muffat wrote, in a letter to *Le Mercure* in 1772: "... a music congenial to all nations, and so apt to banish the absurd distinctions between national schools of music. For good or ill, Gluck has put his stamp on the art of his epoch." His compatriot, the Italianizer Grimm himself, is forced to admit this. He writes in 1783: "The lyric revolution in progress for eight years is prodigious, and one cannot deny Gluck the honor of having started it. . . . Having blended in his style Italian melody, French declamation, and the German *Lied*, it has been Gluck's well-nigh unique privilege to influence directly and simultaneously the three great musical Schools of Europe and to stamp his imprint upon them. This came about because he belonged to all three without being engaged in any one of them."¹

In the nineteenth century, after 1830, we witness an analogous phenomenon in Meyerbeer, and, fifty years later, in Wagner, whose principles and practices are far more eclectic than they seem at first glance.

Victor in the contest that had raged between the last partisans of Lully and Rameau, on the one hand, and those of Piccinni, on the other, the chevalier Gluck was to dominate the grand Parisian Opéra during the Revolution and the Empire. But the Restoration saw his decline; his music was soon spoken of in the same tone as Lully's "plain-chant" in times past;—is not the music of any generation the plain-chant of the one succeeding? Thus the Italian Rossini, followed closely by the Berlinesse Meyerbeer, are to eclipse the Bohemian Gluck for some thirty years. A passing eclipse; for, under the Second Empire, Carvalho's Théâtre-Lyrique will revive *Orphée* for Mme. Viardot; the Académie Impériale de Musique will attempt a revival of *Alceste* with the same singer

¹R. Rolland, "Musiciens d'autrefois," p. 243.

and with the collaboration of the aging Berlioz; and in our own times, *Armide*, *Iphigénie*, *Alceste*, besides the immortal *Orphée*, will reappear on our lyric stages by the favor of the Wagnerian renaissance. It cannot be too strongly emphasized, in fact, that it was the belated triumph of Wagner in France which renewed the public taste for classic music toward the end of the nineteenth century. And Mozart, like Gluck, certainly owes to Wagner the restoration to favor which he enjoys of late.

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The Concert Spirituel, from which Gluck has diverted us, shows itself during this period more and more hospitable to foreigners. We note, in 1748, the oboist Zollikofer, whose name seems to denote a Swiss, and Goepffert, a member of La Pouplinière's orchestra; further, in 1750, the flutist Goetzl; in 1751-2 Wendling, another famous flutist, and his wife Dorothea, née Spourni, of Mannheim, later friends of the youthful Mozart, with whom they returned to Paris in 1778. Together with Wendling (in April, 1751) the horn-player Ernst made his bow to the public; he played, alone, a concerto for two *cors de chasse*—an innovation, according to *Le Mercure*, "which impressed us as singular rather than agreeable." In 1761 we meet the harpist Hochbrucker, musician to the Prince de Rohan; four years later he will reappear with Mlle. Schenker, his pupil, aged 12. That same year Leopold Mozart, who attended Hochbrucker's concerts, exhibited his children at court, or at the Temple, at the Prince de Conti's home. They did not appear, however, at the Concert des Tuileries. In 1762 the Saxon harpist Emming won applause; in 1763, after the British organist Burton, appeared the bassoonist Felix Emming; then, in 1768, Carl Joseph Toeschi, musician to the Elector-Palatine, who played the *viole d'amour* and composed, like his brother Jean-Baptiste, both being natives of Italy. In 1769 came another harpist, Hinner; the harp was all the fashion, and Hinner presently became the teacher, on that instrument, of the Dauphine Marie Antoinette; in 1773, the violinist Wilhelm Cramer, also the horn-player Stich (called Punto), for whom Beethoven wrote a concerto; another horn-player, Thürschmidt; and the clarinettist Baer. (Let us add, that the players on this latter instrument, in the orchestra of the Concert, bore the names of Klein and Reiffer; in 1775, the second horn was one Moser.) In 1777, Miss Davies's performances on the harmonica were applauded; likewise the singing of Fräulein Hitzelberger. In 1778 (Mozart's year) arrived the bassoonist Ritter and the famous old tenor Raaff, together

with the oboist Ramm and the flutist Wendling, all four from Mannheim; the violinist Schick, the viola-player Anton Stamitz, and the seven-year-old Zygmuntowsky, who played the 'cello elevated upon a table and disguised as a sailor; also the flutist Wunderlich, the clarinettist Wolf, and the harpist Krumpholtz; in 1780, the horn-player Pokorny, and the violinist Eigenschenck; in 1782, the clarinettists Wächter and Soler, the harpist Stecker (a pupil of Krumpholtz's). At Shrovetide (still in 1782) came the illustrious Gertrud Mara, recommended by the Empress to the court of France. She alone was able to make head against the extraordinary vogue of the Todi, whose début took place in 1778. La Mara left Paris with the title of *première chanteuse* to the Queen; visited Bordeaux and Marseilles, and returned to Paris for Shrovetide of 1783. In that year the Todi was also singing; the amateurs, divided into Todistes and Maratistes, as formerly into Gluckistes and Picinnistes,

bombarded each other with epigrammes and exhausted themselves with arguments; the two rival cantatrices, after singing separately on different days, launched a supreme assault in a concurrent session, from which both issued victorious—in opposite genres:—Mme. Mara was proclaimed as "the most perfect ever heard for charming the ear," while the palm was awarded to Mme. Todi in the art of "moving and penetrating the heart." (M. Brenet.)

After a sojourn of two years in France, La Mara set out for London and the conquest of the British guinea.

In 1785, the flutist Wendling was heard again; the four Rombergs and the violinist Donner also presented themselves; next year came the clarinettist Wächter, the flutist Thurner, and the Ludwig brothers, pianists; in 1787, the violinist Janiewicz, etc. Among the last foreigners to appear at a Concert Spirituel was "a young negro from the colonies," the celebrated violinist Bridge-tower, for whom Beethoven wrote the sonata that he later dedicated to Kreutzer.

But with the Revolution the old Concert Spirituel, expelled from the Tuileries by the king's return to Paris, migrated successively to the auditorium of the Théâtre-Italien and that of the Opéra at the Porte-Saint-Germain, before ending its days (still under the direction of Le Gros) at the "old hall of the Panthéon" in 1791.

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Despite domestic upheaval and foreign invasion, a fairly considerable number of German artists continued to reside in Paris. And when the Conservatoire, in 1795, replaced the music

of the Garde Nationale of 1793, an imposing minority left over from this aggregation of wind-instruments, teachers in our national school of music, bore Germanic names.

The reason was that, in the course of the eighteenth century, the military bands had been recruited in great part from among Swiss and German musicians, who were pointedly superior to the French in this particular field. So it happens that we find in the band of the Garde, founded by Sarrette as the National Institute of Music, and later becoming the Conservatoire, the three Blasiuses, Beer, Buch, Domnich, Guthmann, Kenn, Asmann, Gerber, Schneitzhoeffter (who was born in Dunkirk), Schreuder, the two Schwents, Simrock (hornplayer and publisher like his brother, the friend of Beethoven, who stayed in Bonn, and who, towards 1800, will play a rôle as an importer into Paris of Mozart's and Beethoven's music), Stiglitz, Widerkehr, Vandenbrock, the two Gebauers, etc. All of these, or nearly all, figure in Sarrette's two foundations. And besides these *Bläser* we find some teachers of violin, of piano, and of solfeggio:—Rode, the Alsatians Adam (Louis, father of Adolphe Adam), Eler (first librarian of the Conservatoire), Herzberger, Nadermann (harpist and publisher), Reber of Mülhausen, Reicha of Prague (who knew Beethoven at Bonn), Rodolphe of Strasbourg (author of the famous *Solfège*), Spanheimer, Ladurner (later publisher), the Rigels, father and son, Bernhard Romberg, the flutist Wunderlich, the pianist Zimmermann;—these are the musicians whose names are known to us for the epoch in which we are interested.

We must not omit, in another domain—that of the instrument-makers—several illustrious names that have survived to our day. It was in 1778 that Sébastien Érard of Strasbourg, then established in Paris for three years, produced his first pianoforte. Sébastien and his brother, despite the annoyances to which the corporation of *Maîtres-Facteurs d'Instruments* subjected them, received from the king, in 1785, the writ making them Masters of the Guild. Their first grand piano dates from 1797. Before Érard, all pianofortes had been imported from Germany. He began by making small five-octave pianos after the model of Silbermann, another Strasbourger. For a number of years he was the sole French piano-maker. About 1785, Zimmermann and Systermans established themselves in Paris. After the founding of the Conservatoire, Freudenthal Sr. did the same. Then it was the Czech composer Pleyel, who, after a stay in Strasbourg, alighted in Paris (1795), where he first became a music-publisher, later a piano-manufacturer.

Subsequently, the list of instrument-makers was augmented by many an Alsatian or German name, for pianos especially. The manufacture of violins, with Lorraine (Mirecourt) in the lead, was more properly a native industry, after having been tributary to Italy. That of wind-instruments owes little to foreigners settling in France; it might be said that no foreign name appears among the makers of stringed or wind-instruments, with the exception of the glorious name of Sax.

To this progress in instrument-making, through which the harpsichord was gradually replaced by the pianoforte and the modern piano, there corresponds a veritable Parisian School for the new instrument, recently the subject of a study by Saint-Foix. Its beginnings may be traced to the Silesian Schobert (who also made a halt in Strasbourg before betaking himself to Paris, where he died in 1767), and to Eckardt, his friend, and a compatriot of Leopold Mozart, who met him there in 1764. Schobert and Eckardt (who lived in France until 1809), as well as the harpists Hochbrucker and Mayr, are mentioned in the letters of Leopold Mozart and his son. Somewhat later, the "Gluckist" Edelmann—another Strasbourger, who came to Paris about 1750, but returned to his homeland, where he was guillotined July 17, 1794—and his compatriot Hüllmandel, who arrived here in 1776, made a name for themselves in piano-music. Hüllmandel fled from Paris in 1790, and dwelt a while in Rouen, where one of his pupils was Gounod's mother, Victoire Lemachois; he died at London, in 1823. To him we owe the preparation of the article *Clavecin* in the "Encyclopédie Méthodique" of Framery and Monsigny. Further, we note Louis Adam, and also the Riegels (or Rigels); the father was a native of Franconia, director of the Concerts Spirituels from 1782 to 1786, and of the concerts of the Loge Olympique; the son, Louis Rigel, was chamber-pianist to Napoleon. Together with these the Parisian pianists, clavecinists or organists Beauvarlet-Charpentier, Tapray and Séjan contributed to the formation of the new style that was destined wholly to overshadow that of the ancient harpsichord.

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We are now at the commencement of the nineteenth century, which, after the struggles of the Revolution, saw the wars of the Empire and then the Restoration. Another revolution, this time artistic and literary, marked the fifteen years separating the fall of the Empire from the advent of Louis-Philippe—and Romanti-

cism. Romanticism was not without influence on Music; on the contrary, one can assert that the music of that time bears in embryo all modern music (I mean that of yesterday or the day before) in straight descent from Weber, Beethoven and Meyerbeer.

While under the Empire Gluck and his successors were still honored on the stage, like Haydn in the concert-hall, towards the end of the Restoration (just a hundred years ago) a revolution was preparing. Influenced in part, no doubt, by the Italian lyric theatre, and in part a remote consequence of political and military events, which commingled so many peoples and nations, two new stars might be seen rising over two cardinal points of the musical horizon. As Hugo and Lamartine were beginning to stir the literary world, music also underwent a regenerative crisis. Beethoven and Weber, Rossini and Meyerbeer, were the heralds of a new era with works endued with a fresh emotion whereby the rising generation of musicians was profoundly moved; like Berlioz, who, under the immediate, imperious, and quasi unintended influence of his teachers, composed his *Huit Scènes de Faust* and his *Symphonie Fantastique* between 1825 and 1828, a dual and already complete revelation of his genius.

In 1824, Weber's *Der Freischütz* (travestied as *Robin des Bois* by Castil-Blaze) was played at the Odéon; next year (Dec. 10, 1825) the Opéra-Comique gave the première of *La Dame Blanche*, of which Weber himself, during a visit to Paris, wrote to his friend Theodor Hell: "Since Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro* no comedy-opera of equal significance has been written."

In the course of this same year 1825 Meyerbeer brought out his *Il Crociato* at the Italiens, with slight success. 1826 was the year when Rossini, who was welcomed to that theatre in 1822, made his début at the Opéra with *Le Siège de Corinthe*, quickly followed by *Moïse*. Apropos of these last, the *Figaro* soon afterward (Nov. 25, 1827) remarked:

The scores of Rossini are almost the only ones they take the trouble to play properly at the Académie Royale de Musique. The orchestra, which resembles a musical infirmary when Sacchini and Salieri, or the patriarch Gluck, are in hand, throws off its paralysis if *Moïse* or *Le Siège de Corinthe* is placed on their desks.

And the burlesque incident of the throwing of a peruke upon the stage at the final performance of *Le Devin du Village* (1829) marked the contempt thereafter to be professed for the ancient music, both that of Gluck and that of Rameau, victims of a like reprobation.

The year 1827, however, marked the founding by Fétis of *La Revue Musicale*, in which at last appeared reviews of music and musicians musically and scientifically written. Some months later, in March, 1828, for the first anniversary of Beethoven's death, the Société des Concerts was established by Habeneck, the son of a Mannheim musician in the service of France, and son-in-law of the publisher Sieber, also of Mannheim. Habeneck, who for twenty-five years had been studying and working at Beethoven, consecrated the new Society to him, thus placing himself at the head of the vanguard of the movement, though not without allowing generous latitude to Mozart and Haydn.

As our venerable colleague Adolphe Jullien wrote years ago:

The great movement of musical renovation inaugurated by Gluck, not having time to mature all its fruits before the explosion of the revolutionary convulsion, pursued its way with Spontini in the opening years of the century at the very time when the romantic movement engendered in Germany by Weber, and the ornate style that had reached its paroxysm in Italy, met and clashed in Paris. From the fusion of these three elements was to arise, almost forthwith, the modern French opera [do not forget that Jullien was writing about 1875], incarnate in Meyerbeer. Three or four years apart, Weber and Rossini pass through Paris, the one coming from Dresden, the other from Bologna, and both headed for London; but the city through which they are passing is almost more important in their eyes than the one to which they are going, and the welcome they receive, and the enthusiastic applause accorded them, clearly show with what an aureole the eyes of the Parisian dilettanti had already invested these two men of genius. ("Paris dilettante au commencement du siècle," Paris, 1884, p. 3.)

Let us halt at this decisive moment in the evolution of our music, dramatic as well as symphonic. In somewhat rapid review we have seen how, during the century preceding the arrival of the author of *Robert* and *Les Huguenots*, the German musical invasion concurrently with the Italian had infiltrated France, and not unprofitably, we must impartially admit, for our own music, which was in danger of falling under the depressing influence of the transalpines. Such an invasion is frequently a beneficent alliance, like that dreamed of by the good Alsatian Muffat—an alliance whence have issued, on the one hand, the symphony, a modern musical phenomenon unprecedented in history, whereof Paris may have been the cradle, and on the other the opera of Gluck, a renovation of the older lyric tragedy of Lully; likewise, a century ago, the grand romantic opera created by the collaboration of Scribe with Meyerbeer and his other musical co-workers.

The rôle of France at these different epochs has perhaps not always been the principal one; but it was indispensable in that it

gave life to the works of the artists who came hither, as they still come in our day, in search of a consecration, an intensity of radiance, that these works, however beautiful and powerful they may be, might not always attain without abiding this test.

(Translated by Theodore Baker.)

THE YOUTH OF MUSIC

By R. W. S. MENDEL

I

MUSIC is sometimes said to be the youngest of the arts. Strictly speaking, this is inaccurate: for rhythm, which is one of the main ingredients in music and which came to man intuitively as a result of the pulse and the heart-beat, led him in primitive times to express his emotions by dancing or stamping his feet on the ground; and doubtless the conception of melody sprang originally from the inarticulate cries with which he uttered his needs or accompanied his dance steps. The impulse to dance and sing probably made itself felt before the idea of poetry arose and at as early a stage in human history as the instinct to draw pictures in the sand or to fashion images in stone or wood, even if it was preceded by the desire to build which resulted from the necessity for our primæval ancestors to protect themselves against the weather and the attacks of wild beasts and of their fellow men.

But although the art of music itself is ancient, it is a fact that the music which we hear to-day is of comparatively recent date. The epic poems of Homer and Virgil, the historical and dramatic literature created by the Athenians in the fifth century before Christ, the ancient Greek sculpture and architecture, and the temples, pyramids, and paintings which were produced in Egypt at a much earlier period still—have not merely survived the ravages of time and man in a number of instances, but have a strong attraction for us in the twentieth century, A. D. In the case of literature, this appeal (assuming that we do not count translations) is limited according to our opportunity or inclination to study the original languages, but for those who do so, the works of the ancients are not merely a subject of historical interest, but a source of lively enjoyment.

In the musical world, however, antiquity in this sense simply does not exist for us. Even the middle ages, represented in other arts by Dante and Chaucer, by the Gothic churches and cathedrals and by innumerable mediæval tapestries and pictures which we find beautiful, have come down to us musically only in the form of a few isolated instances, such as the old rota "Sumer is icumen

in" or the Gregorian chants. Apart from these, the music which is alive to-day has all been composed during the last five hundred years or thereabouts.

II

As an explanation of the fact that our music is so juvenile as compared with other arts, it has been suggested that there is in the very materials which music employs something which makes the appeal of a musical work less lasting than theirs. The music of a more remote past, it is said, was just as good in its own day as that of the last five hundred years, but music is relatively ephemeral as compared with sculpture, painting, literature, and architecture. This is an unhappy thought, for lovers of music like to believe that the masterpieces which they cherish will live on as indefinitely as the great works in other spheres appear to do. But its mere unpleasantness must not tempt us to make a case for doubting it, against our better judgment. We must study the theory on its merits and see if there be anything in it, and we can do this by considering first the case of those works which have a brief existence, and next, that of the music which has so far stood the test of time.

Admittedly, there are thousands of musical compositions which enjoy a very brief popularity: this applies, for instance, to most syncopated dance-tunes and sentimental ballads, as it did to many of the comic songs of the Victorian age. But music is in this respect in no worse plight than the other arts. Such works as those are comparable to most of the short stories which appear in magazines or to the humorous drawings of many a popular artist. They please for a time, but neither the creators of them nor the public expect their appeal to be a permanent one. Life must contain a large quantity of evanescent pleasures, and the man who tells you that he has no use for them is generally either a prig or a hypocrite.

At the other end of the scale is the fact that we are still able to enjoy the Tudor and old Italian music so deeply in this twentieth century, that Scarlatti and Mozart seem to have lost none of their charm with the lapse of time, that Bach has undoubtedly gained in favor, that the reaction against the blind adoration of Beethoven has issued simply in a more balanced admiration of his work, and that the best folk-songs of bygone ages have taken on a fresh lease of life. If the music which has come down to us from the past—although it is admittedly a comparatively recent past—is still able to delight us, it is reasonable to suppose that it will continue

to give pleasure to other generations as well, and that it is in this respect comparable to the older masterpieces of painting, sculpture, literature, and architecture: the favor in which a particular composer is held varies in intensity at different epochs, but once his work has survived for a considerable number of years after his death its appeal does seem to go on, whether at higher or lower pitch, throughout the ages.

III

There are, however, two reasons which are given for the theory that the music of any one composer is destined to enjoy a comparatively short existence, as compared with the products of the other arts. One is that since the time when music—as we know it to-day—began, its technique and resources have developed, and are continuing to develop, to such an extent that we can hardly expect that works which were conceived for much simpler or more primitive media than those to which we are accustomed, should make the same appeal to us as they doubtless did to their contemporaries or as the music of more recent times does to ourselves. Instruments are gradually improved, or at any rate changed; harmonic, orchestral, and rhythmic methods alter; the diatonic and chromatic scales may give place entirely to a system of quarter-tones or atonality; thus it is feared that as these changes take place, the music which was written for an earlier technique and for instruments of a different kind, may lose its vitality and eventually die out altogether.

Yet the facts are all against so gloomy a prospect. It is true that the instrumental music of Byrd, Handel, Corelli, Scarlatti, Haydn, Mozart, and even Beethoven, seems to-day comparatively colorless beside the works of such men as Wagner, Rimsky-Korsakov, Debussy, Stravinsky, Delius, or Arthur Bliss. Color is a comparatively new feature in music, but it is only one element, and actual experience shows that an old work with no colors, or very faint ones, can please a modern audience as much as it did its contemporaries or those who were alive soon after it was written. Even the simpler harmonies and less intricate rhythms do not impair its vivid appeal to the listener of to-day.

The explanation is not far to seek. In the first place, although the harmony and rhythms of the older men seem simple to us, they were usually just as subtle as those employed by twentieth century composers, even though the range within which they moved was obviously more restricted. Subtlety is a very different

thing from complexity, and indeed it requires a much more cunning mind to get telling effects out of simple material than if you have highly developed resources at your disposal. Secondly, the works of the older masters are found in many instances to be well suited to modern instruments. It is, indeed, delightful to hear Bach played on harpsichord, viola da gamba, oboe d'amore, and the rest. But most music-lovers agree that the Forty-eight Preludes and Fugues can also be played on a modern pianoforte without doing violence to them. The twentieth century organ is a much more elaborate affair than any instrument upon which Bach was able to perform, but he would be a bold man who would contend that it was therefore ill-adapted for Bach's music. It is probable that Beethoven would be delighted if he could hear how his symphonies sound on a modern orchestra compared with those of his own day.

There is, however, no reason why we should assume, because the resources of modern orchestration may in many instances be unfitted to the performance of works of the past, that the older works will therefore grow out of date. We can still play them without using all the paraphernalia of an orchestra of to-day, and conforming approximately to the simple methods for which they were written. Nor need we fear that posterity will fail to appreciate them because they lack the rich color-scheme of later works; otherwise we should expect to find that the modern listener who revels in the gorgeous pallets of Strauss or Scriabin would find little to please him in the softer hues of the earlier masters; whereas, in fact, he is able to enjoy both.

For similar reasons, even if the diatonic scale were to go out of use altogether; if the system of keys upon which the music of the past few hundred years has been built were to disappear entirely in favor of an all-pervading atonality; and if quarter-tones came to be universally adopted and instruments were constructed and voices trained to perform them, it is likely that the taste for the works of the past would still survive. We are at present confronted with the phenomenon of persons who are able to enjoy the music of Stravinsky and Schönberg on the one hand, and the Elizabethan masters on the other. A wider divergence than that which exists between the technique of the two periods can scarcely be conceived. If the music of the sixteenth century can be genuinely enjoyed by a progressive-minded listener of to-day, it is difficult to see why it should not be appreciated also by a distant generation as far removed from the present age as we are from the days of the Tudors.

IV

The second reason put forward for the notion that the appeal made by any one composer is of limited duration, is more plausible at first sight. It is said, with justice, that the development of the art of music is specifically the product of our Western civilization. Many believe that that civilization is declining, and indeed this idea lies at the root of the striking reflections of Oswald Spengler. If this theory is right—if Western civilization, as we know it, is on a downward track and is destined to disappear altogether—can we reasonably expect that our music, which has been created by it in satisfaction of its own needs and its own tastes, will survive the destruction or decay of Western civilization itself?

The outlook for our music might seem black if we accept Spengler's theory, until we consider what has happened in the case of the other arts. Other civilizations and cultures have disappeared, but have left their arts behind them. Not only was the ancient Athenian Empire destroyed, but the whole supremacy of Greece was subsequently brought to an end; yet the tragic dramas of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, the comedies of Aristophanes, the epic poems of Homer, and the prose histories of Herodotus and Thucydides, survive, not merely as historical curiosities but as artistic influences with a living appeal to the present generation: those who have the advantage of being able to study them in the original languages are brought into direct contact with creations which they recognize to be among the richest works of the imagination that the world has ever seen, and even those others who read them only in translation fall beneath the spell. The statues and buildings of ancient Athens are not simply objects of interest: they are generally regarded to-day as including some of the most beautiful works of art produced by men. The story is the same when we turn to other departed civilizations. The Roman Empire is of living importance to us not only because its laws were the foundations of more than one of our modern systems of jurisprudence, or because the ancient Romans constructed roads which are an example to the present generation of mankind, but also because the poetry of Virgil, of Catullus, and of Lucretius, and the satirical verses of Horace, are read and enjoyed, either in the original Latin or in a modern translation, by countless people throughout the civilized world of to-day. An even older "culture"—that of Ancient Egypt—has left behind monuments and paintings and "objets d'art," which visitors flock to see not just because they are thousands of years old, but because they find them lovely to look upon. The great

books of the Old Testament, translated into all the languages of modern Europe, are treasured not solely as part of the Scripture which revealed religion enjoins us to read, but as the noble literature of an ancient race.

If other arts have survived the ruin of the civilizations which gave them birth, it cannot be argued that the decline of the West, if it comes, must carry in its train the destruction of Western music. Even if Western civilization, as we know it to-day, disappears, the lesson of history would seem to be that the music which it produced will be seized upon by generations and races of men yet unborn and carried forward throughout the ages.

It is probable that the appeal which our music will make to future civilizations will differ substantially from the character of the enjoyment which we derive from it. However much we may delight in the artistic creations of the ancient Greeks and Romans, of the old Egyptian dynasties, of the Indian and Chinese cultures of antiquity, we cannot—even the most imaginative of us—get inside the skins of those men and women of yore and behold their works of art through their eyes. But this does not mean that we cannot appreciate the artistic legacies of those peoples in our own way. They do attract us, though we necessarily approach them from a different standpoint. Similarly, we cannot expect that to men of a distant culture, yet unborn, Bach and Wagner will mean the same thing as they mean to us; but merely that their music will make some kind of appeal even in those far-off days.

V

It would appear, then, that the theory that there is in the materials which music employs something which makes the attraction of a musical work necessarily short-lived, cannot be substantiated or put forward as an explanation of the fact that the music which we enjoy to-day is so much more juvenile than the other arts. We cannot account for the youth of our music by saying that which preceded it has only failed to survive because no music is capable of surviving very long. For a good deal of the music which is now alive has already existed a considerable time with its lustre undimmed, and shows no sign of rust. The causes of its relatively late appearance in the history of the world must be sought elsewhere.

Architecture, sculpture, and painting, do not, as music does, depend upon performance or reproduction for their survival. If a building or a statue or a picture can survive the ravages of men

and nature, it lives on, and the only question is whether we to-day find it beautiful; in most cases our taste seems to coincide to a remarkable extent with that of the ancients, in spite of our difference of outlook, and hence the satisfaction which we derive from contemplating their artistic products is not merely, or even primarily, antiquarian, but æsthetic. But music did not get over the first fence. There was in early times no method of writing it down, as there was in the case of literature, and therefore the music of ancient Greeks, Romans, Hebrews, and Egyptians simply could not survive. For as these various civilizations dropped out one by one, there were no succeeding generations to whom the nation's songs could be handed on by word of mouth. The only thing approaching a musical notation employed by the Greeks was the writing of alphabetical letters above the verses, while in the case of the old Hebrews there is no trace even of so crude a device as that.

The absence of notation, apart from being the cause of the non-survival of ancient music, is doubtless one of the symptoms of the primitive stage at which music stood in its history at those periods. It is, indeed, doubtful whether that music, even if it were available for us, would give us much pleasure. Such specimens of old Greek music as we do possess—the “Hymn to Apollo” and the “Hymn to the Muses” and the other fragments—are hardly encouraging. It is likely that, apart from anything else, its perpetual unison would prove extremely wearisome to us. For not only did the voices sing in unison, but the instruments also accompanied them on the same notes or at the octave, and this was the case even among the ancient Israelites with their vast choirs, such as that established by David at Jerusalem, and their highly organized orchestras of multifarious instruments, which ranged from about ten or twenty in number for ordinary religious purposes to three figures on special occasions.

Although music is itself an old art, many of its features and of the means which it employed were not discovered or developed until late in its history, and it was natural that the appearance of the great masters of the art should be delayed in the meantime. Prior to the ninth or tenth century, A. D., harmony, in our sense of notes of different pitch being sounded simultaneously, was unknown. The Greek “harmonia” referred to the fitting together of notes in sequence, and was more akin to our notion of melodic line. Color, which is quite distinct from harmony, is a comparatively recent development. In antiquity, instruments of great range had not yet been invented. Those early types of instru-

ments would undoubtedly be very crude to our ears and even those of a later age have in many instances been improved upon in more recent times.

These considerations do not apply in the case of the other arts, which were able even in quite early days to work with unrestricted media. The Attic and Hebrew languages, for instance, were perfect means of expression in their own way, whereas the musical devices at the disposal of the people of those epochs were still primitive and undeveloped. In a sense, music depends, more than the other arts do, upon science—which, in spite of the researches of Aristotle and other great thinkers of antiquity, is specifically a feature of modern times. For sculpture and architecture, stone or wood or bronze and comparatively simple tools were alone needed. The pigments which painting requires have, of course, improved since ancient times. But the pictures on the walls of the tombs of the kings and nobles at the Egyptian Thebes show that the means at the disposal of those old artists were far from primitive. The instruments which music utilizes took much longer to be developed and required the aid of a good deal of science which was beyond the range of early civilization, while the scope of vocal music was immensely restricted by the absence of harmonic combinations.

It was not until the middle ages were well advanced that men discovered the pleasing effects which could be secured by the simultaneous performance of notes of different pitch. The choirs of boys and men which took part in the services of the mediæval Christian church were doubtless imperfectly trained, but in any event the division of men's voices into tenors and basses is one which nature imposed, and the inability of both to sing the same chant at the same pitch led to the brilliant notion that they should each sing it at the pitch which suited them. From this artless source arose polyphony, whereby voices of different pitches followed their separate melodic lines and yet produced simultaneous sounds which fell gratefully upon the ear and thus were said to harmonize. The idea spread from religious to secular music and invaded the realm of folk-song. The development of counterpoint, which stressed the horizontal aspect of many-voiced music, was subsequently taken up by the great composers of the Tudor period in England and by Palestrina in Italy, and eventually reached its zenith in the choral and instrumental masterpieces of J. S. Bach. Concentration on the vertical lines of each chord, which go to make up harmony in the modern sense of the word, marked a slightly later stage in the history of the art, while free counter-

point, which cares only for the horizontal aspect and practically ignores the vertical, has had to wait till the present century even for its experimental stage, and the outcome of it is still uncertain.

When the history of music is surveyed from the standpoint indicated by this brief résumé, some light seems to be thrown upon the comparative juvenility even of the oldest music which pleases us at the present time. But it remains to consider whether there is in the very nature of the art itself anything which explains why it was so late in developing its resources.

VI

In the case of painting, sculpture, and literature, we can distinguish between the form and the content of the artistic product. It is true that we have to be very careful how we step, bearing in mind that any alteration of the words of a poem would change its meaning to some extent, however slight. Nevertheless, we can at least separate in our minds the idea of a poem and the language in which it is clothed, and we can attain some success in trying to paraphrase the former in prose. Similarly, the subject of a picture (or a statue) can be abstracted from its execution.

Speaking generally, sculpture and painting are imitative arts. The sculptor produces something which is not merely representative or symbolical, but an actual copy of men, animals, and objects in real life. He works in three dimensions, and apart from the fact that in modern days he does not usually employ color, his art is thus the most directly imitative of all. The painter, although he reduces everything to two dimensions, also copies the external world; we recognize the landscape as an image of a natural scene, or the portrait as that of a man or woman; even a dog can detect the likeness! It is true that the painters of many stained glass windows, like the makers of carpets, deal in pure designs which have no reference to anything beyond themselves, but that is to all intents and purposes a separate art, and we need not concern ourselves with it here.

Literature is largely representative, or "mimetic" in the broader sense in which Plato used this term. The author, using words as his medium instead of paint or stone or wood or metal, can describe persons, scenes, and events; and whether these are historical or fictitious, his art is none the less representative of them. Admittedly this is not a complete account of literature; it does not cover the essay or the treatise, nor does it differentiate between the arts of poetry and of prose. But it is broadly applicable to the literature of the dramatist, the poet, the novelist, or the historian.

Now, music does not imitate or even represent in any sense corresponding to the means employed by these arts. It is, as it were, self-contained.

The actual imitations in music are few and far between and they are not of great significance. It is natural that they should mostly be found where the sounds of which they are copies are themselves literally musical. Thus Beethoven can reproduce the notes of the cuckoo, quail, and nightingale in his Pastoral Symphony, but, as contrasted with these, his movement of the brook is a representation or suggestion only, and not an imitation. Honegger's grunting effects on the lower strings come very near to a direct copy of the sound made by a train moving off, in his "Pacific 231," but the later development of the piece, in which the rush of the train at an express speed is supposed to be depicted, is no more an actual imitation of the noise really made than is the thunder music of Rossini, Beethoven, and Arthur Bliss. Richard Strauss manages to make woodwind produce sounds very like the bleating of sheep and introduces a special wind machine in "Don Quixote."

But apart from such freakish examples as these, music's pictures of external scenes and incidents are of a piece with her character drawing. It is her province to deal with universals rather than with particulars. The mood of a piece of music may be appropriate to the actual event or person, but can hardly be more than that. Strauss could not describe in musical terms the career of Don Juan. We could not guess that he had it in mind if we were not told so, but having been told so, we readily grant that his music is well suited to the story. It can justly be said that the whole of the music of "The Ring" typifies the legend of the Nibelungs, rather than that it actually portrays the sequence of events. Yet Wagner is called one of the most descriptive of composers. So he is; his music is descriptive in the only sense in which music can be (apart from the few possibilities of actual imitation of which I have spoken). In the world of human emotion, music can convey Anger, Love, Grief, or Joy, and can, moreover, reflect the most subtle shades of such generalized emotions; but the music which Berlioz wrote for "Romeo and Juliet" would be appropriate to any pair of true lovers. The Joy in the Finale of the Ninth Symphony is commonly admitted to be universal. But in truth, the joy of Sullivan's "Good morrow, good lover" from "Iolanthe" is equally so, (although entirely different in character), simply because it is not given to music to individualize. A composer cannot write music suitable only to those par-

ticular characters in that particular situation, in the way in which a poet writes lines appropriate to them alone or a painter depicts certain persons. The musician is obliged by the nature of his art to generalize.

All this, however, assumes that music is able to express moods or feelings in some sense. In what way, then, can it be said that music is self-contained? If it is, in however general or universal a manner, a representative art—if it does contain some reference to factors, whether psychological, pictorial, or literary, which exist apart from it, what do we mean by asserting its independence and differentiating it so fundamentally from the arts of painting, sculpture, and poetry? Have we given a whole account of its essential distinction from them by saying that it deals only with universals whereas they are able to represent particulars?

According to Walter Pater, music was the typical art, to which all the other arts aspire. In them we can distinguish between the matter and the form, whereas in music these two things are inextricably blended, and this is an ideal condition to which it is the constant effort of the other arts to attain.

It may indeed be true, as Pater says, that in music the form seems to penetrate every part of the matter, but it is a little difficult to see why he should have regarded it as a defect in the other arts that they do not succeed in following music's example in this respect. They stand, as we have seen, in a different relation to actual life from that which music bears. That music deals not with particulars, but with universals in terms which it alone can give, does indeed differentiate it from those arts which can represent concrete things, but this aspect of it does not seem to me, as Pater thought, to place it on a higher level than the other arts, any more than its inability to portray the particular is to be regarded as a sign of weakness. Pater may have put his finger on the distinction between music and its compeers, but, in the conclusion which he draws, he seems to have done less than justice to them.

Although we may say that music does represent emotions or can be apposite to experiences outside itself, this is only true in a special sense. The emotion inherent in a musical composition is one, which, though it may be the outcome of, and may in turn evoke, a non-musical, actual emotion, is an element which itself is expressible only in music and is not translatable into words or any other medium. The idea or meaning of a poem may conceivably be paraphrased in prose; the counterpart of a landscape by Constable is, or was, something in nature itself. But no lan-

guage, no picture, can give the slightest idea of the Cavatina in Beethoven's great B-flat quartet to a man who has not heard it or seen the score. The "meaning" of the Cavatina—if such a word can be used of a piece of music at all—is wrapt up inextricably in the music itself, and cannot even be separated from it by a process of mental abstraction. It is not true to say that Christ's death upon the Cross is the idea behind the "Crucifixus" in Bach's B minor Mass. His death inspired Bach in the composition of it, but that is a very different matter. Strictly speaking, there is no "idea behind" Bach's music at all. The idea exists only in the music and can only be apprehended in the music. Christ's death became for Bach a musical idea, and becomes so again for us each time that we hear this part of the Mass.

It is in this way alone that Pater's thesis, that in music the form penetrates every part of the matter, has any meaning; really, the words "form" and "matter" (or "content") are inapplicable to music, which cannot be divided up in this way.¹ A piece of music may be inspired or produced as a result of actual events or emotions, but it does not reflect them in the way in which painting and poetry do. In this sense we may say, therefore, that music is cut off from the external world; the latter may give rise to it, but once the child is born, it pursues its own way without allegiance to its parent; whereas a poem, a picture, a statue, have constant reference to the source from which they spring.

There is one possible misapprehension which I ought perhaps to try to remove at this stage. I have used the word "form" (in antithesis to "matter" or "content"), to denote the clothing of an idea—the manner in which a thing is said as opposed to that thing itself. "Form" is, however, commonly used in musical parlance to express something rather different—the shape or structure of a composition or of a movement—the arrangement of the themes—the system of exposition, development and recapitulation—and so on. In this significance of the word, "form" is indeed distinguishable from the ideas themselves and is clearly analyzable. We can describe in words the form of a movement, meaning thereby its scheme or lay-out. But the other sense of the word "form"—as opposed to content or matter—is one which is really borrowed from other arts or spheres of activity and is, as I have tried to show, inapplicable to music. Even, however, with the right use of the term as applied to music, it is to be observed that form or

¹The fallacy underlying Pater's application of the words "form" and "matter" to music was pointed out by Mr. Ernest Newman in an article, "Walter Pater and Music," which appeared originally in "The Musician," and was reprinted in 1901 in a book called "Studies in Music," by various authors, and edited by Mr. Robin Grey.

structure, though distinguishable from the ideas themselves, is frequently bound up with them. Form itself (even in this sense) may have an emotional appeal. Just as we may be deeply impressed by the design of a building, so may we be awed by the fabric of a great symphony like Brahms's in F major. We may experience a feeling of relief at the re-appearance of a theme just where traditional sonata form demands that it should come back—as in the finale of Beethoven's C minor symphony where the return of the triumphant main subject provides a welcome reassurance after the mysterious doubt aroused by the intrusion of the scherzo theme just before. Chopin to a large extent invented his own forms, but he commonly adhered to the principle of recapitulation, and one instance out of many, in which a point of structure seems itself to have an emotional significance, may be found in the familiar D flat prelude; the initial melody comes back like the voice of comfort after the threatening gloom of the intervening passage in C sharp minor. This is surely a step from darkness into light. One of Wagner's main contributions to the history of music is that he gave artistic unity to opera by associating certain "motives" or phrases with certain persons or ideas and recalled them at appropriate points of the story. In a symphony their reappearances at these particular moments would not explain themselves, whereas in opera the dramatic situations afford the reason for them. It would thus seem that the structure of opera is governed by a different principle from that of purely instrumental music. Yet this very idea of recurring themes, which gives a Wagnerian opera a musical unity of structure absent from the works of its Italian predecessors, brings operatic form closer to that of the symphony. For our present purpose the significance of it is that that which became in his hands a structural factor should also create emotional effects, even though he may rely partly on the dramatic situation to help to produce these.

This digression will, I hope, have served to show that, even when "form" is used in the only sense in which it is truly applicable to music, it is closely bound up with the ideas themselves.

Coming back now to the question, whether the distinction between matter and form (in the other significance of the term) is valid in considering music, it may be thought that, if such a distinction does not exist so far as music is concerned, then the division of the art into absolute music, emotional music, and programme music would have no meaning. If the art does not possess a form on the one hand and a content on the other, it may well be asked how we can differentiate between the kinds of com-

positions which seek to tell a story or to describe a scene or to express emotions in musical terms, and those which are simply patterns in sound. Yet this differentiation is usually felt to be genuine, and it is one which we hardly care to part with when we think first of the harpsichord compositions of Scarlatti and then of the symphonies of Tchaikovsky. But if music does not admit of form and matter, it looks at first sight as though all music would have to be regarded as sound patterns and nothing more. This notion will, however, I suggest, disappear when we reflect that the emotion which is felt to exist in so much music is different in kind from that which we experience in real life or from that which can be conveyed through any other medium, and is purely musical. Berlioz's love music for "Romeo and Juliet" is not an expression of the love exhibited in Shakespeare's play. It is, at the most, merely appropriate to that. It is a musical love, and as such, has no other existence or reference outside the art of music. When I say that it has no external reference, I do not of course intend to deny that Berlioz was inspired to compose just those musical strains by Shakespeare's drama. But once he had caught up the inspiration and transfused it into a musical entity, it was once and for all cut off from Shakespeare; it became love music and nothing else—and would be just as appropriate to any other love story.

So far from all music being sound patterns, the boot is more likely to be on the other leg. I sometimes wonder after all whether there is such a thing as a music devoid of all emotion. It is a great mistake to imagine that all the instrumental art of Haydn and Mozart and their predecessors is entirely "absolute." To some extent it is true to say that the difference between them and Beethoven is one of degree—Beethoven having taken rather a bigger step forward towards profound emotional expression than any other instrumental writer before him. There is plenty of feeling in Haydn and more still in Mozart, while the notion that Bach's "Forty-eight" were merely cunning designs in sound has long since been discredited. I fancy that many of Rossini's airs which were subsequently used for "La Boutique Fantasque" would have continued to be regarded as sound patterns if Respighi had not shown us that they were admirably suited to a ballet with a story to it, and thereby presumably disqualified them for the title! Stravinsky has told us that in his works written since the war he has gone back in the centuries. Perhaps the older music was not so "absolute" as some would have us believe, but at any rate even the compositions of Stravinsky later than "Le

Sacre du Printemps" are by no means all naked sound matter. "*L'Histoire du Soldat*" contains a strong element of parody. His concerto for pianoforte and wind instruments includes a slow movement which has a spacious majesty in it, with a tender solo part in the middle; there is nothing abstract about that music. Still, it remains true, I think, that sound patterns do exist—they are to be found in much of the instrumental music before Beethoven and occasionally in the music of to-day. But the fact that we cannot truthfully reduce all music to the common denominator of sound patterns does not invalidate the independence of music. For the music of Wagner cannot strictly be called dramatic—otherwise it would not be music; and when we call the art of Chopin and Debussy poetic we are speaking in metaphor. If Beethoven told the story of his life in sound, then his life became music, and nothing else, in the process; yet it never ceased to be his life, and therein lies his greatness.

It looks, therefore, as though Pater were understating the case when he speaks of the form penetrating every part of the matter. For in music form and matter are one—which is as much as to say that no such distinction exists.

VII

I have dwelt upon this independence of music—its aloofness, as it were, from the world outside itself—because I believe it to be vital for a full understanding of the late development of the art. The reference which the other arts have to the external world made them better adapted for early civilizations than music could be. Men in the more primitive societies, like children, are prone to imitate, and the imitative arts—dealing as they did with subjects which had a concrete existence or lay ready to hand—were seized upon by the ancients with avidity and exploited to the full. It may be objected that the old civilizations of Greece and Rome and Egypt and the other nations, too, though they thrived long ago, were hardly primitive in character. But primitive is a relative term, and just as some of their institutions which have grown obsolete seem typical of an elementary stage in human history, so some of their omissions were due to the simple fact that humanity was not ripe for the missing factors. One of these was the development of music. In many ways, the Greeks, who were the great artists of antiquity and who therefore might have been expected to produce notable music, do seem to us to be children, and therein lies a part of their charm. They had objective minds, and music, which has little reference to the objective

world, was hardly suited to them. Both Plato and Aristotle regarded art largely from a moral standpoint. Plato obviously did so, and applied this standard in particular to such music as the Athenians possessed. Aristotle's theory of tragedy as a "catharsis" of pity and terror, whether we interpret it as a purgation or a purification, reveals an ethical, rather than an æsthetic attitude. The idea of "art for art's sake" is a modern one, but there is no art of which it is so essentially true as of music.

It is quite true that architecture, also, is indivisible into form and content, and it may, therefore, be asked how this art came to be developed by ancient peoples like the Greeks and others, whereas music did not. But though in architecture, as in music, we cannot accurately differentiate between a matter and a manner, yet architecture has a direct relation to the world outside itself, such as we do not find in the case of music. The instinct to build, arose partly from the extremely practical reason that men needed protection from the weather, from wild beasts, and from one another, and partly from the need to set aside places consecrated to the worship of the gods. To the Greeks, as an artistic people, it was natural to make their buildings as beautiful as they could, and as I have pointed out, they required neither elaborate tools nor important discoveries (such as come only after long years of research) in order to give vent to this instinct. Thus there was every reason why architecture should be perfected in antiquity, while music had to wait for many centuries before it found its greatest votaries.

When we reflect upon the nature and the requirements of music, we shall see, I think, that its late development, so far from being surprising, was in truth inevitable. Looking back over history, we find it natural that this unique and independent and inexplicable art should have had to wait for modern Western civilization to bring it to fruition. And if Spengler is right—if our civilization vanishes from the earth and gives place to an utterly different culture—those to whom the heritage of the progress of mankind passes will recognize that one of the special legacies which it was left for our Western civilization to bequeath to the world was the gift of a music such as no previous age of men had been able to conceive.

CASANOVA AND MUSIC

By DR. PAUL NETTL

THIS great adventurer of the eighteenth century, who presents in his *Memoirs* a kaleidoscopic portrayal of the fervid, fascinating career of the Don Juan of a time so remote from the strenuous travel now in vogue that it still found the world vast and wonderful—Casanova has recently (and not for the first time) been pilloried by historical research as a falsifier and impostor.¹ The aging writer of reminiscences and librarian at Dux has been accused of wholesale untruthfulness and called a swindler and cheat, and his almost legendary personality has been stripped of much of that romantic charm which it possessed, not only for the historian of eroticism but also for all who feel the lure of graphic historical narration. For all that, Casanova's *memorabilia* will long remain an attractive document and source for the student of civilized life, whether details may or may not bear the historian's probe, just for the reason that they show the eighteenth century mirrored in a personality that estimates men and events only according to their external aspect.

Casanova's *Memoirs* have been scrutinized in a search after material of most various kinds. His attitude toward philosophy, mathematics, politics, etc., etc., has been dealt with. Cucuel's brilliant article in the "*Revue du XVIII^e Siècle*," on Casanova's relation to music has been partially superseded by later researches and deals only with the *Memoirs*. Casanova's many points of contact with music—he himself belonged to a family of comedians, and in youth was sometimes obliged to earn his living with the violin—points that the above-named French writer emphasizes in his analysis of our adventurer's romantic autobiography, we shall now undertake to supplement and revise in part, taking into account certain hitherto unpublished items in the papers left to the Dux library, and other sources. Besides this, it is my aim to call attention to Casanova's subjective relation to music, which may have been less clearly presented in Cucuel's article.

Thus, in judging of Casanova's true relation to music, we should not overlook the remark made to him by the violoncelliste Henriette, who played an important part in his adventurous career, and whose identity has never been positively settled: "If

¹Cf. Gustav Gugitz, "*Casanova und sein Lebensroman*."

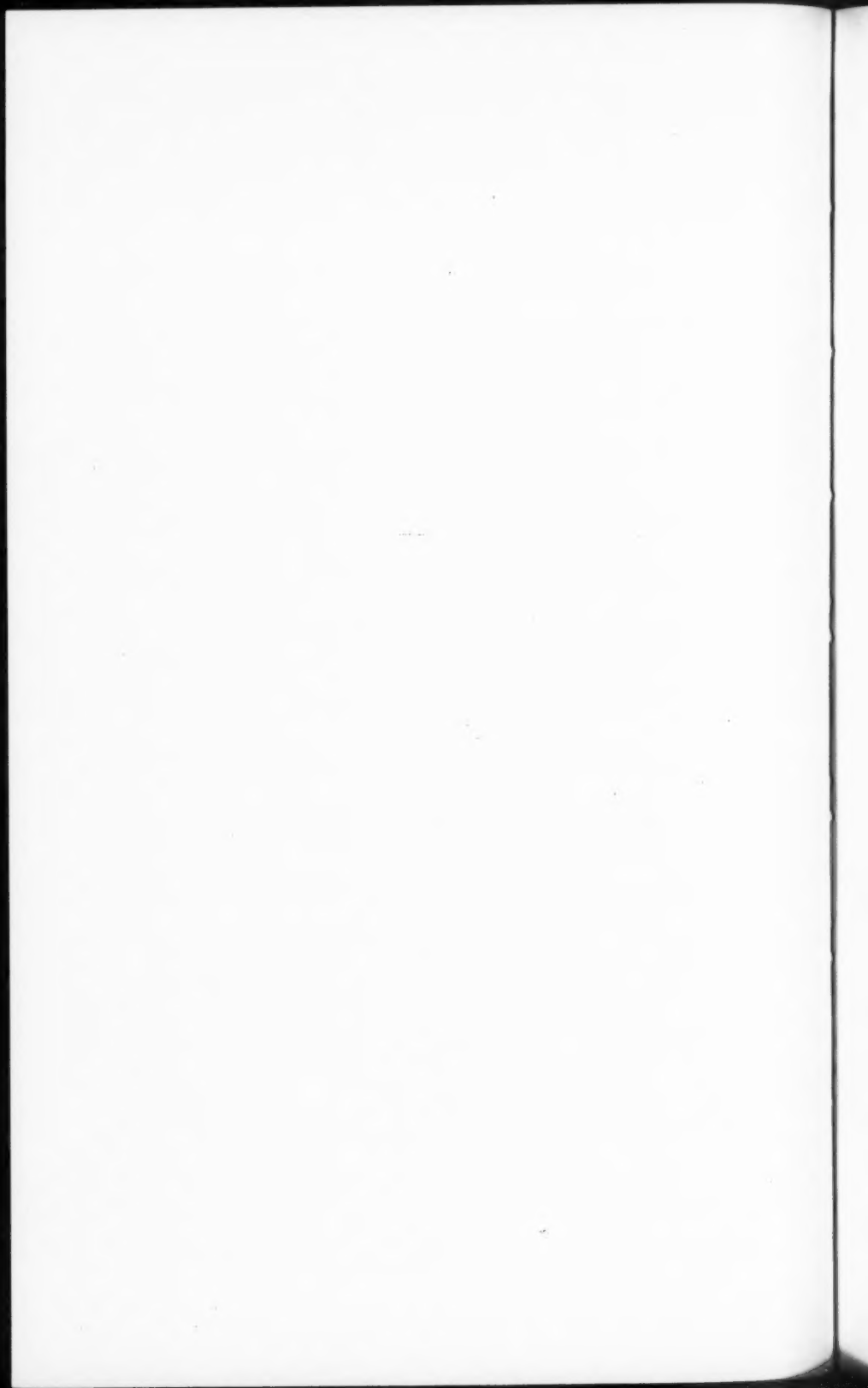




*Altera nunc rerum facies, me quero, nec adsum
Non sum qui fueram non putor esse: fui.*

JACQUES CASANOVA DE SEINGALT
à l'âge de 63 ans

Portrait of Casanova at the age of 63.
Serving as frontispiece to his "Icosaméron."



you had not happened to tell me a month ago that music gives you no pleasure whatever, I should certainly have let you know that I play the 'cello very well; but I know you; if I had said so, you would have rushed off to get me an instrument, and as your friend I will not entertain myself with anything that bores you." Here I will merely note the fact that Casanova made the acquaintance of this 'cello-playing Henriette on a trip to Parma, and that he numbers her among those women in whom he found bliss unalloyed. She was passionately fond of music, and ardently longed to hear Italian opera. So Casanova presently took her to hear a buffo-opera by Buranello (Galuppi). Thereafter he describes a concert at a villa near Parma, in which, after a symphony, Laschi and the Baglioni¹ sang, and were followed by a pupil of Vandini on the 'cello. Henriette takes the 'cello out of his hand and plays the piece over again with orchestra, to the great astonishment of the audience and Casanova. And now comes another passage important for its bearing on Casanova's relation to music: "The very next day she received an excellent 'cello. Far from ever boring me, she gave me fresh pleasure with every performance; and I feel quite safe in saying that anyone with a distaste for music would infallibly become an enthusiastic admirer of it, when the musicmaker has attained to mastery in the art and is herself adored by him." This reads as if (at least at that time) music possessed only the influence of an erotic medium on Casanova's life. But he also viewed it from a practical standpoint: "I was so charmed by her talent that I proposed she should give concerts."

Passages like this, where Casanova, in whose life the concrete phenomena of music played so important a part, expresses himself so frankly concerning his relation to it, are met with elsewhere. In another, also overlooked by Cucuel, Casanova tells of his visit to the theatre at Florence in 1761 (*della Pergola*): "I took a box next the orchestra, more to feast my eyes on the actresses than to hear the music, of which I never was passionately fond."

Casanova's rather vague attitude toward music, as here set forth, is in apparent contradiction to other paragraphs to be found in his Memoirs, which testify to his sound judgment in matters musical; and, above all, his opinion on French opera. To be sure, when he saw Campra's *Fêtes Vénétiennes* in Paris (1750), it was first of all a deficiency in the scenic arrangement that he felt moved to censure:²

¹Concerning the six Baglioni sisters, see Burney's *Diary*.

²I quote from Conrad's complete translation of the Memoirs.

After an admirable orchestra had played an overture, very fine of its kind, the curtain rose and I beheld a beautiful scene representing the Piazza San Marco in Venice, viewed from the islet of San Giorgio; but I saw to my vexation that the Palace of the Doges was on the left and the tall Campanile to the right, thus reversing the actual disposition. I had to laugh at this queer mistake, one that ought not to occur in our era. . . . The music was pretty enough after the ancient fashion, but it entertained me only for a little while and because it was new to me; then it grew tiresome. The singing soon wearied me by its monotony and by the shrill shouts emitted in the wrong places. This "spoken song" fulfills, as they claim, the office of the Greek melopœia and of our recitative, which they think abominable, but which they would like if they understood our language.

In this connection we must remember that Campra's *Fêtes Vénétiennes* had been a stock piece in the Parisian repertory since 1710 and was therefore antiquated in 1750. It was only natural that Lully's music should be tiresome to an Italian accustomed to the temperament of a Galuppi or a Pergolesi. As for this "opera" of Campra's, it is merely a series of five entrées whose unity is only that of place, namely Venice. The first act, "Les Sérénades et les Joueurs," is a play of intrigue, disguises and mistaken identities with a remote resemblance to motives in *Nozze di Figaro*. Two maidens, Irene and Lucile, are in love with the same youth, Leander, against whom they finally join forces. Leander appears with a troupe of musicians to serenade Irene, who under cover of darkness pushes Lucile to the front, so that the act ends in general confusion. The second Entrée, "Le Bal," is interesting musically; here a dancing-master and a musician have a dispute over the advantages of their respective arts. The musician shows how a storm at sea is composed; how the wind whistles; and how slumber, springtide, and the nightingale, are expressed in music. The close is formed by a Venetian furlana. In the following Entrées, "Les Devins de la Place Saint-Marc," "l'Amour Saltimbanque," and "l'Opéra," the illustrative instrumental music plays an important part.¹ Moreover, the several acts of Campra's "opera" could be rearranged in various ways. Besides the prologue, "Les Devins," Casanova saw "l'Amour Saltimbanque" and "Le Bal." He also criticizes the costumes, which he finds incorrect, and the time-beating of the conductor, who "struck out right and left with frantic gestures, as if all the instruments were set going automatically just by the power of his arm. . . . To me he was positively disgusting!" A snapshot, as it were, of a phase in the history of conducting. During the

¹Cf. Kretzschmar, "Geschichte der Oper," p. 122.

eighteenth century there existed, as we know, a sharp disagreement between the Italian style of conducting at the cembalo and the French manner of beating time with a bâton. Italians, Germans, and even Frenchmen, decry the latter method (introduced by Lully), that finally overcame all opposition in Europe. The preponderance of a complicated instrumental music, the frequent changes of time in operatic scores, the precision of the French orchestra (admired by Casanova himself: "How enravishing was the entry of the orchestra with one bow-stroke"), all demanded the French style of conducting. Still, Rousseau observes ("Dictionnaire," p. 51):

How the ear is offended in the Paris Opéra by the unpleasant and continuous noise made by the conductor with his wand. . . . The Opéra in Paris is the sole theatre in Europe where the time is beaten without keeping it; everywhere else it is kept without being beaten.

Baron Melchior Grimm, in his "Petit Prophète de Böhmisch-broda," calls the French conductor a *bucheron* (woodcutter). Among the Germans opposing the French style we find Quantz and J. Ad. Hiller, and more especially Mattheson in his "Organistenprobe" and "Grosse Generalbass-Schule" (Hamburg, 1731, p. 384), where he remarks in his own pungent fashion:

Strange it is, that our countrymen will by no manner of means learn from the French their industry, their neatness, their thoroughness in cookery, their exactitude in concerted playing, and other good endowments; but when it comes to sawing the air, heaving up, lungeing out, twisting and turning, as some of them, when beating time, carry on with hands and feet, body and soul—those are things that we Germans must particularly relish, for we take such pains to imitate them like so many monkeys, and are vain of it, besides.

Some years later, Casanova doubtless met with this French way of beating time in Italy too; and Goethe, on hearing an oratorio in the Conservatory of the church "dei Mendicanti" in Venice on Oct. 3, 1786, expressed his dislike of such time-beating as follows:

It would have been thoroughly enjoyable if the confounded conductor¹ had not beaten time upon the railing with a roll of music as arrogantly as if he were leading a parcel of schoolboys. . . . I am aware that the French do the same; but I had not thought that the Italians would adopt it; yet the audience seemed accustomed to it.

In the middle of August, 1752, Casanova went on from Paris to Dresden, where he met his mother, Giovanna Casanova, who was engaged as an actress at the Royal Theatre. At the instance

¹Until about 1775 Ferdinando Gioseffo Bertoni was engaged there as conductor; Burney found him there in 1770 as conductor of the chorus of orphan girls.

of the Polish ambassador, Count von Looz, Casanova had translated Cahusac-Rameau's *Zoroastre* into Italian, and that opera was performed in Dresden on Jan. 17, 1752, together with Metastasio-Hasse's *Adriano in Siria*.

From Dresden our adventurer proceeded to Prague with a letter of introduction to the theatre-manager Giambattista Locatelli, who played an important part in the history of the Prague theatre in the eighteenth century. Concerning him Casanova says (II, p. 208):

He was an original individual, whose acquaintance it was worth while to make. Every day his table was laid for thirty guests, these being his comedians and dancers, and some personal friends. He himself presided at the feast with genuine distinction; his fondness for good food amounted to a passion.

Later, Casanova again came across Locatelli in St. Petersburg and dined with him at the Katharinenhof. In Prague Casanova lodged with his old friend Morelli. (Can this have been Therese Morelli, afterwards the wife of Kunz Bernardon?)

From Prague he betook himself to Vienna, and the first to whom he paid his respects was Metastasio, to whom he bore a letter of recommendation from the Dresden librettist Migliavacca.¹ Casanova, who particularly notes the modesty of the poet, turned the conversation upon Metastasio's teacher, Gravina, on whose death the celebrated librettist had indited some stanzas; and finally asked him, which of his operas he liked the best. "Attilio Regolo," answered Metastasio, "but that is not the same as saying that it is the best." Thereupon Metastasio told him that he had never written an arietta without setting it to music, "but he hardly ever showed his music to anyone." It is interesting to learn Metastasio's attitude toward the French parodie and parodists, though Metastasio expressed himself quite differently to Burney, who accompanied him on a journey.

It is comical, how the French can think that it is possible to fit verses to a given music. That is just as if one were to say to a sculptor: "Here you have a block of marble, make me a Venus of it. But her face must be recognizable before you have hewn her features."

In Vienna Casanova immediately entered into relations with the theatrical world. He attended an opera rehearsal, where he met the dancer Bedin whom he had known in Turin, "who had married the beautiful danseuse Geoffroi." Also Campioni, husband

¹Giov. Ambr. Migliavacca had been engaged at Dresden since 1752, and had brought out Hasse's *Soliman* there on Feb. 5 of that year. He was the librettist of Gluck's *Thétis*, and an imitator of Metastasio.

of the Vienna danseuse and notorious courtesan Ancilla, from whom he was seeking divorce. Of him (one of his best and lifelong friends) he says that he was fully as good an actor as dancer. Furthermore, the famous Milanese danseuse Fogliazzi, later the spouse of the dancer and ballet-arranger Angiolmi (he "composed" the *Don Juan* for Gluck).¹ With the Fogliazzi Casanova fell desperately in love, but met with no response, wherefor he sought to avenge himself by purloining her portrait and taking it with him to Venice. In Vienna he was the guest of Campioni, in whose company he passed through most various adventures, especially at the gaming-table. He likewise related that he took part in the wedding festival of Count Durazzo, though Gugitz brands this statement as a falsification.

It is a curious fact that the very two chapters of Casanova's life-romance which, according to Gugitz's researches, are the ones least in harmony with historical evidence, are quite bare of allusions to musical concerns; namely, his sojourn in Venice and his adventure there with the nun N. M., together with the flight over the leads. Both these chapters are obviously in great part true *novelle galanti*, intended not to distract the reader's fanciful illusions by the introduction of irrelevant details. Not until the second visit to Paris do we find more remunerative matter *in re* music, and first of all his relations to the Balletti family. The celebrated actress at the Comédie Italienne, Silvia Balletti (*recte* Benozzi), about whom Gugitz may be referred to for further information,² had four children; of these it was the bewitching Manon Balletti who so captivated Casanova. With her he was regularly engaged, and a series of delightful letters from her to the Venetian Don Juan is still extant. In this house, too, music was cultivated.

Manon possessed a clavicembalo, three guitars, a violin and a mandolin; when she married the architect Blondel, the marriage contract enumerated one clavicembalo painted green and gilded, one harp with case, two guitars, and one violin.

Now follows Casanova's trip to Holland between October, 1758, and January, 1759, ostensibly for diplomatic ends, with the most divers financial, erotic and cabalistic adventures. This Gugitz pronounces, after careful examination, to be for the most part a figment of Casanova's fancy. With his youthful Dutch

¹Cf. Robert Haas, "Gluck und Durazzo," for details touching the contemporary personnel of the ballet and theatre.

²His original source is Samaran's "Casanova en France" (Revue de Paris, 1912). Also cf. Rasi, "I Comici Italiani."

amie Esther he attended a concert in Amsterdam: "After a fine symphony, and two concerti for violin and oboe respectively, appeared the much-bepraised Italian whom they call Madame Trenti. . . ." In her Casanova recognized an early youthful flame, Teresa Imer, wife of the dancer Pompeati. He opines that this lady, who played an important part in his career, might have written an autobiography worthy of a place beside his own *Memoirs*. As for that, Gugitz has written a detailed account of the life of this once so celebrated singer and theatre-manageress. In Amsterdam Casanova heard her sing an aria beginning with the words "Eccoti giunta alfin, donna infelice," words which, as he remarks, "would seem to have been made for the occasion."

In February, 1759, Casanova returned to Paris. Here he led a loose life, attended with his fiancée Manon Balletti the concerts arranged in Passy by the Farmer-General La Pouplinière, who paid unsuccessful court to that Mlle. X. C. V. with whom Casanova entered into most scandalous intrigues, and in whom Gugitz divines a certain Giustina Wynne, later Countess Giustina Orsini Rosenberg. In her time she was a well-known writer, whose romance "Les Morlaques" was known to Goethe.

It was about this time that Casanova paid a visit to Rousseau:

We drove out to Montmorency and paid him a visit under the pretext that we had music for him to copy. He turned out admirable work; he was paid twice as much as other music-copyists received, but for that he guaranteed unexceptionable work. At that period this was the famous author's sole means of subsistence.¹

Forkel (III, p. 336) also relates of Rousseau: "When Count Falkersheim visited J.-Jacques Rousseau he expressed his surprise at the fact that, after he had written so many excellent works, he should now occupy himself only in making and copying music."

Further on Casanova notes (III, 238):

I betook myself to the Tuileries, where a sacred concert was given. On the program was a motet composed by Mondonville, text by Abbé Voisenon, to whom I had suggested the subject, *The Israelites on Mount Horeb*. The poem was written in free verse and, as something novel of its kind, made a sensation. (And in another place): Prompted by me, the Abbé determined to write oratorios in verse; they were sung at the Tuileries for the first time on the days when the theatre was closed on religious grounds.

It is possible that Voisenon owed the germinal idea for these oratorios to Casanova. Eitner's *Quellenlexikon* fails to mention

¹The Library of Congress in Washington acquired recently ten arias, from Italian operas, copied by Rousseau, totalling 160 pages of music. According to Rousseau's own records the number of pages he copied between 1770 and 1777 was more than 11,000.—Ed.

the work in question among the oratorios of Mondonville; though Fétis, in his article on M., gives it with the date 1758-1759. Rousseau, in his discussion of the Motet, likewise alludes to Mondonville: "Les Français réussissent bien dans ce genre de musique. Leurs motets sont beaux et bien travaillés. Ceux du célèbre Lalande sont des chefs-d'œuvre en ce genre et les motets de M. de Mondonville tout pétillants de génie et de feu charment aujourd'hui les amateurs de la nouvelle musique."

We find Casanova from March 15 to April 2, 1760, in Stuttgart, where Duke Carl Eugen held brilliant court.

He maintained French comedy, Italian opera seria and buffa, and twenty Italian dancers, each of them having been a leading dancer at some great Italian theatre. Noverre was his chorus-master and ballet-director; he sometimes employed a hundred or more supernumeraries. A clever machinist and the best scene-painters competed with each other, and at lavish expense, to daze the onlookers with magical effects. All the danseuses were pretty, and all boasted of having made their gracious lord happy at least once. The prima ballerina was the daughter of a Venetian gondolier by the name of Cardello. III, 377.

According to Casanova she had been since 1757 the mistress of the Duke, who, in recognition of her services, had bestowed on her the title of "Madame." Her husband, at a later date, was Michael del Agatha; together with Franz Sauveterre he had started in 1758 the celebrated "Opera- und Comödien-Ballet," and was therefore the predecessor of Noverre (engaged since 1760).

Soon after his arrival in the capital of Württemberg, Casanova attended an operatic performance

that the Duke caused to be given gratis for the public in the handsome new theatre he had built; the Duke sat in front of the orchestra, surrounded by his brilliant court. I had a seat in a box in the first tier, alone, and quite content that I could listen wholly undisturbed to an opera by the famous Jumella [*sic*] then in the service of the Duke. Unfamiliar with the usages of certain minor German courts, I applauded the singing of a solo rendered most exquisitely by a castrato whose name I have forgotten.¹

The opera to which Casanova refers was Jommelli's *Alessandro nell' Indie*, based on Metastasio's libretto of that name. Sittard says the opera was performed for the first time on Feb. 11, 1760, in celebration of the Duke's birthday. Details concerning text and music of this opera may be found in the work mentioned

¹At that time there were, according to Sittard, the following castrati engaged at the Württemberg court: Josef Jozzi, Franz Guerrieri, Josef Aprile, and Pasquale Potenza. From the Luxemburg Burney writes in 1772 (Diary, Vol. II, p. 80) that there were fifteen castrati among the singers in the Militärpflanzschule, "for the court has engaged two Bolognese surgeons who are said to understand this operation very well."

above and in Hermann Abert's book, "N. Jommelli als Opernkomponist." As Casanova also takes note of the ballets accompanying the several acts, I will cite here the pertinent passages in the German libretto:

After the first act the ballet "Die Indianer aus dem Buche des grossen Moguls" was performed, and after the second act "Der Orpheus, welcher um seine Geliebte Eurydice zu suchen, in die Hölle gestiegen und solche endlich in den Elisäischen Feldern unter denen glückseligen Geistern gefunden hat." After the third act appeared nymphs and satyrs and suchlike divinities for the celebration of the wedding festivities of Porus and Cleofide.

In Stuttgart Casanova meets with a number of acquaintances belonging to operatic circles:—a Venetian danseuse, La Binetti, on account of whom he later fought his famous duel in Warsaw with Branicky; the dancer Louis-Guillaume Balletti (the son of the Silvia Balletti already alluded to), and his wife, the daughter of the comedian Vulcano; also the violinist Andreas Kurz, an old acquaintance from the time when Casanova played the violin in the Teatro San Samuele.

Stuttgart is one of the numerous towns from which Casanova was expelled because of improper behavior. Thence he went to Zurich, where the only musical item recorded by him refers to his hearing a municipal concert: "I found the concert poor, and was bored. All the gentlemen sat together on the right side, the ladies on the left."

A little later we again find him in Italy. In Pisa he becomes acquainted with the poetess Corilla,¹ of whom he relates: "When she sang, she needed only to glance at a man out of the corner of her eye, to vanquish him."

In Florence Casanova visited the theatre immediately after his arrival, to hear the far-famed harlequin Rossi:

but it is my honest opinion that his fame outruns his performance. I formed a similar opinion of the so greatly lauded declamatory style of the Florentines; it did not meet with my approval. I enjoyed seeing Pertici; now that he is old and can no longer sing, he acts in comedy, and really well—something unusual, for singers of both sexes feel assured that their voices will hold out, and neglect the art of acting, whence it comes that the lightest cold reduces their performance to mediocrity.

In the evening Casanova attended the opera, and this gave rise to the observation quoted near the beginning, that discloses him as a person not at all enthusiastic about music. But now let

¹Burney heard La Corilla (*recte* Maddalena Morelli) recite her verse-improvisations in Florence on Tuesday, September 11, 1770. She sang "with a great deal of expression," and she was a violin pupil of Nardini's.—*Ed.*

us hear what more our adventurer has to say regarding opera in Florence:

The reader may imagine my surprise and delight on recognizing in the leading singer the spurious Bellino, the Teresa whom I had deserted at Rimini early in 1744—the charming Teresa whom I should certainly have married. (iv. 192.)

This episode carries us back to Casanova's youth and the inception of his adventurous career, when he became acquainted in Ancona with a family of comedians consisting of the mother, two girls and two boys; one of the girls was advertised as the castrato "Bellino," with whom Casanova fell in love, and who after all turned out to be a girl. Her name was Teresa Lanti, and, strangely enough, although her portrait may be seen in a Milanese theatrical museum,¹ this singer's name is not to be found in any history of the theatre; and yet Casanova tells us that she was a leading member of the Neapolitan opera between 1741 and 1757, and from 1760 to 1762 was prima donna in Florence. Teresa told Casanova a fanciful story wherein the well-known castrato Salimbeni played a rôle, at first as her protector and in the sequel as her lover. In 1741 this renowned singer quartered Teresa, disguised as a youth, upon a woman in Bologna, consoling her with the promise that in four years she should follow him to Dresden. Finally it is asserted that Salimbeni died in the village of Tirol, in 1743. Most of these data are incorrect. It is true that Salimbeni died in 1751 on a journey from Germany to Italy, in Laibach.² Gugitz surmises that the greater part of this story of Casanova's is pure invention. That Casanova actually met Salimbeni is shown by a memorandum to be found in the archives at Dux: "I remember the celebrated castrati Carestini³ and the most distinguished Salimbeni, both of whom were highly amused when they met with simple souls who commiserated them."

Immediately after rejoining Teresa Lanti (now married to a certain Pellesi), this singer made Casanova acquainted with his son, Cesare Filippo Lanti, whom she passed off for her brother, and who was an accomplished pianist. Here in Florence Casanova also made the acquaintance of several ladies from the opera-ballet, among them the Corticelli, who later played no brilliant part in the notorious affair with Mme. d'Urfé. At this time a Jewish

¹Cf. Gugitz.

²Cf. Hiller's "Lebensbeschreibungen."

³Carestini was the leading castrato at the court of Karl VI. He also appeared in the Prague coronation opera by Fux, *Constanza e Fortezza*.

theatre-manager was directing a *stagione* in Florence; with him Casanova had an unpleasant encounter.

In Rome, whither Casanova betook himself from Florence, and where he was in close association with Raphael Mengs and Winckelmann, he often attended the Teatro Aliberti, where a castrato at the zenith of his fame, but whose name we have not learned, was engaged as prima donna.

In London, in 1763, Casanova again runs across his old friend Teresa Imer, whose last husband, the dancer Pompeati, had committed hara-kiri in Vienna. While in Holland she had assumed the name of Trenti, and now went under that of her lover for the time being, Cornelis; she was manageress for grand festivals and balls, at which Casanova occasionally assisted. Now and then she also appeared as a singer. In London Casanova likewise found the danseuse Binetti, whom he had previously known in Stuttgart; he again meets her in Warsaw with her spouse, the dancer Pic; just now she is engaged at the Haymarket Theatre. At a concert in Covent Garden he hears a Signora Sartori, of whom nothing further is known.

Even in Russia, at St. Petersburg, Casanova makes musical acquaintances, notably the old Prague opera-director Locatelli, now settled in St. Petersburg as an innkeeper. We are not informed whether his wife, formerly the Prague diva Giovanna della Stella, is with him here. New associates are the danseuses Mecour and Colonna, and the castrati Luini and Millico.¹

On his return from Russia Casanova stays a while in Warsaw. Here he mixes in theatre intrigues, more especially the jealous rivalries of the danseuses Binetti and Catai, as whose protector he poses and on whose account he fights his famous duel with Count Branicky. Besides these he meets his earlier acquaintance Campioni, and the danseuse Casacci; he praises her good taste as dancer in a ballet.

Via Breslau, Dresden (Leipzig) and Prague he finds his way to Vienna, arriving there late in 1767. On New Year's Day he visits the two librettists Metastasio and Raniero de Calzabigi, the friend of Gluck, and a reformer of opera (librettist of *Orpheus* and *Alceste*). Him Casanova had met before in Paris, in connection with a common project for a lottery for the Military School.

This Calzabigi, whose whole body was covered with boils, almost always worked in his bed, which he hardly ever left; and the Minister went to him nearly every day. I frequently visited Metastasio, and went

¹According to Forkel, "Musikalisch-Kritische Bibliothek," I, p. 309, the latter "was the teacher of the celebrated Demoiselle Gluck."

every day to the theatre, where Vestris,¹ who had been summoned from Paris by the young Kaiser, was dancing. I attended the theatre regularly, and often dined with Calzabigi, who made a boast of his atheism, and impudently reviled Metastasio, who despised him, as he well knew, though he laughed at it. Political manœuvring was his strong point, and he was Prince Kaunitz's right-hand man. (VI. 95.)

Following a number of unpleasant affairs, Casanova was expelled from Vienna. He proceeded by way of Linz and Augsburg to Stuttgart, where he found his old friend Balletti, the danseuse Toscani,² "who was the Duke's innamorata," and Vestris. (VI, 116.) (The dancer had married a former favorite of the Duke's, who afterwards became a celebrated actress.) It is remarkable that we should now find Vestris in Stuttgart, after meeting with him toward the beginning of the year in Vienna. A passage in Count Khevenhüller's Diary for Sept. 10, 1767, informs us that on that date there was performed, in Vienna, a ballet entitled *l'Apothéose d'Hercule*, "de la composition du fameux Sr. Noverri de Hongard . . . in which, the same as yesterday, appeared Mr. Vestris, who had returned from Paris by special royal permission for this occasion." So Casanova doubtless met the renowned dancer in Stuttgart on the return trip from Paris to Vienna, unless we have to do with another lapse of memory. Casanova paid court to Vestris' wife, a beautiful actress whose sole failing was an inability to pronounce her "r's" properly. Casanova, the gallant, rewrote a play, in which the Vestris took the leading rôle, so as to eliminate the "r's" in her part. (VI, 123.)

From Stuttgart Casanova journeyed to join the Electoral Court at Mannheim. In Schwetzingen he encountered the electoral poet Veraci.

Of all the poets that I know, Veraci is the most singular. In order to distinguish himself from the others, he affects a style in complete contrast to that of the great Metastasio; he employs only masculine rimes, and asserts that his verses are easier to work with for the composer who proposes to set them to music. He says that Jumelli [*sic*] put this similar idea into his head.

Mateo Veraci (or Verazi) exercised a certain influence on Jommelli's career. From 1756 onward he was court poet at

¹In his Diary for Jan. 11, 1767, Prince Khevenhüller-Metsch writes: "This evening appeared for the first time at the Theatre of the Burg the famous dancer Vestris, a born Italian, who formerly, at Sellier's time, had been here and danced as a boy on the same stage, and who later won unusual reputation in this art of his as premier danseur at the Paris Opéra. He had been engaged for this year's Carnival at Stuttgart; but after the Duke of Württemberg, by reason of his well-known difficulties with his Diet, had thought proper to institute a sweeping reform in his household, and to betake himself personally to Venice, Mr. Vestris, in order not to remain in idleness, embraced the opportunity to display his art here or in Warsaw."

²Sittard, II, p. 45, mentions an "Artificier Toscani," who may possibly have been the husband of the danseuse.

Mannheim and also the Italian private secretary to the Elector; he wrote a great number of opera-texts, the majority of which were set to music by Jommelli, others by Anfossi, etc. As for his libretti, Abert observes in his book on Jommelli that in the main they take after Metastasio, without attaining his dignity and elegance. Jommelli had occasionally to correct these texts, as noted by Schubert in his "Gesammelte Schriften," who says: "He studied his poet, often improved him, this being especially needful with Veraci." Veraci was a close friend of Jommelli's, who sent for him to come to Ludwigsburg from Schwetzingen in the autumn of 1769. In a letter to Duke Carl Eugen, Veraci informs him that he has material for two dramatic works, the *Death of Socrates* and *Orpheus*. In a letter to Veraci from Jommelli (who was temporarily in disfavor and had left Württemberg) dated Aversa, 1770, the latter begs his old friend to set his affairs in order; but Veraci, to whom Jommelli owed money, reimburses himself by disposing of the composer's effects. This characteristic act of the librettist is quite in accord with Casanova's story, that he never again laid eyes on certain property left in Veraci's care.

1768 finds Casanova in Spain, where he was not to enjoy great good fortune. Here he witnessed the fandango and, as a passionate dancer, soon learned to dance it. Here, too, he attended the Italian opera, and notes some impressions with regard to it. His cleverness as an occasional librettist again stands him in good stead in Madrid (VI, 234):

An Italian *maestro di cappella* wanted a new drama to set to music. There being no time to write to Italy, I instantly offered to furnish him a drama; he took me at my word, and next day I brought him the first act. This the *maestro* set to music within four days, and the Venetian ambassador invited all the musicians to attend the rehearsal of the act in the grand hall of his palace. The other two acts were also already written; the music was adjudged delightful, and within a fortnight the entire opera was performed. . . . The preparation of the opera had brought in its train an acquaintance with the actresses. The leading lady, Pelliccia by name, was from Rome.

Casanova extols her loveliness and her "sidelong glances," and procures for her recommendations to Valencia, whither she betakes herself with opera-director Marescalchi of Bologna, and where Italian operas were now produced for the first time. According to Casanova, this Pelliccia later married a famous violinist who, together with her, was engaged at the Italian opera. In Valencia the same operas were played as in Madrid. But they did not dare bring out an opera buffa—"the Inquisition had opened its satanic eyes too wide." I have not been able to estab-

lish Marescalchi's identity; perhaps he is the Luigi M. mentioned by Gerber and Fétis, who was a pupil of Padre Martini, lived in Venice, and owned a music-shop there and in Naples.

During 1770-71 Casanova lived in Rome, frequently attending the Aliberti, Capronica and Torre Nona theatres. Thereafter, while in Florence and Bologna, he also alludes to theatres, actresses and fair singers, *e.g.*, in Florence the widow of the celebrated tenor Carlani and herself a well-known singer; and Marchese Albergatti-Capacelli, who had presented the Bolognese with a theatre. It is interesting to hear what Casanova has to say about the world-renowned castrato Farinelli, whom he met in Bologna late in May, 1776:

The widow of the Elector of Saxony came to Bologna, and I hastened to pay her my respects. She had undertaken the journey solely to visit the celebrated castrato Farinello [*sic*] who had left the court of Madrid to enjoy leisure and wealth in Bologna. He gave the Electress a magnificent luncheon, and sang an aria of his own composition, accompanying himself on the cembalo. The Electress, an enthusiastic lover of music, embraced the castrato and cried: "Now I can die in peace!" Farinello, entitled Cavaliere Don Carlo Broschi, had reigned, so to speak, over Spain. Queen Elizabeth of Parma, the spouse of Philip V, had inspired cabals whereby Broschi was obliged to leave court after Encanade had fallen into disgrace. At sight of a full-length portrait of the queen painted by Amigoni, the Electress spoke a few words in her praise, whereby she mentioned an event that took place during the reign of Ferdinand VI. The illustrious singer burst into tears, which he vainly strove to repress.

Broschi was some seventy years of age when I saw him in Bologna. He was very wealthy, enjoyed good health, and still was unhappy because he had nothing to do and was forever tearfully longing for his beloved Spain. He had a nephew, later to become his universal heir. Him he had married to a noble demoiselle from Tuscany, and found consolation in the hope that, thanks to his great wealth, his family would mingle with one of noble lineage, if only in the second generation. But instead of making him happy, this marriage became a source of unmitigated distress; for, despite his advanced age and his importance, he unhappily fell in love with his niece and became jealous of his nephew. And to render his misfortune yet more grievous, the object of his desire regarded him with disgust.

Burney had visited Farinelli a year earlier. He had stayed in Bologna only to see Martini and Farinelli. "Sig. Farinelli gave up singing long ago, but he still amuses himself on the harpsichord and the *viole d'amour*." Burney furnishes a detailed biography of the famous singer, together with particulars touching his sojourn in Spain, where Farinelli "had every evening to sing to Philip V the same four arias, two of them being settings by

Hasse." Burney also tells about Farinelli's longing for Spain: "He seemed greatly to regret having been obliged to seek another abode after living four-and-twenty years in Spain, where he had made many friendships and connections that were very dear to him."

Bologna, on account of its celebrated School of Singers, was the point of departure for all Italian vocalists of both sexes. Our Don Juan expresses himself with a modicum of respect:

During Lent I made the acquaintance of the darlinest singers and dancers of Bologna. Bologna is the nursery of this breed, and all these stage-heroines are very sensible and inexpensive as long as they stay here at home.

In Bologna Casanova likewise meets the *danseuse* Nina Bergonzi, a shameless wench whom he had known in Spain; the Marcucci, also a Spanish acquaintance; and the Soavi, whom he had met before in Parma, and who subsequently was conspicuous in opera at Paris and Venice. He also visited the renowned and wealthy *danseuse* Anna Sabatini.

With the year 1774 Casanova's Memoirs break off. The chapters thus denied us are interesting, however discreditable for the gifted Casanova. But in his literary remains at Dux may be found documents and writings that throw the most various and interesting side-lights on his later years.

In Venice there is a collection of theatrical notes¹ edited by Casanova under the title of "Messenger de Thalie," from Oct. 7 to the end of December, 1780. In it are reviewed pieces by Voltaire, Le Sage, Destouches, etc., that were produced by a French troupe in the Teatro S. Angelo; although the comedy-operas of Grétry and Anfossi performed there by the same troupe are not even mentioned. Did not Casanova, in the course of his chequered career, ever occupy himself with musical criticism?

In Casanova's papers at Dux are found a few items which Bernhard Marr of Dux, one of our best-informed students of Casanova, was so kind as to place at my disposition from his own collection of transcripts, and which may possibly have some connection with Casanova's activities at that period. For example:²

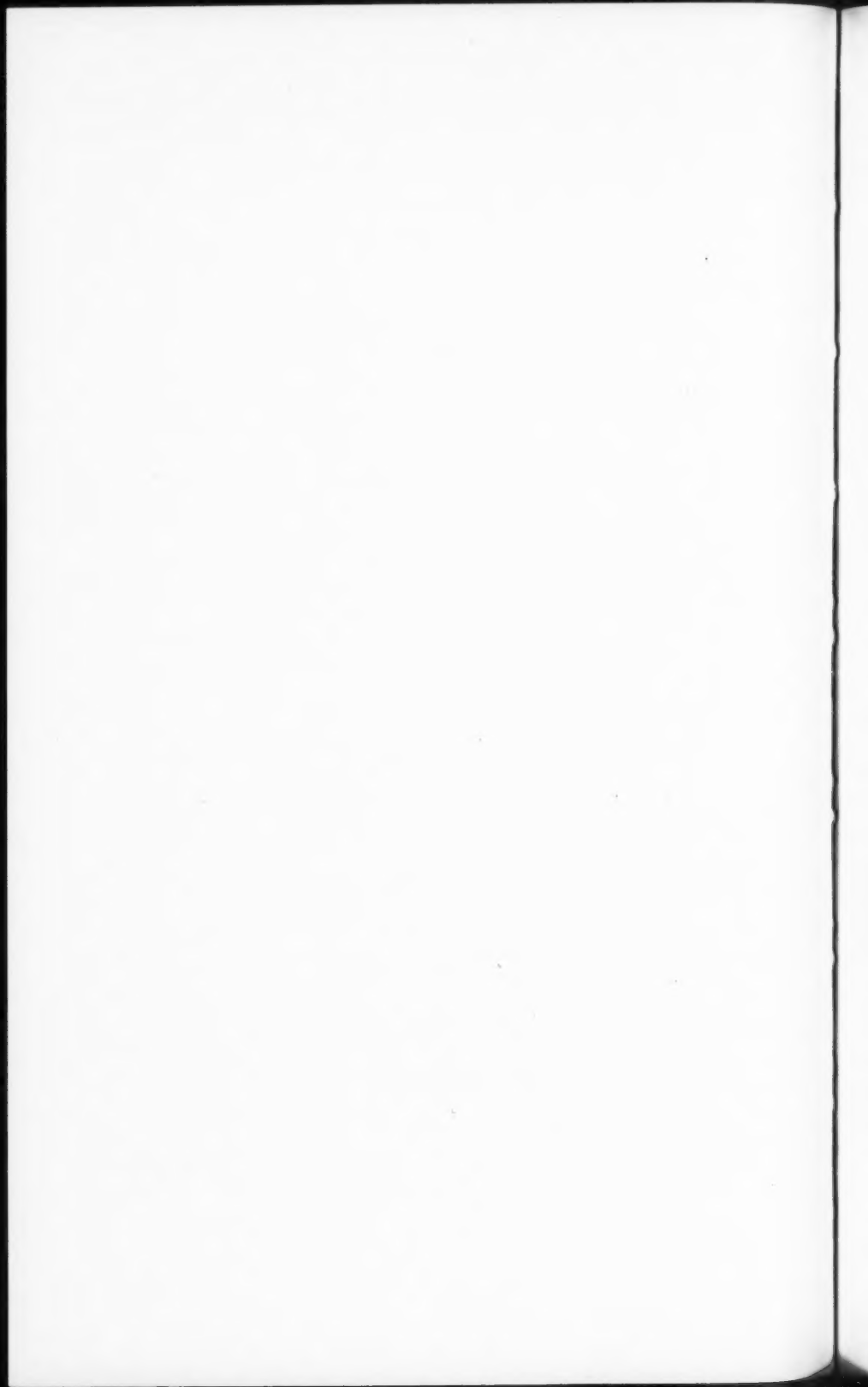
There is no one in the world who is incapable of learning music, and there is no one in the world who does not love it. The best music is that which pleases the greatest number, and there is no one to whom we could deny the right to judge of it. The sole object of music is to

¹Ravà, "Contributo alla Bibliographia di G. Casanova." (Giorn. Stor. d. Lett. Ital., 1909; Cucuel.)

²Folder 81, No. 21, Single sheet.



Casanova (1725-1798).
After a bust in the castle of Count Waldstein at Dux.



please the ear; the influence it exerts over the senses, over the passions and over the spiritual moods, is accidental, an accessory effect foreign to the design of the cause. This charming art is a gift of luxury that . . .

But whence comes the facility one has in learning it when one applies one's self to it? and why can one easily find three or four musical artists in any given town, each excelling in some branch of this art, and . . . a great architect is rare, a geometrician very rare. . . . (Here the passage breaks off; the second page is blank.)

Then the following notes, which may also have originated in Casanova's critical activities:

Theorem: How frequently does the ear possess greater aptitude to distinguish tones, than the eye to distinguish objects.

Study is to genius, what cutting is to the diamond; it refines, while shaping it.

The superb capital of the fifth part of the globe.

Gluck has a multitude of simple ideas, some thoughts, and few images.

Piccini, the Alexander . . .

One of them his chef d'œuvre, one cannot say which . . .

Paisiello—the son of Graces with whom a satyr had mingled. . . .

Anfossi—more loquacious without being more eloquent, which is to say that he is very much so.

Traetta [Traetta]. It is only by dint of *esprit* that Traetta stirs the soul.

It is a phrase without *esprit*, because it is without truth, since it is not humorous, because one ought not to laugh at a work grounded on human nature; but possibly it becomes so in view of the author's prurience.

It almost looks as if Casanova, who in youth and at the zenith of his career treated music with a certain disdain, felt himself drawn to it as he grew older, when love, of which music had been for him merely the vehicle, finally failed him. This view is supported by numerous passages in his well-nigh forgotten Utopian romance "Icosaméron; ou, Histoire d'Édouard et d'Élisabeth qui passèrent quatre-vingt-un ans chez les Mégamicros." It was published in 1787 at Prague by Schönfeld, and besides the copies in the library of the count at Hirschberg, probably very few of the original edition are still extant. An abbreviated edition in two volumes has been published.¹ Édouard and Élisabeth are two young English people, brother and sister, who are shipwrecked in the Maelstrom but miraculously saved by plunging down through the earth-crust in a leaden box and so arriving in the hollow interior of the earth, which is populated by billions of beings called Mégamicros (Big-little people). It will be the task of the psychologist, and above all of the psycho-analyst, to utilize this work of the aging Casanova as a basis for researches into the

¹By Benjamin Harz; edited by Conrad.

erotic and sexual problems presented by him. For it would seem that this romance forms the key to Casanova's erotics, in so far as he views in this big-little nation the ideal of a race that glorifies incest, homoeroticism, etc. This is a chapter to which the attention of the psycho-analyst is invited. Our peculiar interest therein is the circumstance that in this work of Casanova's later years the author, who in his *Memoirs* occasionally speaks rather slightly of music, shows himself an enthusiastic music-lover—a fact of which some observations in his literary remains are a seeming confirmation.

From the German edition I will record a brief impression picked up at random. Casanova speaks of the significance of the tones and of melodic song among the *Mégamicres*, whose language consisted solely in tone-shaded vowels. He pictures one of his English characters as quite enraptured with this musical speech. When Édouard had learned the language of the *Mégamicres* fairly well, they asked him whether, in his opinion, the (sung) words contributed to the charm of (vocal) music, or the reverse? He answered: "When the music is beautiful, one takes no notice of the words, but the most marvellous words cannot prevent any music from being hissed, if it is inferior."

It is noteworthy that the music of this strange people is never wedded to words. "Music set to words is always bad, for it no longer conveys a true impression to the soul, can no longer express the composer's thought. Their great musicians, who are there the real poets, laughed most heartily when I told them that our vocalists sing songs to which a musician had invented an accompaniment in tones."

The notation of this tone-speech is contrived as follows: The six vowels *a e i ü u o* are written with the seven colors of the rainbow, in seven differently colored vowel-series or tone-series, producing forty-two different word-roots (the meaning of the word being thus bound up with the tone). The employment of tone-vowels in combinations of syllables, with utilization of the intervals, permits (according to Casanova's reckoning) of 29,470 word-forms. At meetings or parties of these children of his fancy, the *Mégamicres*, the suitable fundamental tone for the conversation was given out by the host.

Concerning harmonic music without accompanying vowels, that is, the instrumental music in vogue among the *Mégamicres*, Casanova lets his Édouard rhapsodize to his heart's content:

It can be positively asserted that the art of music has there reached its highest pitch, for all the *Mégamicres* are born musicians. The speech

of the *Mégamicros* addresses itself to the ear, like our own, consequently their souls reveal themselves in pure tone all the better, when these tones infect related souls. But the medium through which the divine harmony of music (polyphonic vocal or instrumental music) penetrates to their soul is, besides the ear, the entire skin that covers their bodies, and in such a degree that *Mégamicros* in robes of state or of honor habitually divest themselves of the same in order to enjoy untrammelled the perfect beauty of the music and to afford it free access on every path to the enraptured soul; for there is much that only their music can say to the soul, of whose sensuous effect we can form only an abstract conception! *Etc.*

The conjecture previously advanced, that Casanova had occasionally occupied himself with musical theory, finds confirmation in the method he employs in classifying the alphabet of the *Mégamicros*. This alphabet is a scale of many notes grouped in fourths, as with the Greeks and Romans. He starts with C, leaps to the fourth, then to the seventh, third, sixth, second and fifth. This order was intended to signify that the matter in hand was not music, but song-speech. Casanova unquestionably had in mind the hypo-modes of the Greeks; indeed, it would seem that the antique music was the ideal that hovered before his mental vision. His choice of the instruments used by the *Mégamicros* points in the same direction: "one of them resembled a lute, the other a flute." (R.a.O.I., p. 88 *ff.*) And again: "Euphony . . . means a very melodious song sung by a solo voice without musical accompaniment." It would be impossible to cite all the passages in Casanova's romance that have reference to music.

Before bringing my notes to a close, I desire to touch on Casanova's connection with Da Ponte and Mozart. As we have seen, he was always seeking to enter into relations with contemporary opera-librettists. From Da Ponte's *Memoirs*,¹ which in certain aspects form a complement to those of Casanova, and the composition of which may even have been influenced by him, we learn not a few matters concerning Casanova himself, such as his notorious swindling project with Mme. d'Urfé, and concerning his valet Costa, who stole from his master the booty acquired in that affair. Casanova had met Da Ponte in Venice. In letters to Casanova from the Venetian patrician Zaguri, to be found among C.'s literary remains, Da Ponte is often mentioned, and his character is therein exhibited in a none too roseate light. Afterwards the two Italians again met in Vienna. Then, when Da Ponte had incurred the displeasure of Kaiser Leopold, and had married in Trieste (where he was apparently forced, by this marriage, to

¹*Cf.* the German translation of Gugitz, recently published by Dietz, Dresden.

revert to his original status as a Jew), he set out via Prague and Dresden for Paris, there to seek his fortune. On the way it occurred to him that, "not far from Prague," his old acquaintance Casanova was living, who had owed him some hundreds of gulden for some time. In Gugitz's edition of Da Ponte's Memoirs we read that Casanova was just then living in Dux. This is not quite exact, for our adventurer was not in the town of Dux itself, but in Oberleutensdorf, where Count Waldstein, Casanova's protector, owned an important cloth-factory.¹ Da Ponte's young wife is "greatly astonished" at the effervescent spirits and the temperament of the gallant Venetian. But—the poet got no money out of Casanova. His exchequer is possibly at a lower ebb than that of the young married couple, and when he accompanies them to Teplitz on his way to Dresden, and sells Da Ponte's carriage for him, he retains for himself four gulden as "commission"—he, who in better times had ridden behind a team of six. In return, however, Casanova gives Da Ponte a bit of good advice—that he should not go to Paris, but rather to London, and while there never to set foot in the Café des Italiens, and never to indorse a promissory note. "I could have avoided all my ill luck," says Da Ponte, "had I followed Casanova's advice." He also confessed to Cagliostro that he had disregarded Casanova's warning, not to go to Rome.

Directly after his arrival in Dresden on Sept. 21, Da Ponte writes to Casanova; and on Oct. 2 Casanova's nephew Carlo Angiolini writes that, conformably to his uncle's wish, he had visited Da Ponte to inquire if he could be of service to him; but that Da Ponte had answered that his friend the Dresden librettist Mazzola had already helped him out during his short stay in Dresden.²

In Oberleutensdorf Da Ponte had likewise been introduced to Casanova's protector, Count Josef Waldstein, whom he encountered later in London when that enthusiastic sportsman had visited England to purchase horses. He now bombards Casanova with requests to exert his influence with the Count in his favor—he is urgently in need of money! But Casanova remains obdurate. He cynically advises him to turn the charms of his young wife to financial account.

Thus far the Memoirs of Da Ponte. Can he have met Casanova before in Prague, perhaps at the première of *Don Giovanni*?

¹Communication from Bernhard Marr.

²From Casanova's literary remains.

In his "Rococobilder" Meissner delightfully describes the farewell party given by the Duscheks for Mozart when he was about to leave Prague. This party (so he says) was attended by Da Ponte, and also—Casanova. Meissner's historical error with regard to Da Ponte was set right by the latter himself, who states that a letter from Salieri had called him, before the première of *Don Giovanni*, to Vienna, where Da Ponte's opera *Assur*, set to music by Salieri, was to be performed at the wedding celebration of Archduke Franz. Now, was Casanova present at the première? It is not wholly improbable. The memorable production took place on Oct. 29, 1787; on Nov. 4 Count Lamberg writes from Briinn to the German-Bohemian author Opitz¹ (both being friends of Casanova's): "Casanova is in Prague. His letter to me is dated October 25." Consequently, at the critical time the old Venetian actually was in Prague, where he negotiated with Schönfeld for the publication of the "Icosaméron." Moreover—and this has an important bearing on the question—we find, in his literary remains at Hirschberg, fragments from *Don Giovanni* in his own handwriting. The conjecture seems plausible, that Casanova felt an extraordinary interest in this *Don Giovanni*, whose theme was so sympathetic to him.

Concerning the excerpts from *Don Giovanni* I unfortunately possess only second-hand information from Bernhard Marr, as I could not personally inspect the documents at Dux. His communication reads as follows:

Among Casanova's literary remains (now in Schloss Hirschberg at Bömisch Leipa) is found in Folder U 16 h sub No. 31 a double sheet in Casanova's handwriting, 34 cm. high by 21 cm. wide, with writing only on the first and third pages. It deals with a small portion of the versified Italian libretto of Mozart's *Don Giovanni*. The verses are written out, so far as I remember, partly without emendation and partly crossed out and altered, a sign that they were not copied, but newly sketched.

With regard to the contents,² Marr sends the following excerpts:

Il solo Don Giovanni
M'astrinse a mascherarmi,
Egli di tanto affanni
E l'unica cagion,
Io merito perdon,
Colpevole non son . . .

Ei prese i panni miei
Per bastonnar Masetto,

¹Cf. Otto Pick, "Briefwechsel Casanovas mit J. F. Opitz."

²See also the "Duxer Zeitung" for June 6, 1924.

Con Donna Elvira io fei
 Il solo mio dover.
 Fu tale il suo voler . . .

and so on down to "Lasciatemi scappar." (*fugge.*)
 The second page is empty.—Excerpt from p. 3:

LEPORELLO

Incerto, confuso,
 Scoperto, deluso,
 Difendermi non so,
 Perdon vi chiederò.

DONNA ELVIRA
 DON OTTAVIO
 ZERLINA
 MASETTO

} Perdonarti non si può.

etc., down to

LEPORELLO

Il palpitante cuor. (*fugge.*)

This shows that Casanova proposed to add another Sextet to the Sextet of the second act. I withhold final judgment in this matter until I shall have had personal access to the documents in question. In any event, we cannot simply wave away the question, whether Casanova collaborated in the production of the Da Ponte libretto; and it may be that a surprise is awaiting us.

It is a kaleidoscopic picture of his time that Casanova presents us and that we can supplement to a certain extent by the aid of the documentary evidence at Dux. And chequered, as his external career, is also the record of the throng of musical impressions for the reader and student of Casanova. From the beginning of the eighteenth century down to Mozart's *Don Giovanni*—it was indeed a wide stretch of musical history that our adventurer traversed, taking only snapshots on his passage.

(Translated by Theodore Baker.)

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE "TRILL," AS FOUND IN BEETHOVEN'S MOST MATURE WORKS

By EDWIN HALL PIERCE

IN the great Fugue which forms the last movement of the "Hammerclavier" Sonata, Op. 106, there may be counted no less than *one hundred and twenty* trills. This is an extreme case, and is due in part, but only in part, to the fact that the fugue-subject has an important and characteristic trill on its second note which, of course, will reappear in every entry of the subject or answer.

Allegro risoluto



But speaking in general, in nearly all the instrumental works of Beethoven bearing the higher opus-numbers, there is so plentiful a use of trills, that were it not for the fact that they constitute an element far other than mere ornamentation, they would dangerously approach a mannerism. As it is impossible to conceive that in these great works in which Beethoven shows such a wealth of ideas and such originality of treatment he would allow himself the over-frequent use of a merely conventional and hackneyed musical ornament, it is obvious that he must have intended it *in some other sense* than that in which it had been used both by earlier composers and even by himself in his earlier works. I do not mean that its technical execution is in any way different, but rather its psychological *raison d'être*. To search out and to define this as clearly as may be possible in the inadequate terms of speech, is the purpose of this essay.

As a preparatory step towards understanding the nature of the problem, let us recall the fact that it is no uncommon thing for a word in any living and spoken language—for instance, English—to change its meaning in the course of a few generations. For instance, in Shakespeare's "Tempest," when Miranda wishes to warn her father of the risk he runs in affronting Ferdinand, she says—

Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's *gentle* and not fearful.

The word "gentle," used in the modern sense, makes mere non-sense in this context: to understand it, we must remember that in Shakespeare's day it connoted all those characteristics which

would belong to a person of good family, not the least of which was knightly bravery and quickness to resent an insult. This example shows rather a degeneration in the meaning of a word, and though it illustrates our point, does so in an inverted manner; for the most outstanding examples of words which have acquired an enlarged and exalted significance in a new use (as the device called the Trill has done in Beethoven's later works), we must turn to certain Greek words which are used in the New Testament, for instance, in a far different sense from that which belongs to them in the Classic Greek. Thus *Χάρις* (*charis*), which is translated "grace," originally had the same meaning as the most common use of that word in English; it is used by Aristotle (about 300 B. C.) to mean favor shown by one person toward another, or such a disposition of mind as would incline one to grant favors; in New Testament Greek it denotes the unmerited favor of God toward mankind. Again, *ἐλπίς* (*elpis*), "hope", advances from the sphere of uncertain expectation and desire to mean the certain assurance of the consummation of salvation and never-ending happiness. Examples might be greatly multiplied, but would lead us too far afield. Suffice it to say, that there always remains, bound up with the new meaning, some hint of the old original meaning of words that have undergone changes, and that a right knowledge of this meaning is often an aid to an understanding in the new sense, esoteric or elusive though it may be.

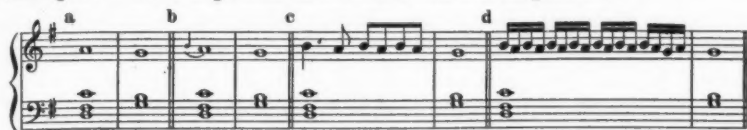
Proceeding on this analogy, it is evident that our first task in this essay should be to examine the nature and use of the trill in general, but especially before Beethoven.

Some claim that it is essentially an ornament for *keyboard* instruments, being a convenient and easy device for prolonging a tone which otherwise would quickly become inaudible. That it has been used in this sense on many occasions, is no doubt true—for instance in Bach's Prelude XVI, in Book I, of "The Well-Tempered Clavichord,"



but it would be impossible to prove that its use for the keyboard antedated its use in the early violin-sonatas by various composers, or even its use in vocal music, and in neither of these *media* would it be specially needed to give the effect of prolonging tone.

More probably (without considering whether the original medium was voice, violin or harpsichord), it had its rise in the attempt to elaborate the melody in an authentic cadence, supposedly giving it greater vitality and interest. The following examples show the probable course of its development:

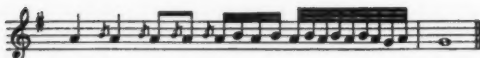


First we have the simple cadence, with the melody-note in the supertonic; next we have it embellished by a long appoggiatura; next we have the formula repeated; lastly we have it repeated rapidly for the whole extent of time of the note and given a flamboyant effect by the embodiment of a "turn" at the end. It will be observed that this trill begins with the auxiliary note; that this was the standard usage up to about the time of Hummel is a commonplace of musical history, although the beginning of a trill with its principal note (like the modern standard usage) was not unknown at an early date, and under certain specific conditions was regarded as preferable, by exception. This change in the manner of beginning a trill is something far more than a slight matter of detail; it possibly changes the whole theory and basis of the ornament—for at present we shall class it merely as an "ornament").

To understand it further we must hark back to a vocal device described by Caccini in his "Singing School," published 1601, consisting of the rapid repetition of a single note on one vowel, without interrupting the tone:—



This, by the way, is what *he* calls a "trillo"; his "*gruppo*" is more like the modern trill. Now it is possible that I stand almost alone in my opinion, but I have a strong feeling that certain wide-reaching results followed the attempts of singers to make use of this ancient form of trill. First, if one used it in its original form, and endeavored to do it smoothly, the result would be practically the same as what we now call *vibrato*, only exceedingly intense; second, if one were using it in an ornamental rather than an emotional sense, it would be very easy and natural to embellish it by inserting an *acciaccatura* before each repetition of the principal note:



The difference between this and the forms which arose from the use of the plurality of appoggiaturas (Ex. 3) lies in the slight difference of accent: in one form the auxiliary note is brought into prominence, in the other, the principal note. This is a more important fact than any mere detail as to the beginning or close, of itself. So much for the use of the trill in a cadence. I merely add, however, that it became a convention, not completely outgrown in the present day, that the long Cadenza in an instrumental concerto should come to its close by use of an extended trill on the supertonic (rarely the subtonic), and that this might be approached effectively by a more or less elaborate chain of trills, thus showing that the Cadenza is really nothing more or less than an extended and flamboyant form of "authentic cadence." This is the point at which the musical excitement rises to a climax, and at the same time the soloist's virtuosity is most frankly and effectually exhibited to the mass of the audience. This, notwithstanding the fact that there may be numerous passages in the concerto really making far greater demands on a virtuoso's technic than do these closing trills, not to mention cantilena melodies which better exhibit his richness of tone and command of expression. The plain truth of the matter is, that a *rapidity of utterance* is one of the surest ways to excite an audience to applause, and in this respect the trill has all other musical devices hopelessly beaten; even the time-honored rapid diatonic scales are but second-best. Even Beethoven, in his Violin Concerto, Op. 61, uses the extended chain-trill for a frankly virtuoso effect, redeeming it from banality by wonderful changes of harmony and the skillful use of motifs in the orchestral accompaniment. (This, however, is at other points than the Cadenza; Joachim and other able violinists who are also composers have supplied the concerto with effective and interesting cadenzas, almost invariably closing with a chain of trills in the conventional form.)

We now pass on to the transient trill—that on short notes, and not specially connected with cadence-formulas. In many of the old composers—and in at least one (Spohr), whom one would suppose modern enough to have known better—we find these so frequent as to constitute an objectionable mannerism. There is nothing that will so surely make a composition seem hopelessly old-fashioned as an over-supply of conventional ornament. In compositions for the harpsichord, the fact that there

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was no other way to single out particular notes for emphasis may have been some justification of the proceeding, but we find them almost as frequent in many early violin-pieces. Early composers for the pianoforte probably used them largely, doubtless as a hang-over from the harpsichord style. In playing certain movements from Mozart's Sonatas, I have occasionally taken the liberty to substitute a strong *accent* and *tenuto* for a transient trill, with manifest improvement in effect, and without feeling any qualms of conscience. However, I would not approve of making any such changes wholesale; each case must be judged carefully on its own merits.

By the way, it is known that the old *clavichord* (not the harpsichord) had the power of partial repetition or prolonging of a tone by vibrating the finger on the key without raising it completely. Is it not possible that some of the signs which we have supposed to indicate forms of the trill, in old clavichord music, may have meant, not a trill in the later sense, but the effect just described, which was known as *bebung*? It would have been perfectly analogous with that vocal effect which old Caccini called a *trillo* (See Ex. 4), and, like that, would have had a certain affinity with *vibrato*.

But to return to the subject of the last paragraph—these perhaps over-frequent short trills were not always merely *rococo* ornament. As examples of their more worthy use, I would quote the following passage from Viotti's 22d Violin Concerto:



Or this, from Spohr's 9th Concerto:



In either of these passages, as executed by a competent player, we feel, not a conventional ornament stupidly repeated, but the expression of a strong, latent joy in life, the consciousness of power, the love of action. Spohr's mood is more serious here than is Viotti's; the joy may be a stern joy, even having a background of melancholy, nevertheless it is something vital.¹

¹If executed on the piano, these trills could scarcely be made of more than three notes each, at the proper tempo, but the violin being more agile in the matter of short trills, it is possible and customary to make them of *five* notes, which increases the brilliancy of the effect.

We are now, at length, getting very close to the Beethoven-idea in trills, in spite of the comparative triviality of the examples just given, when matched with those of the greater composer.


BEETHOVEN'S USE OF TRILLS

Coming to Beethoven's own use of trills, and basing these remarks on an extensive examination of his pianoforte sonatas, together with his violin sonatas, piano trios, string quartets and other chamber-music, we notice first of all, that he never uses the trill merely as a meaningless formula of ornamentation, and but seldom as a formula for a brilliant "authentic cadence." In the last movements of his Sonata in C, Op. 2, No. 3, in the last movement of the Waldstein Sonata, Op. 53, and in the slow movement of his Sonata in G, Op. 31, he uses it apparently in the virtuoso-effect sense, to give the brilliancy of rapid motion. (In this and similar enumerations I do not pretend, of course, to be exhaustive in statement, but merely illustrative.) But in his most mature work—especially in what Lenz calls his "third style," we must seek for other meanings in his trills. For one thing, they always form so essential a part of the musical idea, that to omit them or to substitute a mere accent for any one of them would be an unthinkable piece of vandalism. Far from being a careless or flippant "ornament," the more deadly serious Beethoven becomes, the more sure he is to run into trills. For instance, the 120 trills in the closing fugue of the Hammerclavier Sonata!

But what, then, do they mean?

Before attempting to answer this question with any finality, let us examine a number of the most striking ones.

It happens that two or three of those I am about to mention, are trills written out in notes of definite length. This makes them none the less trills; it should be remembered that the sign *tr* ~~~~ ,

as also the old sign  , are merely abbreviations which are

conveniently used in cases where no misunderstanding of the proper method of performance is likely to occur, but which are dispensed with when the composer wishes to indicate a certain special and exact manner of performance.

Allusion has already been made to several instances of his using the extended trill as a means of virtuoso-effect; now to those instances where it occurs rather as an essential *motif*. The first

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movement of the Sonata, Op. 81a, "Les Adieux, L'Absence et Le Retour," contains an episodal figure



founded on the *old* form of trill—the one beginning with the auxiliary note. The trill-figure in the second subject of the last, movement

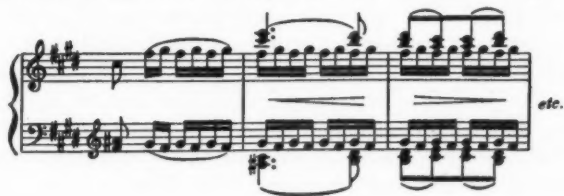


on the other hand, begins on the principal note, but doubtless has a certain psychological allusion to the first-named trill-figure, yet with a difference: the former typifying the little actions of leave-taking, the latter the calm but lively gladness at his friend's return.

In the next Sonata, Op. 90, we find no trills in the first movement, but in the second of the two movements—a Rondo in form, though not so designated—the second subject contains an important trill-figure in the inner voices



which soon develops into a double trill *in reversed directions*, forming a continuous discord, though by no means a cacophony.



If this piece is in the mood of a love-scene (the most usual interpretation), the passages just quoted doubtless depict a transient "lovers' quarrel," in which the parties concerned allow themselves to contradict each other, in a half-joking, half-serious way, but without any real breaking of friendship.

In the Sonata, Op. 101, there are several more or less striking examples of effective use of the trill, which I shall nevertheless pass over as not remarkably differing from the method of various other composers, until we arrive at the last fifteen measures of the last movement.



Here we have something a trifle unusual—a trill using the note *below* the principal note, instead of the note above, for an examination of the harmony shows us that this is really an organ-point on the tonic A. However, when we arrive at the third measure of the above example, the addition of the low E, which is a brief organ-point on the dominant, temporarily changes the functions of the two notes of the trill, without disturbing the form of the figure; the G# now becomes the "principal note" and the A becomes the "auxiliary." In the next measure the two notes return to their former functions. This trill continues for twelve measures.

In the great Sonata, Op. 106, we have a fine example in the first movement of an "accompanied" trill, sustaining an inverted organ-point on the tonic. On the pianoforte, it would, of course, be impossible to sustain such a note *without* a trill, but this is not its sole reason for being; the same strain of melody has just occurred in the four measures previous, in a rather calm mood, accompanied by triplet quarter-notes, and the introduction of the trill, at the same time the accompaniment is changed to eighth-notes, indicates a growing excitement, leading through a crescendo to a great fortissimo. The same passage occurs again in the reprise, in a different key, and in a form technically still more difficult. The practical execution of these passages by the pianist of course demands the judicious use of that device known as the "false trill," viz., that whenever a new note of the accompanying melody in the same hand is struck, the note of the trill which would occur simultaneously with it is systematically omitted.

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Considerations of space compel passing over numerous interesting examples in this and other of the sonatas, and to make choice of but a few of the most striking. The subject of the great fugue in Op. 106, has already been quoted in Ex. 1. It appears to me that the psychological nature of the trill in this subject is not far removed from that *vibrato* of the human voice which occurs in strong emotion—in this case possibly anger or desperation. Under no circumstances could we imagine it a mere graceful or spirited ornament, nor as a thing introduced for virtuoso display. So much for its psychological side. Looked at from the technical point of view, as a fugue-subject, however, Beethoven was evidently keenly conscious of its wonderful possibilities for development, and set out to make the most of them. First of all, the "answer" itself, though made according to the strict rule for a "tonal" fugue (it is difficult, by the way, to discover just what the "licenses" are which Beethoven alludes to in his superscription *Fuga a tre voci, con alcune licenze*), the "answer," I say, in its skip of an augmented eleventh, shows the subject in a strange new light.



After this last passage comes a grand pause, followed by an episode in D major, *sempre dolce, cantabile*, in which trills are, with admirable sense of artistic relief, entirely absent. Twenty-nine measures later, however, the original key, tempo and fugue-subject reappear, and are developed still further, with apparently an inexhaustible fund of impassioned ingenuity, leading to a climax in a long passage built on thunder-like, low-lying trills in the bass. The first of these is on the sub-dominant, lasting four measures, and is succeeded by a trill on the tonic lasting eight measures. Underneath this trill on the tonic, however, we find the *dominant* struck and sustained, so that the effect is that of a double organ-point on the tonic and dominant, but with the dominant *underneath*. As the well-recognized rule in a double organ-point is for the dominant to be *above* the tonic, possibly this is one of the "licenses" to which Beethoven has reference in the title.

In the closing measures of the fugue there is a spirited use of that fragment of the subject which contains the trill, in unaccompanied octaves, and with alternate employment of the direct and the *per arsin et thesin* accentuation.

Passing to Sonata, Op. 109, we have but little occasion to mention the trill until we arrive at Var. VI of the *Andante molto cantabile*, forming the close of the sonata. This variation is entirely founded on the trill. Opening with the repetition of the dominant, B, in quarter-notes, for two measures, it first speeds them up to eighth-notes, then to eighth-note triplets, then breaks into a trill-figure in sextuplet sixteenth-notes, then into thirty-second notes, and, lastly, into an accompanied trill in both hands, in the middle voices. After that, the trill is in the bass, forming an organ-point on the dominant, and again in an upper-middle voice, leading to a simple return of the theme at the close. This is a technical description; emotionally, this theme seems an expression of quiet, inward happiness, appearing in various guises in various environments, until at last (in Var. VI) it is no longer merely a *latent* joy, but an outburst of blissful exultation.

The Sonata, Op. 110, in its opening movement, has some interesting chain-trills in the bass, forming an indispensable part of the structure. Op. 111 leads from its stupendous *Maestoso* introduction into the beginning of the *Allegro con brio ed appassionato*, with what is practically a written-out trill in the bass, and in the development of this *Allegro* there is a fugato passage reminding one somewhat of the character of the great fugue in Op. 106, but in the Arietta, which, with its variations, forms the close to this wonderful sonata, there is an extended "accompanied

trill," growing at one point to a triple or three-voiced trill, which is expressive of a mood far other than anything we have met before in this connection. Taken in the light of its context, it can mean nothing less, than that when Beethoven had reached a point of spiritual exaltation comparable only to some of the visions of St. John in the Book of Revelation, he could still avail himself of the trill as a means of musical expression, without falling into bathos. (On purpose no notation-example is here presented. The passage needs to be heard in its entirety, not to say, its entire context, in order to appear at its true worth.)

CONCLUSION

The point has now been reached where it is possible to give at least a tentative answer to the question "what did Beethoven, in his later use, mean by the trill?"

As we have already discovered, he did not, except in some very early works, use it as a mere ornamentation, and very seldom as a mere cadence-formula. In some cases he used it with obvious intent for virtuoso effect, but scarcely later than in his Violin Concerto, Op. 61, or the Piano Sonata Op. 53. In some cases, perhaps, he used it as a means of sustaining an otherwise too-evanescent tone on the pianoforte, but when he does this (if at all), he introduces it in such a manner that his purpose is not too self-evident.

Now, if he uses it little for any of these well-known purposes, and yet in the aggregate uses it very much, it is clear that it must have had some different significance to him.

If the present writer's interpretation of the emotional significance of several of the pieces here described is correct—and he thinks that the majority of musicians will agree with him in principle on that point—then Beethoven uses the trill very prominently in the expression of (at least) the following very varied assortment of moods:

Joy at the return of a friend. (Op. 81a, last movement.)

A not-too-serious lovers' quarrel. (Op. 90, last movement.)

Anger and desperation, resulting in Titanic activities. (Op. 106, last movement.)

Latent happiness and contentment developing into exuberant joy. (Op. 109, Var. VI. of the Andante.)

The sublime and terrible. (Op. 111, Close of the Maestoso and beginning of the Allegro con brio.)

Spiritual exaltation, on an almost supernatural plane. (Op. 111, last movement.)

But, it may be objected, if the trill means so many unrelated things, how can it be said to signify anything in particular? The answer to this question is the very point toward which we have been leading:

The trill, as used by Beethoven in his mature style, denotes the intensification of any sentiment or mood into a conscious thrill of vital emotion.

Consequently, it is not confined to the expression of any one sentiment or class of sentiments, but becomes a natural manner of utterance wherever the emotional excitement rises to a certain height.

For convenience, the Pianoforte Sonatas were drawn upon for illustration, but a study of the last String-Quartets will reveal almost as many examples of Beethoven's characteristic uses of the trill. Beginning as far back as the *Thème russe*, in Op. 59, No. 1 (a stationary voice, trilled); in the first movement of Op. 59, No. 2 (a chain of transient trills in double octaves); and in the last movement of Op. 59, No. 3; in the next Quartet, Op. 74, there are practically no trills, but from that on to the very last, Op. 135, and including the Great Fugue, Op. 133, they are abundant and characteristic. Here and there, in the C# minor quartet, Op. 131, are some wonderful examples. Evidently Beethoven did not look on the trill as a device principally pianistic!

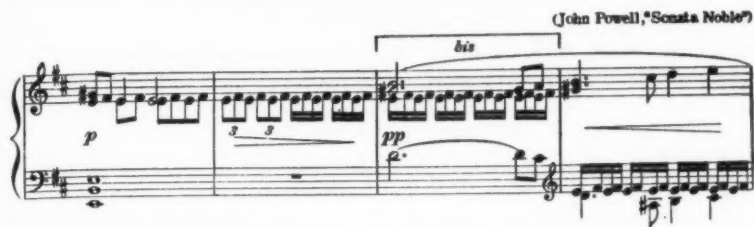
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Viewing the matter from a technical standpoint, one may say, that Beethoven's later use of the trill and trill-figures is *structural* rather than ornamental, and historically this marks a turning-point in musical art. Even at an earlier period, several particular ornaments and graces had become obsolete to such an extent that even their correct interpretation was a matter of doubt on which authorities might differ: to those few which survived—particularly to the trill—Beethoven gave a new life and meaning. Those composers who continued to use the trill and other ornaments, in a merely ornamental sense and with great frequency, have "aged" very obviously. Witness for instance Spohr, almost a contemporary with Beethoven, and a man of no small genius.

In the works of our best contemporary composers we find occasional striking examples of this "structural" use of the trill. The limits of this essay will not permit me to comment on this at length, but I cannot forbear mentioning a very striking instance

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in the fourth movement of John Powell's "Sonata Noble," Op. 21, in which, beginning in the following manner,—



a trill persists for no less than 43 measures, toward the end working up to a great climax. This constitutes, in fact, the conventional second subject of the movement, and as such reappears later on, transposed into the initial key of D.

THE ESTHETICS OF CONTEMPORARY MUSIC

By ANDRÉ CŒUROY

THE Festivals of the Société Internationale de Musique Contemporaine (S. I. M. C.), while arousing musicians to a fuller race-consciousness, have also thrown light on the field of their research, namely, the field termed in philosophical jargon "objective," and, in esthetic twaddle, "pure." Contemporary music, hostile alike to Wagner and Debussy, drives straight at a dissociation of the arts, at "pure music," that is to say, at a music that seeks salvation in itself alone.

This is, after all, merely an episode in the vast revolt of modern thought against the romantic confusion of the arts. Pure poetry, pure painting, pure music—so many cells wherein each art, isolated, pursues its conquest of the Absolute. In each cell the art-work represents an end in itself. Poetry eliminates discourse. Painting eliminates the subject. Music eliminates expression, to the profound despair of M. Vincent d'Indy, who nathless remains a great musician, though not of the twentieth century. All through the nineteenth century music was the expression of a soul. To-day it tends to express only itself. The future musician will be—as modern esthetes are fond of saying in their would-be scientific language—simply a catalyst. The overpowering majority of a musical audience loves and appreciates music in defiance of all this verbal exaltation, in defiance of ill-defined words and ill-delimited impressions. For these auditors and their poetic guides, what does "loving" and "appreciating" music mean? It means, first of all, that the music shall caress the ear (and so all dissonant music is excluded from their conception of the art), that it shall influence the affections of the heart and give rise to a whole series of pleasurable and deep-felt sensations, stirring and perturbing, or of lighter sort that bring peace and relief from the travail of thought. Thus living a symphony, these people delight in the sensations it induces of a life from which are banished the triple or quadruple *mélanges* of sentiments wherein the analysts luxuriate, and which merges little by little into the subconsciousness. The charm of this depersonalized life (which in this sense the poet might call divine) enters into the

heart and stumbles on the threshold of the intelligence. Or, contrariwise, it is an unleashing of forces that pleases by the very magnitude of its development. And should the mind suddenly awaken and prevail over mere sensation, it may happen that the hearing of this supernatural power aggravates, we know not how, the auditor's sense of his own powerlessness, his limitations, and his vague desire to cast off his self and mingle with the universe.

But a musician has plenty of other more musical reasons for loving music. For all that we have just said, may be said (and has been said in these same words) about love, or nature, or any of the great lyric themes. A "pure" musician seeks a sonorous material to be dealt with on a strictly musical plane. Hoffman the poet raves over the music of the spheres; Hoffman the musician adopts a very different tone towards Beethoven. The scholars take no note of this difference, neither does the public. They seek the value and the sense of music in the sentiments of emotion, of vague revery or plastic evocation, whereof music is the occasion only by accident. A man of letters who strayed into musical criticism wrote quite recently: "I have such a horror of those who find in music nothing but combinations of notes, solfeggio, harmony and orchestral technique. Whatever is not rooted in psychology—in the expression of feelings, in the emotions, in soul-states, too, induced by the contemplation of natural phenomena—may we not regard it as non-existent?"

Phrases like these serve to entertain the illusion that there is only one music, that which expresses some poetic emotion (yet two-thirds of the music hitherto written expresses nothing of the kind), a music having its source in the human soul. From this standpoint it is but a step to refuse recognition to all music that is in itself its aim and end. For such music does not readily lend itself to literary interpretation. Since the *Sacre du Printemps* (barred) a Strawinsky eludes poetizing; of the pure sonorous material moulded by the musician one dare not speak, under pain of cruel misconceptions, except as a musician.

Our young musicians—I mean those who have something to say—our young musicians, immured in their laboratories, are trying to discover a music wholly free from extra-musical appeal; just as our painters envisage a painting that shall obey the laws of line and color only. This is the real objective of their experiments, and, even when they fail, they never weary of beginning over again.

To attain their end they have had to rid themselves of the well-nigh ineradicable prejudices of romanticism. It is not so

very long since the demise of musical symbolism, and the philosophizing esthete, for whom "music is not intellectual," finds life more difficult than one fancies. Erik Satie has often been rated as the man who marked the rupture with the outworn idiom. He doubtless found it easy to make fun of poetic titles like "*Et la lune descend sur le temple qui fut*," or "*La Terrasse des audiences du clair de lune*," but perhaps it has not been sufficiently noted that he substituted, after all, one symbolism for another—a pseudo-humor for the pseudo-symbol. When, to the pre-Raphaelite dulcitudes, he opposes his "*Préludes flasques*" or his "*Sonatine bureaucratique*," he employs, unwittingly and to his own despite, the very symbolism that he would destroy; the symbolism of the smile is made to replace the symbolism of the closed eyes. Whether one approve or deprecate, one cannot find the slightest fundamental modification.

How different the teaching of a Strawinsky! Strawinsky teaches that a tone is a tone. You laugh: great discovery, that! So it is, after romanticism. For hosts of musicians the tone has been a symbol, an allusion, a means of expression. The composer might declare, "No literature, no painting!"—and yet endue his notes with an "expressive" content. For Strawinsky a tone is a thing, a material, the architect's block of stone, the primary color of the painter, a form of existence which should be sufficient unto itself.

This doctrine is nowadays confounded with a renaissance of ancient formulas that seems, to indolent minds, to mean quite the same thing. We hear of nothing but neo-classicism. We are possessed with the notion of "going back," more particularly "back to Bach." Discussions have been started, the most interesting being the dispute in the "*Revue Musicale*" between the composer Koechlin and the esthetician Boris de Schloezer. The former sees, in the "back to Bach" movement, the character of an art "that would be clean, vigorous, not descriptive, and even non-expressive." It is a "new cult succeeding the dangerous Debussyste religion. An austere cult, a musical flagellation absolving us from the sins engendered by the 'Nocturnes' and the 'Chansons de Bilitis.' The art of Bach, fraught with remonstrance, plays the part of a chalice." M. Koechlin easily shows that the true inwardness of Bach's art is something quite different; that one would search in vain for his sensibility, the freedom of his writing, the flexibility of his form, the moral character of his work, in the music of to-day, and furthermore that our musicians did not attend the latter-day school to take lessons of Bach. To

which Boris de Schloezer responds: "We well know that there is something else in Bach, that he is a poet, a Christian, a mystic. Some day a generation may be born that will turn to that Bach, but our post-war musicians need the Bach of the Allegros; and what has drawn them, held them spellbound, in these Allegros, in these Fugues, is their continuous movement, their inexorable development, that seems to forbid all intrusion of psychological elements into this sonorous web wherein one vainly seeks the least rift." "Back to Bach" is a guide-post at the entrance to modern music, like "Impressionism" at the entrance to Debussy's domain. It is not a definition; it is a password. It does not explain; it directs. A matter of convenience and orientation, not at all of analysis or information, and still less of servile imitation. "It is difficult," writes Proust, "when one is perplexed by the ideas of Kant and the nostalgia of Baudelaire, to write the French of Henri IV." Neither have we to do with a resurrection of classicism. Strawinsky's *Œdipe-Roi*? Honegger's *Concertino*? The Concerto for clavier by Falla? Hindemith's Concerto for orchestra? Ravel's *Sonate en duo*? Schönberg's Suite?—Impressionabilities of to-day, remote from the archaic pastiches. They are researches in a form that permits the full play of pure tone. Hence this "warning," that Strawinsky himself thought it needful to publish in "The Dominant" for December, 1927:

There is much talk nowadays of a reversion to classicism, and works believed to have been composed under the influence of so-called classical models are labelled neo-classic.

It is difficult for me to say whether this classification is correct or not. With works that are worthy of attention, and have been written under the obvious influence of the music of the past, does not the matter consist rather in a quest that probes deeper than a mere imitation of the so-called classical idiom? I fear that the bulk of the public, and also the critics, are content with recording superficial impressions created by the use of certain technical devices which were current in so-called classical music.

The use of such devices is insufficient to constitute the real neo-classicism, for classicism itself was characterized, not in the least by its technical processes, which, then as now, were themselves subject to modification from period to period, but rather by its constructive values.

The mere "thing"—for instance, in music, a theme or a rhythm—is in itself not the sort of material that would satisfy an artist for the creation of a work. It is obvious that the constituents of such material must come into a reciprocal relation, which, in music, as in all art, is called form. The great works of art were all imbued with this attribute, a quality of interrelation between constituent parts, interrelation of the building material. And this interrelation was the one stable element, all that lay apart from it being unintelligibly individual—that is to say, in music, an ultra-musical element.

Classical music—true classical music—claimed musical form as its basic substance; and this substance, as I have shown, could never be ultra-musical. If those who label as neo-classic the works belonging to the latest tendency in music mean by that label that they detect in them a wholesome return to the formal idea, the only basis of music, well and good. But I should like to know, in each particular instance, whether they are not mistaken. By that I mean that it is a task of enormous difficulty, and one in which therefore serious criticism can show its worth, to achieve immunity from misleading appearances which almost inevitably lead to incorrect deductions.

This free and spontaneous play of tone affords the creative musician, and the auditor who follows him, the most poignant intellectual delight. But, in divesting itself of the other arts, music runs the risk of depriving itself of the universal soul, of rendering itself incapable of arousing the fervors of enthusiasm that greeted the *Tetralogy* or *Pelléas*. The art of Wagner, the art of Debussy, do not appeal solely to the lovers of music; they affect the whole man, and at times in his least noble members. The guerdon of objective music—a sturdy, but, mayhap, sterile virgin—is a fixity, an aridity in which the epigones who lack the marrow of a Strawinsky or the resources of a Ravel will be lost—are, indeed, already lost. Objective art is a discipline indispensable to musicians after a period of upheaval, and like all disciplines it threatens to become a formula.

TONAL AND ATONAL

But above and beyond the formula there still remains the extraordinary flexibility and the amazing enrichment of the language of modern music. Modern music has deliberately renounced thematic development, that powerfully emphasized rhetoric of the classic and romantic eras; it likes to proceed by juxtaposition, a process that the Belgian Désiré Paque expresses by the phrase "l'adjonction constate" (reinforcement establishes), and that the Italian Malipiero terms "a continuous outgushing of ideas."

Modern music juxtaposes the most diverse styles known to pure music; compare the Octet by Strawinsky, or the Concerto for wind-quintet and orchestra by Rieti. What Mozart, Scarlatti or Rossini perpetrated in jest, we now find exalted into a law, and this to the point where it effects the transmutation of forms:—logic gives place to the unexpected, themes of totally opposed nature are brought together, as in Strawinsky's Concerto for piano and orchestra; it is an art of juxtaposition and embroilment. The musician of yesterday was an architect; the musician

of to-day is a costumer who works with long stitches of counterpoint, though some work in white goods and others in mourning apparel. Contrast the contrapuntal style of Strauss with that of Ravel (I have in mind *Ma Mère l'Oye*), or that of Falla in *El Retablo* with that of Schönberg's *Pierrot Lunaire*. With the Latins, an impression of transparency; with the Germans, of a dust-cloud. In either case, however, of movement. This incessant movement of tone so characteristic of modern music is found in jazz, where each instrument goes its own melodic way and weaves with its companions a complex pattern of lines crossing each other, entangling and disentangling themselves, as if drawn by aerial skaters. The perfect C major chord encounters the perfect minor; they progress a few steps together, and, with a parting salutation, seek fresh adventures. We meet with flourishing systems of "musical levels," like the one in France of which Georges Migot has undertaken the defense, which permit the several melodic lines to pass over, according to their respective importance, to different levels. In this matter he adopts an idea of Schönberg's, who, in his "Five Pieces for Orchestra" (Op. 16, 1909), took pains to mark with a specific sign (a hook) that fragment of the tonal pattern which, amid the complexity of the parts, the orchestral conductor should bring out in strongest relief. Like the levels and the melodic lines, the chords are in movement; the tones fling themselves one against the other, the ancient notion of Dissonance is abolished—an essential feature of modern harmony long in preparation.

Natura non facit saltus, so runs the ancient saying. And this holds good of harmony. The most audacious liberties, that nowadays affright some of us, are nothing but spurts in the steady movement to which every man of genius lends his individual impulse. At whatever *époque* he may do this, his contemporaries have a habit of seeing nothing but a break with the past, and at such betrayal of their confidence they never fail to cry aloud for help. While the historian, whom nothing disturbs or astonishes, follows after them a little later and allays their alarm by demonstrating the continuity of harmonic evolution.

In its day the harmony of Debussy started a war of words. At first its wealth and novelty were not comprehended, for the critics did not, in philosophical parlance, know how to integrate it in the system it had invaded. . . . They could see only an arbitrary, destructive negation where, in fact, a logical enhancement of values prevailed. (On this head I refer the reader to the captivating work of M. Kurth, entitled "Romantische Harmonik.")

And the most aggressive dissonances of our own time are neither more arbitrary nor less full of promises for the future.

The study of harmony is condemned to sterility where this science is not continuously confronted with psychological phenomena that subconsciously interpret the harmonic phenomena. Music as a whole, in its most complex aspects, is not the expression of a formalism acquired and handed down through the ages, but of a tendency unremittingly renewed, of a desire, a volition; this is a capital point. It follows, that the evolution of harmony can by no means be divorced from the general evolution of the human intellect; musical romanticism was merely one aspect of universal romanticism, and this, in turn, but a phase in the psychology of races; the harmony of to-day expresses an era of velocity and sharp contention. With the classicists music tended towards a well-planned harmonic homophony, towards a single and compact tonality, of the same formal order as construction on symmetrical lines, or square-cut rhythms. With the romanticists, tonal relations all at once throw off restraint, as if the subconscious were seeking expression in them. The potential forces of harmony, glimpsed now and again by the classicists only to be repressed, finally win their way. At the same time, melody partakes of this thirst for the infinite and this implanted restlessness; it becomes the continuous melody, the art of transition and of continuity, that Wagner described to Mathilde Wesendonck. The moving force that animates all music suddenly changed its direction; the "centripetal force" of the classics had unified into a whole all the sonorous elements, presenting an ideal of equilibrium; the new romantic "centrifugal" force dissociated these elements. In the classic system the tone selected as tonal fundament jealously maintained that function; towards it everything converged, and the German terminology of the epoch did not fail to stress it—*Ton* took on the sense of *Grundton* (tonic). In the romantic system the chosen tone became the conductor of the musical energy, which is lacking in pungency until it escapes from its erstwhile prison; thenceforward *Ton* is synonymous with *Leitton* (leading-tone). And we still remark the origin of this weakening of the feeling for tonality that stamps contemporary music in the case of Schönberg and his group. This displacement of the musical forces has been affirmed since the advance of Wagnerism to *Rheingold*. After *Lohengrin* (1847) there supervenes a pause in the progress of Wagner's art, and during this period of reflection the "subconsciousness" of the harmonic forces passes to the plane of consciousness. Heralded by *Rheingold* (1853), it undergoes an acute crisis with *Tristan*

(1857). In this work there bursts forth an eruptive harmony whose psychological source is the loss of Mathilde Wesendonck; indeed, is not the entire work essentially an eruption in the midst of the composition of *Siegfried*? This fact may be taken as a point of departure in emphasizing the significance of the "*Tristan-style*" for the developments of harmony in subsequent ages; a significance comparable to the works of Schütz, and Bach's "Well-tempered Clavichord" and b-minor Mass.

With the classicists, a chord represents a link in a predesigned chain. With the romanticists, a chord, once chosen, becomes typical and paramount; such is the case with the first chord in *Tristan*, which imperiously dominates the entire work. In *The Flying Dutchman* it was the chord of the fifth; in *Lohengrin*, the perfect major triad. Still further back, with Wagner's forerunner Weber, it is the diminished seventh that assumes this insistent and symbolic rôle in *Der Freischütz*. Thus applied, the chords regenerate themselves; a new spirit is breathed into them that transcends the mere notes. This is an attribute of the truly great harmonists—Beethoven, Wagner, Debussy—the imparting of an entirely fresh vivacity to exhausted chords, because they take thought of the life of tones rather than of their outward forms; a law of musical creation twin to that of literature, wherein the truly great writers are creators with the simplest forms, while those of the rank of Boursault, La Motte, or La Chaussée, the inventors of novel forms, do not rise above mediocrity.

At the same time, romantic tonality is continually agitated by aggressive and fruitful harmonies—passing-notes, appoggiaturas, retardations, and pedal-points in the inner parts; the frequency of sevenths and ninths, so striking in Schumann, invades the Wagnerian harmony, but with this thenceforth momentous peculiarity, that these dissonant chords are treated like consonant tonal chords and take the place of cadences and closes. The tonic is often left out, or so tardily introduced that the atmosphere grows hazy, as in the reproachful utterances of King Mark or at Tristan's entry, where the obstinate repetition of this tonic crystallizes the classic style. Here Romanticism substitutes, for the mood induced by the tonic, an aspiration towards the tonic; for the Static it substitutes the Dynamic. In a like sense enharmonics now pursue their triumphant course according to suggestions thrown out by Schumann and Spohr. The marvellous flowering of chromaticism sews in this rich soil the seeds of continuous modulation; the Neapolitan sixth loses its transitional character and becomes an element of modulation. The uniform affinity

of tones to a central tonic disappears; emotionality and the conception of energy tend to transgress the tonal scheme and to assume the leadership on a new plane.

Then it was that one could discern in romantic music the incipient side of Debussyite harmony, later of contemporaneous harmony. The dissonant chords, having quitted the tonal plane, pass over to the sensitive plane of color—not to that color lavished by the orchestral combination of timbres, but to the color rightly known as harmonic, which justifies the etymology of the very word *chromaticism*. It was not in vain that Debussy manifested a predilection for *Images*, *Estampes*, or *Reflets*. The music issuing from Romanticism forsakes forms and harmonies that are crudely delimited. This is the connecting-link between musicians so diverse as Ravel, Delius, Cyrill Scott, or Moussorgsky. The value of the tones becomes a function of their transitory combinations. Thus we have altered chords that do not require resolution, being considered (even unconsciously) as moving on a plane other than the strictly tonal. Here we have not to deal with a stupid revolt against "the rules," as our hardened traditionalists affect to believe, but with a far different element, the esthetics of color. Classicism analyses; the group *Do-ré* rends it as a dissonance; it picks the notes apart by referring them both to one and the same tonality, and excludes one to the detriment of the other. Romanticism, followed by impressionism (and then by polytonality and atonality), considers this same group as a compound and, properly, a consonance, that is to say, an amalgam of two absolute tones. At bottom, there is an infinitely greater distance between Wagnerian harmony and classical harmony than between the harmony of Schönberg and that of Wagner; for with the classics the tonal plane remains intact, whereas with Wagner it no longer exists; and that is the crucial point.

One of the chords most familiar to romanticism, the interval of the second, thus takes on an absolute color-value, tested with a still timid touch in Liszt's "Années de Pèlerinage" (in the number "Au Bord d'une Source"), then with firm grasp in Debussy's "Minstrels." Soon there appears an amalgamation of these coloristic elements; with the seconds are combined the fifths, as in "Et la lune descend sur le temple qui fut."

Thenceforward the seventh-chords and ninth-chords figure as chords of resolution—the natural evolution upon the path toward liberation of the sense of hearing as regards dissonances, when we remember that even the third and sixth were long accounted as dissonances. With Grieg, even in harmonizations of popular

melodies, we encounter unresolved ninths and elevenths, *e.g.*, in his "Norwegische Bauerntänze," Op. 72, No. 5. The same *modus operandi* reappears with logical insistence in Debussy's "Cathédrale engloutie," where a very simple melody is uniquely harmonized with chords of the dominant seventh. In such wise the feeling for tonality is weakened in favor of a somewhat dreamy sweetness that we find elsewhere realized by the whole-tone scale. With this aim in view it appears in *Tristan*, Act II; and Debussy, in turn, generalizes its use in his "Cloches à travers les feuilles."

Parallel with this, since *Tristan*, goes the combination of tonalities. At the beginning of Act II the coalescence of the tonalities of C-minor and F-major aims at depicting the chase sweeping through the shivering night. The novelty of this aim thus imposes on the auditor a simultaneous combination of elements foreign to each other, which the ear had theretofore accepted under the guise of melodic successions. With Debussy we note this passage from the dynamic to the static in a curious phrase in his "Collines d'Anacapri." The tones of this melodic suite, once they have entered the ears, are fused into chords and attenuated by their precedent movement. The harshness of aggregations. Such is the normal outcome of isolated experiments by a Beethoven, who, in the Fifth Symphony, sounds the tonic and dominant chords simultaneously, or makes the dominant and tonic chords clash in the sonata "Les Adieux."

All these new values are animated by the supreme vital principle that rules modern harmony as it rules all contemporary art. It is the law of life, not of canonic beauty, that begot Rodin and Claudel. Now, many modern chords are altered only in order to realize this tension, this desire, that are the very token of life; this is one of the most palpable aspects of the art of Richard Strauss in the choice pages of *Salome* or *Elektra*.

In this esthetic realm where "movement" has become kind, the chords are so conceived as to permit their latent dynamic energy to exert itself at will in various directions. With each chord the music advances, as it were, on a revolving disc, and the hearer's curiosity is aroused together with his surprise at the unexpected turn it takes—a state of auditive anticipation analogous to that excited formerly by enharmonic progressions, whereby modern harmony acquires an incertitude of expression diversified like that of life itself, and unknown to classicism.

To-day harmony is penetrated with a consciousness of sonorous energy; where taste alone once held sway, a rude but powerful will asserts itself. This marks a new stage in the ancient feud

between the "verticalists" and the "horizontalists" that goes back to the sixteenth century. It has been signalized in the nineteenth by the victory of the verticalists, of harmony, to the hurt of melody and rhythm. And so we see at every point of the musical horizon attempts to discover fresher melodic contours and rhythms less shopworn. Saint-Saëns sought them in the Far East, Moussorgsky and Debussy in Russian melodies, Bartók in Hungarian songs, Falla in Spanish airs. The old practice (fallen into disuse since Bach) has been resumed of working with two melodic parts of equal importance. Compositions in this style, so acrimoniously accused by the advocates of the old harmony as "wanting in melody" and as "piling up dissonances"—in a word, as "incomprehensible"—are, on the contrary, for anyone who follows them "horizontally," replete with melodies; and the much denounced dissonances born of their encounters vanish from the mental vision of him who can detach his attention from the "one and only vertical." Of course, such listening requires effort, an effort not to seek, in each grouping of the notes, for the notes of the triad in closest affinity to that grouping. Simultaneous progression of two melodies in two different keys results in bitonality, and the progression of several melodies or melodic fragments gives polytonality. The brutalities of a Milhaud or a Hindemith are by no means the effect of a hit-or-miss anarchy. As Charles Koechlin, the expounder of modern harmony, very rightly says, "To the best of my knowledge this idea is opposed to historic truth." After the moving trills of the "Rossignol" (Poems of Leo Latil, 1914) with their voluptuous nocturnal swell, Milhaud felt himself yet more strongly drawn to polytonality. Thenceforward he studied it methodically, "teaching his ears" to grasp the multiform simultaneities of the triads by the aid of four-hand performances. Now, this method of procedure is open to discussion, but it makes little difference whether one favors empirical incursions into the vast forest or prefers to lay out regular paths. There is no doubt that the author of the "Choéphores" was won over both by the charm of bitonality and by the brutality of these clashes—the two poles of Milhaud's art. Withal, it was so natural! An epidemic pervaded the air, and *The Six* never pretended that they started it. After 1914 more than one centre of infection existed in Europe; recall the works of Stravinsky, of Casella, and—still further back—of Bartók and Arnold Schönberg. . . . A searching study would demonstrate that polytonality spread gradually; at first sporadically, by isolated fragments that should not, however, be ignored (in Bach, in Wagner, in Bruneau—a precursor of the younger

generation in that strange and more or less genial passage in "Le Rêve," *la douleur de l'évêque*;—in Maurice Ravel in the form of unresolved appoggiaturas, etc. . .). The liberties of Claude Debussy have also not failed to exert a very considerable influence. Darius Milhaud himself has convincingly shown, in an essay on polytonality and atonality, that "the day when canons other than at the octave were admitted, the principle of polytonality was set up," and he cites a fragment from No. 2 of Bach's four Duetti in which we recognize the desire to let each melodic line lead a separate tonal life. He finally shows that polytonal music is of diatonic origin, whereas atonal music has its source in chromaticism.

Honegger's style leans toward chromaticism and atonality, while with Milhaud or Strawinsky the tonal structure is in evidence. Polytonality merely reinforces the tonal principle, the basis of the ancestral harmonic system. Hence, the polytonalists, those whom fearful criticism treated not so long since as bolshevists, as aiders and abettors of the wrong note, are more rightly to be considered as reactionaries or, at the very least, as conservatives; whereas the veritable incendiaries are the partisans of atonality, who craftily undermine the old harmonic citadel with superchromaticism, and follow up the assault with the divisions of the semitone. Polytonality is not a revolution; it is an epochal procedure, as were the ninths and the whole-tone scales of Debussyism. But a little while, and it, too, will be outworn after a too hectic career.

Otherwise with atonality, which is a real revolt against the established order, and which, with diabolic malice, has battened on the chromaticism of Père Franck, that imprudent seraph.

And now Schönberg installs himself in the new kingdom, and organizes it with such artful perversity that for a moment he inveigled Ravel and Strawinsky; but, they are resisting as he abandons himself yet more hazardously to his delirious course; and to-day we see him enthroned in the midst of Europe and surrounded by his little troupe of janissaries, while the chiefs of the army of tonality watchfully encircle him and raise well-guarded ramparts around him—the *Œdipe-Roi* of Strawinsky, Falla's Concerto, Ravel's *Chansons Madécasses*. Schönberg himself is not immune to incertitudes and contradictions. The old tonal spirit seeks to avenge itself in the form, notably in his Quintet for flute, oboe, clarinet, horn and bassoon, composed in 1924. It is, in principle, strictly atonal. The preface to the Vienna edition insists on the fact that it is the first work wherein Schönberg applies the principles of twelve-tone composition. But it is con-

structed in the mould of the sonata, a fixed pattern whose origin and development are essentially tonal in character. The spirit, therefore, does not create its form; it contents itself with an academic formula. A Strawinsky never makes such mistakes. Neither does an Obouhov, his diametrical opposite, who, still younger and likewise purely atonal, repudiates all stereotyped forms; nor the livelier Honegger, who cultivates atonality without ever allowing it to devour him.

Shönberg teaches that consonant chords and dissonant chords are in the same class; that dissonances do not require "resolution"—*i. e.*, do not need to return to a predetermined tonal plane—and that the free employment of the twelve semitones (in a word, atonality) is perfectly legitimate. Legitimate, to be sure, but fraught with peril. This peril has been set forth with great acumen by Maurice Boucher:

By bursting all fetters one deprives oneself of means of expression. In that atonality where M. Schönberg disports himself, the only elements of contrast still remaining are rhythm, timbre, and tempo. The manifold play of light is darkened, for it is just the keys, the accursed common chords, which create coruscations by their clashes. Besides, it is they that blaze the route, mark the detours and generate dynamism. However pleasing the details, and however pure the interwoven lines may be, they all continue along the same plane enwrapped in neutral gray. In a word, atonality does not and can not possess variety in color and energy in movement. True emancipation is not to be found in it, but in a wider freedom in the impacts of tonalities such as is known under the name of polytonality.

Meantime, the affirmation of tonality becomes imperious with Strawinsky, so much so that step by step he grants a place of honor to the common chord that had been stifled by the dissonances. And from this same autocratic control atonal music is seeking to liberate itself by a multiplication of new intervals more numerous, more varied, more flexible, more subtle. It is affiliating itself with Asia, with that music that knows neither tempered scales nor conventional intervals and arbitrary mensurations, but (and here lies the worm in the fruit) also knew nothing of living rhythms and contrasting lights.

The quest of the quarter-tone is of ancient date; its modern propagandists—the Russians Koulbine, Matichine, Lourie, Wishnegradsky; the Czech Hába; the Germans Behrens, Senegalden, Richard Stein, Mager, Möllendorf; the Italians Baglioni and Busoni (the eulogist of the sixth-tone)—have no right to pose as original pioneers. Quarter-tones were known in the middle-ages. The attitude, however, of our present-day explorers is new, and

in accord with the contemporary connotation of the tones. Since romanticism, as I have said, a tone is only an aspect in perpetual transmutation. It is always on the move. In this the quarter-tones are affiliated with jazz, although not to be confounded with it. The "sliding" instruments in jazz cause the intervals between tones to glide into one another with a subtlety that enravishes the ear, whether by the shifting of the trombone-slide, or by the vibrating piston of the trumpet, or by the minute shift of the finger on the string of the violin. But, in jazz, these uncertain tones never lose their character of passing-notes, which in fine, enliven the tonality instead of obscuring it.

At present, in Russia, Abrahamov is glorifying the sixth-tone and talks of "detempering" music, which is translated in bolshevist acrostics by U. T. S., "Universal-Tone-System," besides the experiments of another Russian, Theremin, who invented the electro-magnetic apparatus producing "ethereal waves," showing that still more minute divisions may win not only a right to scientific mention, but also practical applicability.

But the general idea of infinitesimal divisions of tone can have no future until it summons up courage to be itself, that is to say, to set up a new musical system breaking away once for all from the traditional (and arbitrary) tempered system. Hába makes the mistake of integrating his sixth-tones in the ancient system, and thus creating what has been called "superchromaticism."

TIMBRES

The timbres, in their turn, have been stirred to a new life whereof Casella has made himself the prophet. From a simple subsidiary means of expression (so he wrote in 1921 in "Matière et Timbre") the rôle of tone-color all at once becomes so important with Debussy, so paramount with Strawinsky and Schönberg, that we are fairly forced to recognize the elevation of an element, that only yesterday seemed accessory, to a predominant position in our esthetics and our practical technique. Will some future day know a music essentially built up of timbres? It is quite possible. Schönberg, in his "Harmonielehre," already predicts *melodies of timbres*. I myself once ventured the hypothesis that a single chord might, at some not distant day, unite in its "simultaneity" a total of sensations and emotions equal to that unfolded in the "duration" of some given musical fragment. It is no longer chimerical to imagine a music emancipated from rhythm (an element in no wise musical) and the mazes of counterpoint, a music whose groupings of tones should obey no law

but their creator's imagination and the necessity of displaying a variety of coloration; a music that would be melodious—not in the primitive sense that we still attach to the term, but in the far broader significance of every coördinated succession of sonorities occupying time. Casella grounds his thesis on the acuteness of the sense of appreciation of the timbres that has existed for a long time in the Farthest East, where music proffers only an elementary rhythm, a naïve melody, a negligible harmony, but reinforces the sonorities with bells, gongs, flutes and lutes.

The contemporary search after "purity" finds further sustenance in this same domain of the timbres. There is a notable multiplication of sonatas for soli. In the history of music there has never been seen such a flowering of pieces for unaccompanied instruments, for pure timbres. Glance through the catalogue of Hindemith's works alone; between 1923 and 1925 it lists two sonatas for viola solo, three sonatas for violin solo, one sonata for violoncello solo; the sonatas for violin solo by Jarnach, Schnabel, Erdmann, the sonata for 'cello solo by Kodály. When instruments are grouped, the groupings are novel and ingenious, as in the *Ricercari* by Malipiero, who groups eleven instruments—4 woodwind (piccolo, oboe, clarinet, bassoon), 6 strings (4 violas, 1 'cello, 1 contrabass), and 1 brass-wind (horn); also in the quartet by Villa Lobos for flute, saxophone, celesta, harp, voice, *ad lib.* The German, Kurt Weill, writes melodies with accompaniment of flute, clarinet, horn and bassoon. In these experiments, and in a minimum of time, Webern (the original disciple of Schönberg) carries off the palm; he takes certain pure, isolated timbres, combines them for half a minute, and the result is a surprise and delight for the ear. And, speaking more generally, modern orchestration tends to dissociate the families of instruments; they are not "blended" as formerly; there are violent clashes, clearly delimited sonorous planes like the color-levels in cubist paintings.

Instruments fallen into disuse are being resuscitated; Ezra Pound has written an overture for the nasal tone of the *cornet de dessus*. The career of the saxophone is well known. A movement in favor of the viola is to be noted. In Germany, Hindemith has constituted himself the champion of these exhumations. The guitar is reborn, thanks to that dazzling virtuoso Andrés Segovia, who has created an entirely new literature for the instrument; add thereto Turina's *Sevillana*, Falla's *Hommage à Debussy*, and pieces by Ravel and Roussel. The clavecin is revived, thanks to Wanda Landowska. Just as the piano has entered the orchestra (we know the effect Stravinsky produced with the four pianos in his *Noces*), so

the clavecin has been incorporated into modern orchestras; Manuel de Falla employed it as early as 1924 in his *Retablo*, and three years later in his Concerto for clavecin and 5 instruments; Poulenc, in 1927, composed a *Concert champêtre* for clavecin and orchestra.

Thanks to jazz, the compass of the instruments is extended. The percussion has acquired a subtle variety of expression, the trumpet and trombone have learned to sing sweetly, the saxophone is a poet, the piano imitates the banjo, the banjo with its black arms replaces the white-armed harp, the clarinet and violin invent glissandos and tremolos.

The jazzo-flute, that whistle with slide that sings like a night-ingle, was deemed worthy by Ravel of a place in his *l'Enfant et les Sortilèges*. The saw wails with far-away, quavering voice and tremulous melancholy. The flex-a-tone, which is to the saw what drugget is to velvet, appears in swarms in Lord Berners' "Triumph of Neptune." There is a multiplication of mutes for the brass-wind, which has become frisky; it quacks, croaks, coughs, clucks, yawns, and transmogrifies the most venerable works, thanks to the tricks of jazz-orchestration. Beethoven has been jazzed, and Händel; someone has jazzed the national hymn of Germany, greatly scandalizing the old guardsmen; Czechoslovakia has even promulgated an edict for the protection of works of art, and the Allgemeiner Deutscher Musikverein demands one; to this Bernard Sekles, the teacher of Hindemith, retorts by opening a class for jazz in the Frankfort Conservatory, of which he is the director.

Many new experiments are being tried with the group of stringed instruments; to the regular quartet Leo Sir has added six new instruments of unusual make and dimensions—the *sursoprano* (a fourth above the violin), the *mezzo-soprano* (same accordatura as the violin), the *contralto* (same accordatura as the viola), the *baritone* and the *tenor* (a fifth above the violoncello), and, in particular, the *sous-basse* (a fourth below), which, more sympathetic than the double-bass, diffuses over the ensemble a warm and full-bodied sonority. (Honegger has written a "Hymne pour Dixtuor à Cordes" intended for this group of instruments.)

The human voice is the object of fruitful experiments. The "instrumental rôle" of voices employed as pure timbres is of striking effect with Debussy (*Sirènes*), Ravel (*Daphnis et Chloé*), Schmitt (*Tragédie de Salomé*), and Scriabine (*Prometheus*). The expressive value of the notes is no longer taken into account. Such was already the attitude of Nietzsche, to whom the words of a song were indifferent, emotion being born of pure tone, an incantation that neither has nor cares to have significance for dialectics.

Certain Russian songs (the *Puce* or the *Khlost* in *Boris Godounow*) have no intellectual significance; they become intelligible only by virtue of musical emotion. Some of Strawinsky's songs, of a popular cast, are comprehensible only from this point of view. Hence it comes that the voice tends to introduce itself into chamber-music as an element of pure timbre, for example in the Septet of Hoérée, by turns in flexible and insistent vocalizes, and in a song by Paul Fort, or again in Kurt Weill's "Frauentanz," where the soprano soars above the flute, the viola, the clarinet, horn and bassoon. . . . In Janáček's operas one is struck by the abundance of "mélodies parlées"; in the recitatives the rhythmic details are not noted, they have to be created by the singer himself in accord with the poetic phrase, on a tune whose approximate pitch is indicated by a semibreve. Authoritative patterns have been set by the voices of negro singers, like those in the vocal ensemble of Fisk University, by Roland Hayes, by the Sophomores and the Revellers, by Vaughn de Leath, or Jack Smith, that have been appropriated by the phonograph; we hear incessant glissades, and cooings, and abrupt passages from chest-tones to head-tones, and guttural or liquid sounds, an unheard-of suppleness. A myriad of subtle inflexions transform little songs of miraculous fatuity into psychological poems. Listen to Vaughn de Leath; she conducts her voice amidst the instruments as an acrobat winds his body through the tackling of the stage. How remain insensible to this art of passing—with feigned nonchalance—from song into rhythmic speech? The playful instinct of a diminutive Creole concurs with the most recondite vocal experiments of a Schönberg and the most mystic researches of an Obouhow. Schönberg (in the *Gurrelieder*, and later in *Pierrot Lunaire*) utilizes the spoken song (*Sprechgesang*). In his score he marks with square notes the pitch and duration of the tone; but, within this duration, the voice has liberty of inflexion. Each note is a starting-point, and between the notes the voice directs its inflexions at pleasure. Schönberg's scheme thus adds to song a sonorous chiaroscuro that emphasizes its characteristic emotional expression, and introduces into the semitonic tempered system all the scintillation of the infinitesimal subdivisions of tone. The treatment of the voice in Obouhow's *Livre de Vie* is no less astonishing. Boris de Schloezer has graphically described it as follows:

The glissando appears for the first time in the *Poèmes liturgiques*, and its employment becomes general in the *Livre de Vie*, where we find glissandos through any interval from the semitone to the octave. It is certain that Obouhow at first regarded this procedure merely as a new

and very powerful means of expression; indeed, these glissandos affect the auditor intensely, for they produce, especially in ascending, the impression of veritable outcries, of shrieks of joy or anguish. In time Obouhow realized what a purely musical effect might be attained by this practice, which provided him with a means for introducing into his very solidly constructed music, with its well-defined scaffolding, the iridescence of non-tempered tones. With the glissando the whole infinitude of the world of tones has burst in upon tempered music.

Since then it is nothing to wonder at when the voice passes abruptly to the falsetto, or suddenly whistles a note or two, or even an entire phrase. The chorus sings by turns with open mouth, closed mouth, inspiring, expiring, murmuring, shouting. The vocal unity of one and the same person disappears; the rôle of God, in the *Livre de Vie*, is sung by four voices—a bass, a baritone, a tenor, and a soprano.

This presents, in subtle shape, a mélange of tone and noise. Milhaud goes to work differently. In his *Choéphores* he obtains surprising effects by directing that the text shall not be sung, but declaimed in measure according to a prescribed rhythm, and sustained by the instruments of percussion alone. On this head he says:

In 1915 I wrote the *Choéphores* according to the same principles as the music of *Agamemnon*; only now, throughout the piece, there are numerous chanted scenes—the *Vocifération funèbre*, at the entry of the *Choéphores*; the *Libation d'Électre*; *Incantation* by the chorus, Electra and Orestes at the tomb of Agamemnon; thereafter two scenes whose savage, cannibalistic character presented one of the most complex problems for resolution. The lyric element was not musical. How interpret, how organize this hurricane? Then it came to me to let the text be spoken in measure, rhythmized and conducted as if it were sung; I wrote spoken choruses, sustained by an orchestration composed solely of instruments of percussion. And, for the close, after the murder of Clytemnestra, a ponderous *Hymne à la Justice* in which music resumes its rights, and which is composed for chorus and orchestra.

This intentionally brutal exuberance exasperates those impatient censors who are unable to discover therein his ardor for research, the temperament of an inventor and the prudence of calculation. This wild scene in the *Choéphores*, where "organized noise" reigns supreme, demonstrates afresh that all of music is not forever confined in the twelve notes of the piano. Emotional grandeur has more than one face; and the same public that was convulsed with fury in 1919 over the first fragmentary performance of the work proves to-day, by its enthusiasm, that the ground gained during ten years by our young music is ground fairly won.

In all this we identify the influence of Negro music. European music has perseveringly sought to immaterialize tone, to purge it of noise, to elevate it into a serene, ideal region of otherworldliness. Now, all researches into Negro art arrive at the conclusion that this art, on the contrary, attaches itself obstinately to actual life; the dance to work, the song to outcry or prayer, music to noise. Under this carnal impulsion tone abandons its ideal empyrean and returns to mingle with the laments and discords of earth. The fall of an angel, say the supporters of traditional culture. The salt of the earth, reply the researchers into art. The former do not consider that the Negroes are stylists in noises, giving them esthetic value. The latter are in the wrong if they welcome all noises just because they are noises. That is what may be learned from the slam-bang futurists, as classified by the Italian Russolo. His thesis runs approximately as follows:

Pure tone is monotone; it no longer arouses any emotion whatever. Now, *machinisme* (the use of effect-producing appliances) has created a vast number of noises that can be rendered musical. There is only a difference of quantity between a tone and a noise. It is, therefore, possible to enrich the orchestra with instruments so constructed as to reproduce the timbre of a noise (*bruit*).

In 1921 the orchestra of the *bruiteurs* comprised 29 instruments classified thus: 3 hululeurs, 3 grondeurs, 3 crépiteurs, 3 strideurs, 3 bourdonneurs, 3 gloulouteurs, 2 éclateurs, 1 sibileur, 4 croasseurs, 4 froufrouteurs.¹ In practice, only the hululeurs and the crépiteurs have proved their usefulness, and have served in the construction of a new apparatus called the *rumorharmonium*.

All these explorations in the domain of noises have tended to strengthen the percussion, which has attained unheard-of proportions with the Franco-American Varèse; his orchestral poem *Intégrales* has seventeen different parts in the "battery." He employs, among other unusual instruments, the snare-drum, the Indian drum, the Chinese blocks, the Chinese cymbal, the anvil, and the electric siren.

Noise is becoming organized, and its organization runs parallel with that of mechanical music. At the festival held in Baden-Baden in August, 1927, the place occupied by the latter in contemporary musical life was made manifest; in particular, there was played the "Ballet mécanique" of the American, George Antheil, in which are engaged six electric pianos, eight xylophones, four drums, two electromotors with snoring attachment, one siren,

¹Literal translations are very diffidently volunteered:—3 howlers, 3 growlers, 3 cracklers, 3 creakers, 3 boomers, 3 guggugglers, 2 detonators, 1 sibilator, 4 croakers, 4 rustlers.

discs of zinc and steel, and two full octaves of small electric bells. What a chance for good folk to marvel and mock! However, in any event, our American is no more venturesome than Mozart, who wrote a very pleasing work for the mechanical organ, or than Weber, a rondo by whom is mentioned as composed in 1811 for the *harmonichord*, a Hoffmannesque instrument invented by Kaufmann.

And now a journalist, noting how the wind blows, has started an inquiry on "what mechanical music is, and what it will be." He has asked several well-known composers whether they think that the progress made of late years by this kind of music will have a beneficial effect on music and musicians, or menace the future of orchestras and virtuosos. Among the published replies, three—those of Vincent d'Indy, Max d'Ollone, and Paul Dukas—are especially noteworthy.

M. d'Indy opines that mechanical appliances cannot injure music in any way, because to his mind mechanics bear no relation to music, "for music derives its life from expression, and the mechanical is essentially inexpressive." He adds that mechanical music may injure performing musicians considerably, from a material point of view, whenever a majority of idiotic snobs shall have established the preponderance of the machine over human feeling. "Art (he continues) can consist only in communication from man to man, or, I should rather say, from soul to soul, a communication that the machine is, and ever will be incapable of creating."

M. d'Ollone displays the liveliest antipathy for everything mechanical, and "for the purely material progress of our epoch." He admits that the phonograph may be "quite useful for singing-teachers and students of singing, by enabling them (through many repeated hearings of the same disc) to take cognizance of the varied styles of emission and interpretation of celebrated artists of every school and all countries." He concedes that the radio affords some diversion for the sick and infirm.

Lastly, M. Dukas declares that, while none of the mechanical instruments which he has had an opportunity of hearing produced any impression on him other than of scientific curiosity, these instruments "will some day doubtless attain artistic value; but, to serve as satisfactory substitutes for the living execution, they will always lack that which constitutes, in great part, the potency of the latter, and its charm—the presence of the interpreters, the bonds of feeling subsisting between them and the audience, the diversity of interchanges that result therefrom and that inces-

santly modify the details of the execution, so that one may affirm that no work is ever played twice in the same manner." Hence he concludes that mechanical fixity, however perfect, will never injuriously affect interpreters of high rank, and will serve others "in like measure as a photograph flatters certain faces. Radio is certainly destined for the widest diffusion. But it has not fully succeeded in the matter of purity of transmission. In this regard certain discs, and player-pianos, are furthest in advance. All these means of sonorous emission unquestionably favor the diffusion of music by bringing it to the homes of countless thousands who had never heard it. I do not believe that they will in future deter those who attend concerts and theatres from listening to music under different conditions more favorable to its enjoyment."

It would seem that mechanical music, even in its infancy, is the victim of a confusion wherein one sees, without distinguishing them, both "reproductive" and "creative" apparatus. That is why we regret to note the intervention of Radio in this affair; up to the present it is an instrument of diffusion, a vehicle, and nothing more. For the phonograph the question is more complex, and it may already be asserted that the disc-machine can be not merely a museum, but a laboratory as well. It possesses a peculiar individuality which a well-informed musician can use to his advantage; perhaps the time is not distant when a composer will be able to offer to the recording-station a piece written expressly for the phonograph. With the player-piano another step forward has been taken in the realm of art, for that instrument can now interpret musical ideas and intentions that no other is capable of interpreting. That Strawinsky has for some years been taking so lively an interest in the Pleyela, is because he has discovered possibilities in them that were not proffered him by the hand-organ, the "orgue de Barbarie" so facetiously prescribed in the first tableau of *Petrouchka*. One of said possibilities, for example, is the striking of chords or successions of chords with so numerous notes and with such rapidity that a virtuoso having forty fingers would be incapable of executing them. Thus the machine realizes combinations impossible for man. It may be contended that music had got along without them hitherto, and had not suffered on that account. But then the reply would be in order, that nothing is negligible which can help to produce a new thrill, and I do not think "that they have regretted the experience" who heard the rolls on the Pleyela accompanying the film by Jean Grémillon, "Tour au large," with their deluges of notes, their

sea of sound-waves, their flow and ebb of headlong chords animated by a new spirit; or the "Magicien prodigieux" of the Frenchman Jaubert, that combines glissandos in multiple notes with several instruments of percussion and three female voices; or the works written expressly for the mechanical piano by the young German group of Hindemith, Toch and Münch.

And here, too, we are again confronted by the rallying-cry of the epoch—Purity, Simplicity. The mechanical piano is aiding and abetting this purity. It is monochromatic, "white" in tone, especially in the acute registers, translucent and dry as parchment. It is a great mistake to think that it is simply a piano played by a mechanism; it is an instrument that has a style of its own; its soul, if not human, is nevertheless alive, and the more alive the further it withdraws from the colorful sonority of the great virtuosos. We can no longer doubt that a new technique will be born of the mechanical piano, for it is a matter of experience and an historical fact, that the language of music is enriched in the same measure as the instruments are perfected. And while it is important to follow the progress of mechanical music, it is far less for the purpose of learning whether the virtuosos will be devoured by that ogre, than to discover to what sauce he will adapt the tongue of to-morrow.

(Translated by Theodore Baker.)

MUSIC AND THE CENTENARY OF ROMANTICISM

By JULIEN TIERSOT

ROMANTICISM, that movement of the spirit which has so brilliantly, even profoundly, renewed the forms of poetry and of the arts, to-day, now that the celebration of its centenary is in process, has called forth little else than manifestations of a literary sort. It is important that music, which had a considerable share in its activity, be not forgotten in this commemoration. The following pages are given over to determining the place which it is rightfully entitled to take.

* * *

The century was two years old—and the poet was born!

Then, when it was three, two musicians came into the world: One was named Hector Berlioz; the other Adolphe Adam.

It seems a strange coupling of names. Two men so different in nature, in spirit and in their works, the one and the other born in that same year of 1803 which followed immediately upon the advent of Victor Hugo, and the one and the other in full creative fling during that epoch of 1830 which was the focus of romantic activity.

Yet why should we be surprised? If the bedazzlement called forth by the irradiation of works conceived and realized during a period thus superabundantly vital prevents us from fixing our attention on less audacious manifestations of the traditional spirit, need we therefore conclude that such did not exist? Without doubt Hugo, Lamartine, Vigny, de Musset and Gautier were then revealing the treasures of a poetry whose existence hitherto had not been suspected. Yet this did not prevent the Scribes, the Andrieux, the Legouvés, at the self-same time, from writing verses and stage pieces in their own way, which was not so daring. The revolutionaries of 1830 were opposed by the doctrinaires, and those who had taken part in the "days of July" soon saw Louis-Philippe raised up against them; it was long before those shining luminaries—which some, it is true, claimed were merely fires of straw—were at least momentarily extinguished.

The conviction was unjustified: a century later that radiance still dazzles us.

Moreover, even those who appeared to resist the impulse which swayed the whole world, could not always defend themselves against it. We will confine ourselves to music in this connection; considering it more closely, we are surprised to note how great an influence the spirit of Romanticism exerted upon the composers who seemed least inclined to yield to it. Some, without departing from the rigidity of the classic forms, were unconsciously impregnated with this sentiment foreign to preceding ages and their proper education.

One of the first instances of the use of the word "romantic" in literature had been pointed out in a description by Jean-Jacques Rousseau, which qualified as "romantic" the incult banks of a Swiss lake. Now, not long after, in 1792, twenty-five years before the Preface to "Cromwell," a mere journalist (it is true that he was a contributor to a periodical of good literary quality, the *Chronique de Paris*, whose editor-in-chief was Condorcet), speaking of a young master who had no more than made his first essays, set down these words: "Citizen Méhul's music is romantic." Nevertheless, no musician is more classic, symmetric, academic than is the author of *Stratonice* and of *Joseph*; at bottom the accents which traverse *Phrosine et Mélidor*, *Ariodant* and *Le jeune Henri* have something of that melancholy, that acridity characteristic of the spirit and the art destined soon to develop and spread.

Lesueur, in 1804—the year of Napoleon's coronation as emperor—had performed an opera based on Ossian, he too spontaneously obeying the same influence to which great minds—Goethe—powerful men of action—Napoleon—had yielded.

Even mere composers of comic opera were in a degree carried away by it. *La Dame blanche* has almost merited the qualification, with which it has been honored, of being a French *Freischütz*. In order to treat this subject drawn from Walter Scott, Boieldieu had steeped himself in Scotch folk-songs, dreamy and nostalgic; he has introduced some of them as themes in his work, and assimilated them to a point which allowed him at times to recall their very accent in his own creations.

Auber's *La Muette de Portici* is a work in lively colors in which, fixed with exceptional vivacity, one recognizes those impressions cherished by the lovers of Italy, from Stendhal and Lamartine to de Musset, George Sand, Liszt or Gérard de Nerval. Nothing like Auber's score had been heard in music before 1828, the year in which it appeared.

Rossini himself, the incarnation of a sensual art altogether opposed to the reveries of *Sehnsucht*, nevertheless, in his *Guillaume Tell* knows how to evoke the poesy of Alpine nature, on occasion, by happily reproducing, in stylized imitation, its special and suggestive inflexions.

Meyerbeer, a typical representative of musical eclecticism, is able to enter into the spirit of the time, arranging it to suit his own taste in the deviltries of *Robert le Diable*; and he draws interesting tableaux of old Paris in *Les Huguenots*—the same thing that Hérold does in his *Pré aux Clercs*; two works which owe their being to the writings of Prosper Mérimée.

Then why should we refuse to mention in addition the comic opera composer whose name was presented in the first lines of this study, Adolphe Adam? *Le Châlet*—that one among his works which had lasted longest, for all that its music so soon became old-fashioned—was written on a poem taken from Goethe who, in turn, had endeavored to imitate the popular songs of Switzerland, no doubt conventional enough, whose vogue so many writers and artists had established in the course of half a century.

It is very true that at bottom all these musicians had merely followed the taste of their day, from which they did not wish to depart too ostensibly, since they were not the men to break with the existing mode. Themselves timid folk, enemies of audacities and innovations, they were in their souls hostile to the influence of the true romantic spirit. Notwithstanding, no matter how imperfectly they may have reacted to its impulse, they brought forth a group of works forming a repertory which has lived for more than a century; whose style and general aspect are altogether different from what hitherto had existed; and which represented, in dramatic music, something we might comprise under the general title of "the French opera of 1830."

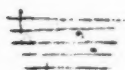
Yet beside them, and living near them, for all that their lives do not impinge, was revealed a man who, himself, actually was musical Romanticism incarnate, and who has deserved the place he holds in the first rank of the most glorious representatives of that epoch, so fertile in geniuses. His own contemporaries have paid homage to his superiority. Théophile Gautier, after passing in review the poets, writers, artists, sages and historians, ends by proclaiming the existence of a romantic trinity, which he constitutes by naming a poet, a painter and a musician: the three elect being Victor Hugo, Eugène Delacroix and Hector Berlioz.

Berlioz, in fact, could be put forward with reason as the veritable type of the "romantic" man, in his life as in his works.



Weimar 22 Nov:
1852

Monsieur



Qu'on vous voulez bien attacher quelque priet
à un autographe de moi, voici deux lignes
extraites du trio du 1^{er} acte de Beethoven Collini:

Andante

Collini

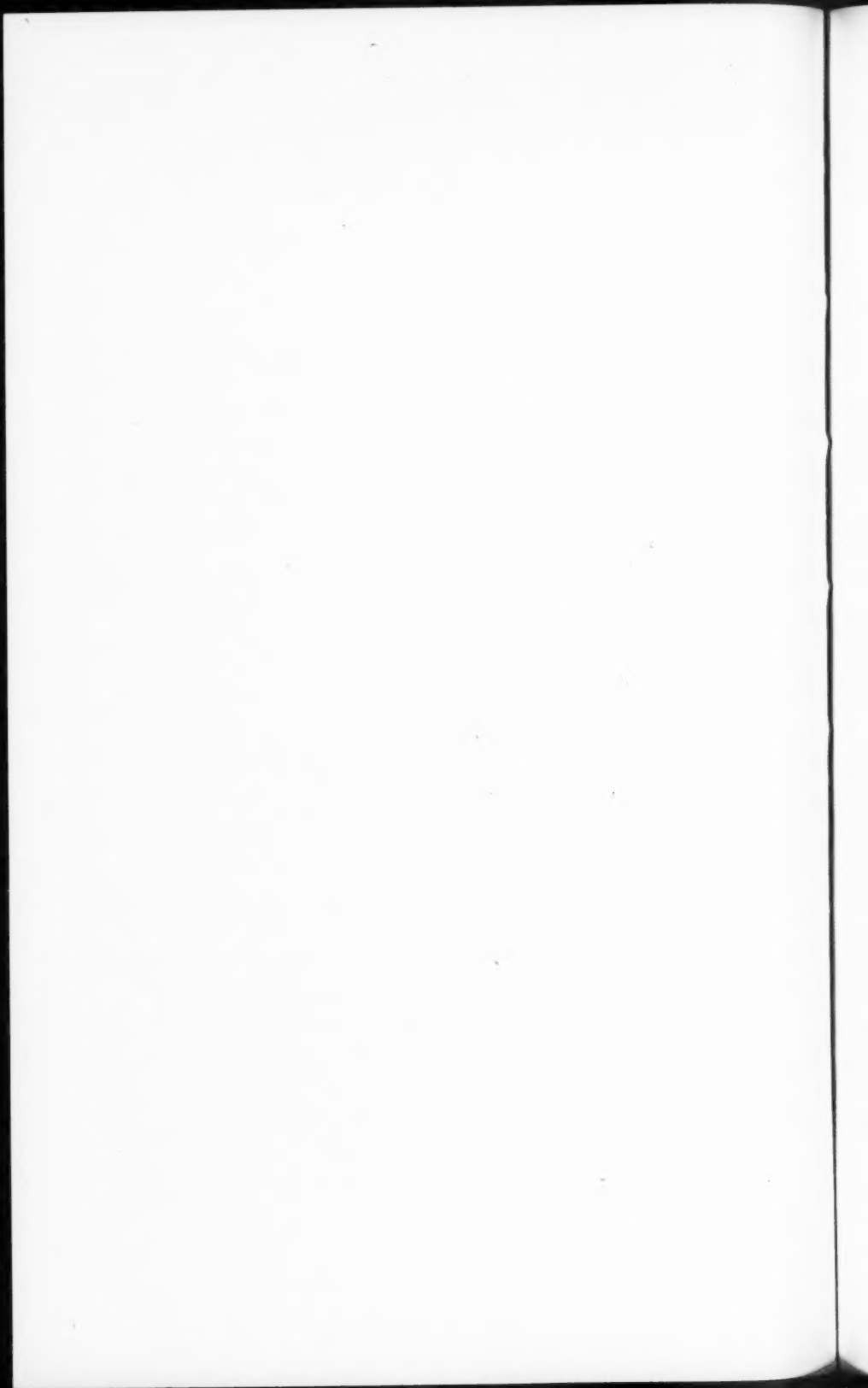
O te-re-sa vous que j'aime plus que ma

Vi-e au nom des saints au nom des saints

-re-sa! ma vi-e!

Hector Berlioz

(Courtesy of the Library of Congress.)



He was one of those "children of the age," which another among them has defined after his own image, "an ardent generation, pale, nervous, conceived by its restless mothers in the intervals between battles," exposed to the blows of ill fortune and despair; whose "exalted, suffering souls were enwrapt in morbid dreams and who bowed their heads in tears. . . ." As a youth, in the fields of his natal Dauphiné, in sight of the Alps, Berlioz abandoned himself to solitary reveries, seeking in Virgil and even Florian the poetic impressions which his genius so strangely misshaped. There he fell victim to a pure passion for a lovely young girl—singing the romances of the Empire and already familiarizing himself with the genius of Gluck—a girl whom, in his old age, he met again as a grandmother and for whom, to his last day, he retained a moving attachment.

Arrived at Paris to take up the study of medicine, he soon devoted himself altogether to music, cultivating the great works with well-nigh fanatic enthusiasm, and violently inimical to all that seemed to him to represent a soulless art, like Italian music, the operas of Rossini, for which, as the Misanthrope declares, he had conceived "a terrible hatred." That which he could admire at this time belonged, it is true, to a past altogether classic; yet he was able to rediscover in Gluck and in Spontini, in Méhul and Dalayrac, vibrations which he found no difficulty in bringing into consonance with his own soul moods.

At last there came the day when he found those examples of which he stood in need in order to fecundate his own youthful genius—and this happened in exactly that year of 1827 whose centenary we celebrated two years ago, and which has everywhere seen reaffirmed the supremacy of the romantic spirit. One after another, as he himself has written, Berlioz received three great spiritual shocks. Shakespeare's works were revealed to him; and that, to cap all, as reflected by an actress who, playing the rôles of Ophelia and Julia, inspired in him one of those fatal passions which were a secret of his age, an actress whom he ended by marrying after the most characteristic junctures of his romantic career. He also read Goethe's "Faust." The two poets, English and German, were, in consequence, to become the inspirers of his principal master works. Finally—and this constituted an even more direct influence—he came to know Beethoven's symphonies, which the Concerts du Conservatoire, actually founded under the Master's patronage, triumphantly revealed to the French public soon after his death. In them Berlioz saw a form, novel to him, within which he immediately realized he must confine the inspiration

boiling in him. On the morrow of the day on which he had heard the Pastoral Symphony, he conceived the *Symphonie Fantastique*, and began the task of its actual setting down.

Hence Berlioz, at one and the same time, is affiliated with the two centenaries of 1827: that of Romanticism, and that of Beethoven's death.

It was upon the very day of his début that he uttered the audacious phrase: "I have taken up music at the point where Beethoven left it." A truly surprising situation, yet one which, lofty as it was, for all its loftiness was not immoderate. Berlioz is the immediate child, the most authentic successor of Beethoven. He continues him and, logically, passes beyond him not, to be true, with regard to genius, but by his onward march along the road his glorious Master had traced.

It has been asked whether the evolution of the symphony should not have been brought to a close with Beethoven? Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Brahms, who came after him, did not, it has been objected, in any way enrich his offering; they did no more than enlarge the repertory with some new unities. It is, indeed, true that after the Heroic, the Symphony in C minor, the Pastorale, the Ninth, these masters, for all their genius, have not made the art of the symphony register any progress. The works which they have written in this form have rather emerged out of the tradition of Mozart and Haydn; as to Beethoven, he represents a summit beyond which there can be no question of further ascent.

Yet, first of all, is it necessary that one rise ever and ever higher? And, once the heights attained, does one not have to redescend? It is even possible that the new descending course offers an opportunity to discover new lands. He who, having climbed Mont Blanc from the Savoyan side, pushes on down the opposite incline, encounters on the way Aosta and Courmayeur, which do not resemble Chamounix, yet have a beauty all their own. The same applies to the German symphonists who succeeded Beethoven: they have not sought to pass beyond him; they follow him, assuredly, on a lower level; yet none the less they are entitled to their place in the sun.

On the contrary, there are others who, instead of descending, have made a point of maintaining themselves on the heights: despite their asperities they have made it a point to follow the upper reaches, and there, in turn, they have made discoveries. This was so in Berlioz's case. In his youthful ardor he left his guide only to undertake new explorations; and he discovered landscapes really quite different.

Beethoven's great symphonies owe their transcendent merit to other than purely musical qualities. They introduced novel elements; without in any way rejecting the classic forms, they added to their spiritual content; the symphony became a music of ideas. Their composer's personality, his very soul were ostensibly revealed in them. Who can challenge the fact that in his Pastoral Symphony Beethoven himself is present, exhaling his contentment as he walks through the countryside dear to him, dreaming by a brook, mingling with the rustic games of the peasantry, trembling in sympathy with the storm, voicing in a hymn his adoration for nature's Creator? These personal impressions do not prevent the composition from being perfectly regular, and, a few liberties excepted, from conforming to traditional models. The first and second movements, an Allegro and an Andante, are constructed in the forms which were used before Haydn's time. The peasants' divertissement is a dance, a scherzo. In the last movement the work departs somewhat from the time-honored models; yet these innovations are Beethoven's own contribution, and he has offered further examples of them in his Fifth and Ninth Symphonies, and even in the Third. It is his addition by and through which he has made the symphony achieve an advance in liberating it from superannuated constraints.

Of this advance, which his German successors forbore to exploit, the Frenchman Berlioz, in his first attempt, sought to take advantage for his own purposes. He had just heard the Pastoral Symphony; and on the spot he conceived and wrote the *Symphonie Fantastique*.

The dates are available to prove the actuality of this interconnection. It was in 1826 that Beethoven's symphonies were performed for the first time in Paris, at the Paris Conservatoire; by 1829, the *Fantastique* had been composed or was nearly completed; in the spring of 1830 this work by this youth still occupying a student bench motived a first tentative performance. The order of succession of these facts is rigorous and close.

Very unjustly, the right to qualify as a genuine symphony has at times been denied the *Symphonie Fantastique*, though it is as much a symphony as any Beethoven wrote. The first movement is constructed with the greatest formal regularity: a slow introduction, an Allegro on two principal themes, modulating to the dominant with the customary reprise, and developing according to the most normal rules of tonality, despite apparent liberties. *Le Ball?* It is a dance air, as is the minuet in Haydn's case, and who would have wished to prevent a musician of the 1830ties

from conceiving this portion of his symphony in the rhythm of the dance most characteristic of his time, the waltz? *La Scène aux champs*? If it deserve a reproach of any kind, it is that of modelling all too faithfully after Beethoven's *Am Bach*. Candidly admitted, the feeling of these two pages is altogether different. In Beethoven's movement is entire calmness, entire serenity; that of Berlioz reflects the sombre and desolate mien of the romanticist conceptions. The first ends with a delicate imitation of the twittering of birds; while instead of a rustic concert Berlioz makes the thunder crash. Nevertheless, the initial idea is the same: it is by means of nature's sounds that each composer, following his own temperament, concludes and completes his tone-painting. And as for the final movements, we find enough liberties in structure taken by Beethoven, not to be surprised that Berlioz followed his example. It is no abnormality, therefore, when in conclusion the latter makes us listen to a "March to the Scaffold," which in Berlioz's work is as appropriately introduced as is the warrior march in the "Ode to Joy," or the "Storm," in the Pastorale, drawing a powerfully evocative picture of lucubrations dear to the romanticist heart—grotesque images and witches' dances.

Need we add that Berlioz, for his first attempt, by an effort of genius as spontaneous as it was precocious, fashioned a definitive work, creating a whole new apparatus of sonorities and rhythms, establishing the technique of an orchestral color on which we, a whole century later, still subsist to-day, Berlioz thus proclaiming himself from the first the authentic creator of modern music?

Although the differences between the spiritual natures of Berlioz and Beethoven (we are always compelled to return to this last composer) be considerable, this is something which need not be questioned. Beethoven is all thought, Berlioz all passion and action. Out of this discrimination itself evolved a result interesting from the point of view of the symphony's latest evolution. Beethoven, entirely concentrate and introspective as he was, lived in his work. He communicated to it his own personal vibration; it breathed through him. Yet we do not behold his silhouette; it is invisible, though present.

Berlioz, a rationalistic spirit, an exterior nature, does not hesitate to reveal himself. To that end he creates an element which Beethoven had not anticipated: the central theme, running through the entire work, by which the composer represents himself. We need not try to decide whether this novelty constitutes an advance: it is, in any event, a consequence, a result. It is important from various points of view. Musically, it has led to

the conception of the cyclic composition built up on a principal theme which circulates from one to the other end of a work. Dramatically, it contains the germ of the idea of the characteristic theme, the "leading motive," as it was later called, and which was soon to take so great a place in the language of music.

It is a French artist who may claim the credit of having had this intuition, and of having determined its first realizations. The "fixed idea" of the *Fantastique*, the viola melody which traverses the entire *Harold en Italie* symphony are, in this respect, models whose importance must not be underestimated.

Pushing the consequences of his inventions further and further ahead, it was not long before Berlioz wished to represent in his musical works, not only himself, but imaginary personages, outside himself. He is impelled to write a third symphony by his Shakespearian reminiscences—they, too, dating from 1827. The feelings of these imaginary personages, their dialogue, even their actions, are represented by corresponding themes characteristic of each, which are transformed in the musical discourse in accord with the successive episodes. Thus the "dramatic symphony" is created; it is a harmonious and evocative commentary on "Romeo and Juliet."

At the time when Berlioz produced this work—twelve years after his initiation—he had about him a young German musician, poor and obscure, come to Paris to seek his fortune there, and that, incidentally, without having been prudent enough to equip himself with the wherewithal which would allow his genius to make itself felt; for as yet he had done nothing. He was called Richard Wagner. He was present, as we know, at the first performance of *Roméo et Juliette* and was vividly touched by it. His emotion showed itself in different ways, first of all in the shape of lively criticisms which he addressed to the French composer, his senior in the musical career. Yet in the depths of his soul Wagner had responded to an influence quite apparent, traces of which it is by no means impossible to note in the detail of his works. Above all, though he seemed to blame Berlioz's conception of the "dramatic symphony," he knew well how to profit by it for, returning to his own land, he there created the "symphonic drama." Irrespective of whatever differences there may be between these two art forms, they nevertheless are closely related: the "symphonic drama" is the direct issue of the "dramatic symphony." Then, when Wagner later paid homage to Berlioz in his "Tristan" score, it was with entire justice that he was able to set down on its first page the following dedication: "To the dear and great

composer of *Roméo et Juliette*, the grateful composer of *Tristan und Isolde*!" This gratitude was correctly motivated, and inspired by a multiplicity of reasons.

Now the point of departure of all this, the first impulsion given this movement, whence all that is of importance in the musical production of the century which was to follow took its start, the centenary of Beethoven's death, the centenary of Romanticism, still harks back to this year 1827. Musicians, in very truth, have just as many reasons as the poets to invoke this date, whose commemoration was an imperative duty for them as well as for their colleagues.

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Having thus made his début and undergone a normal course of development, Berlioz might have hoped to win during his lifetime the glory which genius has a right to expect. He was cruelly deprived of this recompense. He found himself constantly confronted with obstacles which he had to overcome, and against which he more than once thought he would be broken. An independent, even aggressive spirit, he did not know how to adapt himself to the men in power in his day. In the musical world of that time he was isolated: never did he see any but hostile faces. It is true that he cared little for their prejudices and rules. Like a good Romanticist he declared war against that which, with some, passed muster for sacrosanct principles. Like Victor Hugo he paid no respect to the traditional forms, rhythms, tonalities and harmonies. The poet, flavoring his sarcasm with imagery, had said:

Je mis un bonnet rouge au vieux dictionnaire,
.....
J'ai pris et démoli la bastille des rimes.
.....Le vers, qui sur son front
Jadis portait toujours douze plumes en rond,
Et sans cesse sautait sur la double raquette
Qu'on nomme prosodie et qu'on nomme étiquette,
Romp désormais la règle et trompe le ciseau,
Et s'échappe, volant qui se change en oiseau,
De la cage césure. . . .

I put a red cap on the olden dictionary,
.....
Seized and destroyed the old Bastille of rhymes.
.....The line, whose brow once had found
Itself invariably with twelve plumes wreathed around,
Obeying the battledore and shuttlecock

Of prosody and rules in ceaseless shock,
Now breaks those rules, the cutting shears deceives,
Escapes, changed to a flying bird that leaves,
Its cage of scansion. . . .

Berlioz, in his art, did likewise. He was fond of shifting the accents in his measures, of multiplying their syncopations, their irregular, angular rhythms, not recoiling from the clashes of notes which terrified the classic purists. His harmony is essentially modulatory, in a degree which makes it possible, in certain of his pages, to note the first traces of that polytonality so highly esteemed to-day. All this lends his music a physiognomy decidedly different from all that in his day was played around and about him.

For the rest, he excelled in drawing pictures vast in dimensions. He was the man of the musical fresco. And all his works are garbed in a robe of splendid, varied, original orchestration of his own creation, one which makes him the supreme master of color.

He came to a sad end after a painful existence, all toil and effort. His master-work, *La Damnation de Faust*, nearly ruined him. He regarded as highly important his *Requiem*, a work of gigantic proportions, a macabre, decidedly romantic evocation of the terrors of the Judgment Day, whose idea and its realization had haunted him throughout his youth. At the moment when he felt himself abandoned by all, however, he asked what he was to do with a composition whose performance demanded the participation of a huge chorus and of five orchestras; for he had stationed at the four points of the compass, about the principal instrumental body, groups of trumpets sounding the terrible fanfare, *tuba mirum spargens sonum*, rousing the dead and forcing them to leave their tombs.

He never achieved success on the dramatic stage. An opera which he composed on a subject drawn from artist life, and based on impressions of his wanderings through Italy, *Benvenuto Cellini*, failed. And yet it contains pages full of color and vitality. His overture, the *Carnaval romain*, one of his best orchestral compositions, is constructed on some of the *Cellini* themes.

Grown wiser with age, cautioned by practical necessity, he returned at a late hour to the reminiscences of his pious childhood by writing an oratorio, *L'Enfance du Christ*, in which he revealed himself under a new aspect; and the treasures of pure and fragrant melody which he poured into this work were unanimously praised.

Under these same impressions, evoked by a return to his past, he ended his career as a composer by writing a vast dramatic work, *Les Troyens*, a veritable musical epic, in which he completed Virgil by a harmonic contribution truly worthy of the poet and of the Mediterranean spirit. Yet he could not even have it performed as it stood; and before the public of 1863, so far removed from the enthusiasms of the Romantic age, what he was able to present of this supreme masterpiece was received with indifference.

He died in despair, worn out before his time—he was only a little over sixty-five—thinking that nothing he had done would survive. And yet, had it been given him to live just ten years longer—not nearly so long as his glorious contemporary, Victor Hugo—he would have witnessed his entire rehabilitation, he could have taken part in his apotheosis. This joy was denied him. In any event, however, he lives in his work; and in the same way that in the Epilogue of Goethe's poem the angels rise to that higher region reserved for the elect, bearing with them the immortal part of Faust, so the masterworks left by Berlioz during the course of his arduous terrestrial life continue to transmit and to reveal to us that which is immortal in Berlioz.

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Is it necessary, after having discussed such a master, to cite other witnesses for the musical activity in France during the Romantic age? We would have to descend from a high level to do so. Théophile Gautier, in his *Histoire du romantisme*, mentions, after Berlioz, Hippolyte Monpou, to-day very much forgotten. He was a fashioner of romances, which he wrote to poems in vogue, poems by Victor Hugo, Alfred de Musset, Alexandre Dumas, Gérard de Nerval, and some minor poets, singing them to his own guitar accompaniment, thus creating the illusion of an art in harmony with the taste of the time, yet which in itself represented only the least and most perishable side of Romanticism.

We would far rather name Félicien David, were he not, because of his age, rather to be reckoned to the succeeding generation. His was the merit of introducing a new note, that of Orientalism, into music. Hugo before this had written *Les Orientales*; it was no more than right that in his turn a musician should voice the accents of *Le Désert*. Yet this work belongs to the year 1844, already removed from the preoccupations and the spirit of 1827. Music often lags behind the other arts.

In fact, if aside from Berlioz, we wish to mention some authentic representatives of the romantic spirit in music it is among the executant artists that we encounter them: Nourrit, Mlle. Falcon, Malibran, etc. And the outside world had sent to hospitable France some of its best representatives, among whom must be instanced virtuosos who became inspired masters: Chopin, in whom were resurrected the aspirations and nostalgias of martyred Poland; Liszt, come from his Hungarian homeland, a prodigious pianist, with a soul open to every lofty idea and who, later on, was to occupy an important place in that evolution of modern music which began with his friend Berlioz.

Be it said, incidentally, that in the course of this sketch we have spoken only of what was accomplished in France. Yet Romanticism was a world fact, and it would be easy to study its manifestations in any other European land. In music Germany takes an eminent place in this connection. No doubt the name of Beethoven could not reasonably be set down among the names of the real romanticists; nevertheless we have been able to establish how powerful an impulsion his example gave to the creations of the boldest exponents of the new spirit. Is there any musician, however, who has a better right to qualify as a romanticist than Weber, in whose harmonies one senses the breath of nature and inhales the fragrance of the forest, and whose principal work, representative among all the rest, the *Freischütz*, itself so justly bears the subtitle—*Romantische Oper*?

At an even more recent date, finally, came one other romanticist, and he one among the greatest masters of his art who, without ever having left his native Germany, participated in the universal movement, bringing forth all that was most profound and intimate in it. This was Schumann. Nor is it in externals that he presents himself to us in this connection. With Berlioz the gesture was violent, irregular, excessive; in the music of Schumann we penetrate to the very depths of Romanticism's soul.

A recent notable study devoted to this Saxon master by a French æsthetician, M. Victor Basch, has very fairly indicated his place in the art and in the thought of his period:

Among the German musicians, it is Schumann who realizes the romantic ideal to the fullest extent, joining hands, on the one side with Chopin, whom he was the first to recognize, and with Berlioz, to whom he paid homage for all they were profoundly different, and on the other with Wagner, the opposite to Schumann in the extraordinary vigor of his temperament, the intensity of his life in the senses, the cyclopean

massiveness of his creative impulse, yet who none the less, in his lyric dramas, realized a Schumannian dream. . . .

Romanticism minted new values and raised a new hero on its buckler. The romantic hero, instead of treading life's path with the assured step of the classic hero, advances along it groping his way, faltering and staggering. Between himself and reality he sees an abyss which he is neither capable nor desirous of filling. With all his energies reinforced by the desperate consciousness of the uselessness of his effort, he strives toward those heights whose attainment has been forbidden him, toward an Infinity, a point beyond, which, owing to a contradiction he does not ignore, yet against which he cannot defend himself, he avidly seeks in the finite world here below. Hence, in his case, throughout his spiritual organism, there is a fundamental disharmony, a continuous dissonance which his morbid pride insists is superior to banal harmonies and flat consonances. Hence, in his whole physical constitution, there is a morbid fracture, yet one which he carries not as a blemish, but as a distinction and a preëxcellence. . . ."

Such, in effect, was Schumann: "If we would properly fathom him, it is his interior life that explains at once the form and the content of his music. Schumann is the very incarnation of German musical Romanticism."

The words amply justify the conclusion which may be drawn from our study as a whole. To have been able to prove that men like Berlioz and Schumann each, in his own way, have been the most representative personalities of musical Romanticism, sets in relief the high importance of Romanticism itself; for in their art, the one and the other were the best that the age produced in their respective natal lands. Hence it is enough to have named them, among many others, in order to convince us that, in the rightful meed of homage offered in every branch of human intelligence to the memory of this extraordinary epoch, music is entitled to a share, and a most ample one.

(Translated by Frederick H. Martens.)

MUSIC AND THE MOVIES

By HARRY ALAN POTAMKIN

MUSIC has been associated with the movie since the latter's prehistoric days. It was accepted from the very beginning that music was to accompany the film, and the entrance of many film-entrepreneurs was made through the avenue of the accompaniment. Yet the justification and the ideal utilization of the musical accompaniment must be sought solely in inherited "custom." There is no *absolute* justification for the use of music to accompany the film. The fact that in a straw-vote taken of some 300,000 London cinema "fans," thirteen per cent asserted they had been attracted to the movie by the orchestra, is a commentary upon the audience and not upon the legitimacy of music-with-the-film. Russian movie audiences attend a musicless *kino*, because they are not *accustomed* to the musical accompaniment, and trained film-observers, viewing pictures in pre-view projection-rooms, often find the absence of music enjoyable. But for the western audience, accustomed to the music of the organ or the orchestra, the absence of music would, I am certain, prove ominous and even terrifying. Moreover, profound silence demands too much of the human species, western style. The problem is to discover a beneficent compromise. Since music must be present, let us make the most of silence!

I do not intend to write a panegyric upon silence. I am not one who believes in it as superior to verbal utterance. I leave that exaggeration to my younger colleagues, endeavoring to absolutize the cinema, by making silence the absolute ideal of human achievement. But—silence is the medium of the movie, as it is the medium of the clown. In the movie it is a paramount virtue, and an art can transcend its material lineaments only by the play of its virtues, or better, by virtue of its inherent characteristics. This does not mean that there will not ultimately evolve a legitimate, authentic, and distinctive cinema-form in which sound will be a part. But the present cinema in its exploitable potentialities—despite the contradictory practices of its eminent exploiters—is intrinsically valid through silence. And it is with the present cinema that we are here concerned. Of the sound-film I shall say more at the close of my examination.

Silence, so intrinsically a part of the cinema, was anathematized in the very beginning of the movie by those concerned with the cinema's development. In the first days, Alexander Black, the novelist, accompanied his film-showings with lectures. Song-slides—even until to-day present in the neighborhood houses—alternated with movies in the first *kinos*. I can recall as a small boy being hired by a movie owner to follow the action of a picture behind the screen, not only with my voice, but by pounding the screen, to emphasize physical combat. We have always been afraid to let the movie carry itself by its own intrinsic devices. We are afraid of purity. Mr. Edison, being an inventor, has never been concerned with the æsthetic attributes of his inventions. He never saw any "commercial" value in the silence of the film. In 1912 he presented his premature "talking" picture. Four years previously Gaumont had presented a verbal film. The sound-film is to-day still premature. But the inventor is abetted by the investor and the impresario. The major share of the responsibility for the inflation of the musical accompaniment rests on the last of these three i's.

Sigmund Lubin, among the first film-magnates, sold phonograph records to accompany the films he leased. The synchronized music on disc or film is an extension of this first mechanical music. The experimental Studio 28 in Paris is a direct derivation; its films are accompanied by an arranged selection of music on the mechanical piano. Numerous small houses still retain the Wurlitzer mechanical band-unit, and the recently revived Orchestraphone. In all instances the orientation is toward the grand ensemble: the orchestra. Its first realization dates back to Loew's Broadway Theatre, 1911, when Ernest Luz arranged the accompaniment and directed the orchestra. Luz gave some good advice in a contemporaneous film journal, reprimanding the random accompaniment. In 1913 there appeared several "musical films,"¹ one produced in America and another in Germany, to which Luz wrote the accompaniment, pronounced "a score practical for the average pianist." Therein begins the large-scale music. It prepared the birth of the impresario S. L. Rothapfel (Mr. William Fox's "genius"). In 1913 the Regent Theatre in New York was showing the George Klein production, "The Last Days of Pompeii," one of the earliest feature films. Mr. Rothapfel supplied an orchestra for the film, and at certain intervals an actor recited passages from the novel by Bulwer-Lytton. That author, whom

¹A recent "musical film" has been projected, which is a visual description of the music. Since this is not an independent film, but a film by analogy, it does not concern us here.

Hawthorne called "the pimple of an age of humbug," would have enjoyed the atmospheric environment given to his tale. Sweet singers appeared from charmed recesses. Soft lights hallowed them. Atmosphere, be it noted, is Roxy's (that is Mr. Rothapfel's) *sine qua non*. It is expressed in his tall, blond, military, straight-nosed attendants—not to be called ushers! The quality of this atmosphere is suggested in Mr. Roxy's fond term for his employees, "Roxy's Gang." It was the yearning for atmosphere that has made Roxy the premier movie impresario, the archetype of the magnanimous benefactor of mankind. For, if we are to believe the trade journals of both, movie and the music, or the critics of amiable disposition, such as Richard Watts, Jr. (for the movie), and Charles Henry Meltzer (for the trade of music), America is a nation experiencing emotional exaltation through the movie "temple." Mr. Watts finds in the combination of music and the movie the greatest *assault* upon the emotions ever known to man. While Mr. Meltzer says: "The movies have accomplished more than a dozen opera houses to help good music. When they have harrowed up our souls with dramas of adventure, or fretted us with futile comedies, they have made amends by interpolating on their bills movements from symphonies, classic and beautiful, or scenes from operas." Mr. Watts is a strange protagonist for the silent art in his assumption that the good movie needs any outside assistance in *assaulting*—as he crudely and inexactly puts it—the audience. Poor audience! are they always to be passive, and never participating? Are they the "friendly enemy?" As for Mr. Meltzer's view, I quote it because it is typical. In fact, he confesses himself true to "type" by his blessing of Roxy, Riesenfeld and Mark Strand, who supplied the theatre for the advancement of the educational work. Mr. Meltzer's view is the view that has advanced music in the movie from solo-sandwiches between films to film-sandwiches between solos. The movie has passed into concert, and is progressing backward to the "chaser" in the vaudeville program. To-day one finds in the presentation cinema—the "palaces and temples"—the anomaly of a movie house inhospitable to the movie.

Few have stood by the movie. The movie's own have been easily duped by the superior attitude of the so-called music-lover. Dr. Georg Goehler, a German critic, has been emphatic in his attack upon music in the movie. A good picture, he says, needs no assistance from music. And music is altogether too proud to divert our attention from a bad picture to obscure its faults. This is an acceptable criticism, but its tone calls for further criticism.

It is the tone of the musician, who is too often the snob. He thinks of music as the first and greatest art; therefore it cannot yield its place anywhere to another, let alone a vulgar medium like the movie. But whatever is the position of the art of music, in its milieu the movie must be permitted its proper place. Music is, in the present cinema, incidental.

In 1915, the "Movie Pictorial" began to crusade through Mabel Bishop Wilson to raise the standards of movie music. By raising the standard has been meant raising the music in eminence. What about the movie? Mr. Carl Van Vechten, in 1917, published an article in "The Seven Arts," entitled "Music and the Electrical Theatre." In that essay he congratulated the cinema impresarios upon their promotion of the musical art, and suggested an extension into Wagner, Beethoven, Debussy, Schoenberg and Loeffler. By 1917 the movie orchestras had rendered Bizet, Gounod and Rimsky-Korsakov. In truth, the "classicism" of the movie musical program had become tedious by 1917 to Mr. Van Vechten, who would have preferred a "let-up" *via* Irving Berlin. The "let-up" has become quite tedious by now, without having created any suggestion towards the ideal movie-music.

Hugo Riesenfeld contributed, in my opinion, notably to the hybridization of the cinema program. He has done much to further the imposition of music, a fact he avoids, it seems, when he complains of this hybridization. However, in the program of the new Colony Theatre, with which he was associated in its first months, Riesenfeld subdued the glaring insolence of the non-cinema performance by fashioning a music-movie entertainment. When the program first began at the Colony, one was pleased to hear but not see the music. "Ah!" one thought, "at last the non-intrusive orchestra! At last a movie spectatorium, in place of a movie auditorium!" But no. It is just a device, a device of the jazz-age. The orchestra rises up from the depths and stands in our visual way. Leopold Stokowski has favored a hidden orchestra at the symphony concert. At the cinema the orchestra before the screen is an anachronism. Riesenfeld freed the program from what has been called, wittily, "Roxy's noisy good taste," and has given us a polite entertainment. However, there is still too much music, despite the fact that Riesenfeld believes in the right of the movie to pre-eminence in the cinema program.

It is this program idea which has worked back upon the making of the film. If the bad film can be strengthened or obscured by music and "acts," why worry about making good

films? If we are to see the art of the movie fulfill itself, we must do away with a number of conditions, and one is the elimination of the three i's: investor, inventor and impresario. We must recognize the independence of the movie. Since 1917 Mr. Carl Van Vechten has awakened to the fact that "writing music for the movies is a new art." He has been brought to a recognition of the need for "a new point of view." Others have come to a recognition of the same need. Mr. Van Vechten has based his changed standpoint on the tenet that "a moving picture is not unlike a ballet in that it depends entirely upon action." He had evidently been reading Alexander Bakshy, a prophet among cinema critics. Mr. Van Vechten qualifies this tenet with a statement which is a confession of limited understanding: the movie, he says, "differs from a ballet in that the action is not necessarily rhythmic." A fully realized movie must be rhythmic. The rhythm, however, is not ballet or literary or musical. It is cinematic. It is this inherent rhythm which provides the key to cinema music. We will consider that later.

The supporter of music-with-the-movie may find his authoritative precedent in the first musical accompaniment. He may go back to the antecedent of the movie house, to a time when the movie was a curiosity in the dime museum. This precedent, however, should indicate that it is the small orchestra that historically belongs to the film. The musical progress of the movie accompaniment was, first, an increase in the number of instruments: from piano to drum to percussion accessories to violin to 'cello—inclusive; the thirty-two piece orchestra; the organ, the Hope-Jones unit. Concurrently with this development went that of content: from running accompaniment to scores. At present several forms of musical program exist in the movie. There is still, in very small neighborhood movies—remnants of the old movie alleys and converted stores and stables—the running piano accompaniment, sometimes aided by a fiddle. Then there is the large central house with a full orchestra of very competent musicians. The orchestras in the Philadelphia houses include many of the former members of the Philadelphia Orchestra. A third form exists, which I believe will be the increasingly accepted one, as it is the most relevant one: the small chamber-orchestra. This last and ideal form of orchestral accompaniment has been sponsored by the Little Cinema. The *Théâtre du Vieux-Colombier* and *Studio des Ursulines* in Paris, parents of the Little Cinema, have excellent orchestras whose musicians prepare the music for the program. But as yet the Little Cinema has proven itself of little consequence

in the exploitation of its enterprise. It is thwarted by a number of things, mainly by the fact that those active in it have as impertinent a conscience as that possessed by the so-called commercial movie-man. I refer particularly to the American Little Cinema: it possesses the general unscrupulousness and sanctimony and incompetence and trusting-to-the-æsthetic-accident of the movie. It has become quite complacent, thus intensifying its sanctimoniousness. The small orchestra is not enough; good taste is certainly not enough; prettiness is not enough. The music, where it has not been interpretative, as in the great part of movie music, has been indolent. The orchestra of the Little Cinema is ideal; it is small, it is intelligent, it need not go out of itself for matter; and, moreover, it is usually hidden from the orchestra audience. It is non-intrusive, an essential element for movie music.

Essentially the music of the movie, whether it has been catch-as-catch-can or prearranged, whether it has been written entirely and only for the particular film or has been an organized *mélange* of musical selections, has not realized itself as other than interpretation. So that in principle all movie music is identical. It may be the score for "The Birth of a Nation," organized from Hebrew chants, etc., or "The Covered Wagon," with its old songs, etc., or "The Big Parade," with its war lilt, etc.;¹ it may be music as purposeful as Antheil's "Ballet Mécanique" for the film of that name; or a score such as that arranged by Mendoza and Axt for "The Trail of '98"; or simply the quick response of the agitated pianist in the small slum house—it is music out of place. The movie needs no explanation or interpretation, it must rise or fall of itself. The music must be subservient. Nor does Mr. Meltzer's pronouncement answer the need of the movie-music, that "its purpose should be to study the moods, the minds, if you will, the souls, of audiences and help them sympathize with the dramatist." Does not answer the need, did I say? This is a fantastic bit of impudence. "Stimmungsmusik," indeed! Do the program-annotations at the symphony abet the composer? Mr. Meltzer wishes the music to do what the movie must do, convey the intent and sense and inference to the spectator. He wishes to further reduce the movie's emprise. Certainly, the movie has been innocuous enough!

The ideal cinema will be conceived as a ramified and rhythmic graph, a rhythmic cine-graph. The music accompanying it should be the *mean* of the graph, not the mood of the interplay built

¹These borrowed antiquities may be considered as documents, and justified as such. The "documentary film" or film-portion is an exception to this general consideration. The Congo music to the dances in "The Black Tournay," is an excellent example of *concurrent* documentary music.

upon it. It should attempt no commentary, no interpretation, no augmentation of the film, but simply seek a subdued, non-intrusive, reticent time-concordance with the film. Its highest aspiration should be non-conflict. If you think I have reduced the music of the movie to a humble place, what will you think of the French critic who suggests that the highest purpose film-music can fulfill is the drowning of the distracting noises in the audience? Or what will you think of the suggestion of the evangelical Vachel Lindsay, America's first movie critic, to do away with the music because it interferes with the conversation of the spectators?

I have no great hope that my position will be accepted by those influential in the cinema. Nor will it be taken by those who desire to extend, as they believe, the province of the movie. In Germany, Hans Heinz Ewers, the author, and Joseph Weiss, the composer, have joined to create what to me is not an art, but a monster: a *Kino-Oper*, a Movie-Opera! I have not heard that others have followed their example. But to have shadow-forms sing—well, isn't that the contraption of the Vitaphone, the Movie-tone, etc.? Why not attach a phonograph to Mona Lisa? Then there is the continual urging of certain critics, composers, conductors, etc., for the synchronization of the movie score with the film. George Tootell, an English cinema organist, conductor and composer, has said: "... under existing conditions we have arrived at a point from which further progress and improvement is almost impossible, and yet, far from achieving an ideal, we see many features which are undesirable." The music of the movie has passed from the running accompaniment to the suitable setting. Roxy would have music lift the picture from its flat screen to—the gods; every genuine artist knows that if there is to be any transcending of medium it must be done by virtue of the characteristics of the medium itself. No outside help. This holds for the movie as well as for sculpture, painting, and music. The suitable setting has been supplied by adapting music already written to the film. For instance, eight measures of the opening movement of Coleridge-Taylor's "Petite Suite de Concert" were suited to the Jealousy Theme in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." This was not a mere casual rearrangement or a more or less trivial alteration, but a precise adaptation with a transference of the melody to the basses and a re-timing of the measure. The musical director who does this well must be credited with considerable ability. Still, this is not creating music for the movies. In some instances—in most instances—such scoring approaches nonsense in its meticulous following of the action, viz:

Cue

I Hate this
Dolores Enters Church
Let Him Go

Intermezzo—Whelpley.
Andante Religioso—Fletcher.
Dramatic Tension—Borch.

The director times each passage to the film, so many minutes to so many feet. The musical Theme, in this instance Micaela's Aria from "Carmen," is repeated at exact intervals, creating a unity. The caption serves as a cue. This type of scoring is, in its exactness, superior to the chance playing of the movie pianist who was advised, "as the musical interpreter of the emotions depicted on the screen, the player must be *emotional*, and respond to the often quick changes in the situation." The player was told to "size up his audience," as if he were a salesman. In fact, if "not his knowledge of life," he was further cautioned, "his knowledge of the picture must enable him to *anticipate*, so that his music is always slightly ahead of the film, preparing rather than reflecting. Therefore, *the player's eyes should be on the screen as constantly as possible*, and never for too long a stretch on the music or on the keyboard." This is reminiscent of the agitated musician of the movie of the early days. However, the agitation was soon, of necessity, lessened, and stereotype music took its place. Less improvisation and more job music. The pianist was liberated from the hysteria of following and reading facial expressions, moods, scenes, gags, etc. His place has been taken by the manipulator of the effect-organ. The program music that followed on the piano was the forerunner of the present orchestral scoring of big movie orchestras. As the handicraft age still persists in the industrial, so there are still improvising pianists—some of whom play "by ear"—and program pianists in the movie. A repertoire was provided for the program pianist which included the following:

Nature

Grieg	Morning-Wood
Nevin	Country Dance
Saint-Saëns	The Swan
Helm	Sylvan Sketches
Friml	Iris
Bohm	Murmuring Brook

Love Themes

Cadman	Melody
Elgar	Salut d'Amour
Liszt	Love Dreams

Light, Graceful Moods

Chaminade	Libellules
Delibes	Pizzicati, "Sylvia"
Moszkowski	Canzonetta

For "Elegiac Moods" there was music by Debussy, Wagner and Rubinstein, as well as by Bernheimer and Friml; Wagner for "Impressive Moods"; and Enesco, Meyerbeer and Handel; Nevin, Wagner, Meyerbeer, Verdi, Berlioz, Gounod, de Koven, Chopin, Ketterer for "Festive Moods"; composers and compositions for "Exotic Moods," for Comedy, Speed, Neutral Music, Waltzes, Standard Overtures with "brilliant and lively passages which will fit scenes in the Wild West, hurries (speed), chases, fights and mob scenes, etc., many of them also contain slow movements which will prove useful as love themes, etc.," and Special Characters and Situations; Tragedy a. Impending; b. Aftermath; Death (N. B.—In the presence of actual death, observe silence!) The parentheses and exclamation mark are not mine, but they are appropriate. By "actual death" whose death is meant, the musician's or that of some sensitive soul in the audience?¹ Music for Battle Scenes, Storm Scenes, Villainous Characters: Robbers (in Drama), Robbers (in Comedy), Sinister Villain, Roué or Vampire, Revengeful Villain—for Youth and Old Age. There was, in fact, music for every flick, every flicker and every flea. There was music for The Feature Film, the Animated Cartoon, Slap-Stick and High-Hat Comedy, News Reel, Educational and Travel Films. For African movies Coleridge-Taylor's "African Suite." The French Little Cinema has surpassed this. For the splendid "Black Journey" (the Citroën expedition) authentic "Congo Jazz" was played, the one instance of music "suited to subject" which was neither a stretch of logic nor an interference with the picture's rhythm. The same theatre, encouraged by the reception of this music-movie combination, presented a North African film with North African music, in which instance the music was an intrusion and a torment. The first venture was successful because the music was modest and kept within its boundaries.

This *résumé* of program piano music for the movie is not a study of a thing of the past. Refer to Erno Rapée's "Encyclopædia for Movie Musicians"; Mr. Rapée is insistent upon suitable settings. A Spanish Overture for a Spanish picture. How Spanish is a Spanish picture filmed at Hollywood? For patriotic tableaux he favors such compositions as Weber's "Jubilee Over-

¹The answer is obvious. "Actual death" may occur in the filming, by our ever-ready and ever-present camera men, of catastrophies, railroad or aeroplane wrecks, involving the actual loss of lives, such as the news-reel presents almost every week for the entertainment of the morbidly curious. When it is not merely the case of an actor "playing dead," in the featured thriller, but when the lens has caught the picture of life destroyed, silence—even parenthetical silence—would seem more fitting than an indifferent performance of the first sixteen measures of "Ase's Death" or the "Funeral March of a Marionette."—Ed.

ture" and Herbert's "American Fantasia." For Scenic Pictures there are the andante movement of Dvořák's "New World Symphony," Goldmark's "Rustic Wedding," and the 5/4 movement of Tschaikovsky's "Sixth." For North American Scenics with their "massive rocks and thundering water-falls," there is Herbert's "Natoma." Mr. Rapée's sense of the fit is insulted by such an incongruity as playing "Suwanee River" to accompany a picture of President Grant, "where a more martial air would be more fitting." In fact, according to Mr. Rapée, there is music suitable to each and every President of the United States of America. The conductor must be quite scientific in his selection of music for the film. In the case of the feature picture he is advised to (1) determine the geographical and national atmosphere of the picture and (2) embody every one of his important characters in a theme. This may seem like a synthesis, but it is really a hodge-podge. The musical director is, as a matter of fact, told to hybridize his music to avoid monotony. He has a great list to select from, from A to Z, from Abyssinia to the Zoo. He can have orchestral music for Country Love—a simple and sweet ballad, and he may have music for Society Love—from Victor Herbert or Chaminade, and for comedies he may use old songs as burlesque, preferably in medleys. That is the status of orchestral music. Though Roxy may boast he has presented Strauss's "Ein Heldenleben," any one attentive to the condition in the movies must admit that George Tootell is right when he speaks of an *impasse* in the present cinema music. The boast of Roxy's Music Library is an indication of this massive stoppage. This Library owns 30,000 orchestral numbers, including Victor Herbert's own complete library. There are in this collection 1000 overtures—600 of which were once owned by Herbert. This permits of a different overture each week for over nineteen years. In addition there are suites, short pieces, marches, waltzes, ancient and modern dances, etc. But this is a collection, not a growth within. Mr. Tootell believes there is only one way out, and that is in the simultaneous preparation of the movie and the music. He has had the experience of preparing the score for a completed picture, an inferior one filmed by Stoll of England, called, à l'américaine, "Frailty." He wrote 2000 bars of music and is convinced of the validity of *original* music for the movie. Only, he asks for synchronization. Allowing that we have intelligent, honest and eagerly progressive producers, interested in the art of the film, we would still need to face a physical limitation in the cutting of the film after the picture is taken. To cut the film would mean to cut the music. Which would be equal to

demanding new music for a film already completed. This would of itself defeat synchronization. Then there is the problem of censorship. The censorship of the picture would leave the music at certain places out of keeping with the film and might produce not harmonies but anti-forms or, at any rate, affect the timing and the sequence. Pathos in the film might be reduced to bathos by an antipathy in the music or *vice versa*. But to me there is in this synchronization a larger evil. It still speaks in too large terms of the music and is still subject to the vicissitudes of "interpretation." I believe the alternative Mr. Tootell suggests to contain the solution.

Mr. Tootell suggests as an effective chamber-quartet the piano, organ, violin and violoncello. Any small orchestra is satisfactory. He believes that the organ of large dimensions could be supplied with works of the modern Russian school, and for the feature film he wants his special, original music. I am against these distinctions. The concept "feature" has alienated the movie from itself; it has loaded the industry with unnecessary expenses and equipments that impede its development æsthetically; it is a false idea. If the word "feature" is to be kept, make every picture a feature picture. "The Last Laugh" was not considered a feature film in America, yet it is one of the few rhythmic, cinematic entities. The organ of the movie is monstrous. I am aware that certain musicians, like Firmin Swinnen, have made excellent transcriptions for organ use, but the movie organ is not one of music, but of effects. It is the confounding that is apparent in a Fairbanks or Lloyd film, of the antic or gag with cinema movement. The legitimate diapason organ can find a place, as George Tootell has indicated, in the small cinema orchestra. We want to get away from the persistent notion that every waver, every close-up, embrace, pie-throw must be interpreted or reproduced in the music. The typical organist follows a plan for describing "specific emotions, moods, and situations" in the register. Love, for instance, has its equivalent in solo flute 4', Joy is Happiness (Springtime, sunshine) intensified in volume and can be found in the flutes 16', 8', 4', 2' and strings. Think how simple it is to produce by prescription Hope, Victory, Exaltation, Prayer, Suspicion, Entreaty, Yearning, Anxiety, Temptation, Hatred, Disaster, Defiance, Treachery, Rage, Cruelty, Torture, Grief, Despair, Passion, Renunciation and—Dreaming, to quote a movie caption, "The Golden Wings of Youth." This all reads like a caricature of the movie actor's profession. He, the actor, is a register that always registers on the same key when a particular emotion

is called for. Adoration—his grey eyes bulge in glazed vacuity. This concept of programming the movie situations is a ridiculous statement of the business of the movie musician.

Good incidental music has already been written. Directors here and abroad know of the concise pieces of Maurice Pesse. Firms like Chester in England and Schirmer here have published Swinnen's organ transcriptions of Baron's "Indian Legend," Česák's "Twilight," Coleridge-Taylor, etc., and the incidental music of Borch, Jungnickel, Bergé and Langey. Certain of the short pieces of Schumann, Sibelius, Buck and others indicate a basis. Stravinsky might be called in. Primitive music is an excellent source. Jazz converters like Copland and Antheil, or John Alden Carpenter, might find a profitable field in the cinema. The hope is in the small orchestra. Symphonic music is too grand to be submissive to the movie.

The notion that every trough and crest in the movie action must be followed or interpreted in the score is juvenile. When a composer writes music to a song, he does not inflate each accent in the written ms. to a musical utterance. One of the weaknesses in Emerson Whithorne's music to Countee Cullen's "Saturday's Child," is that frequently he "interprets" a word with a musical equivalent producing, not a *relevant*, but an effect that obtrudes out of the total pattern. This is a sentimentality. The purpose of the movie composer should be to get the rhythmic mean, not the bumps and hollows in the action, and construct music in this rhythmic mean. This will avoid conflict between music and movie and will keep the music toned down to its lesser position in the cinema house. The action, that is the incidents, in the picture are only details in the rhythm. The rhythm is the dynamic sequence which includes everything. It is the repetition in variation which produces the visual and dramatic totality. Look at a movie like "Sunrise"! Observe how the players, the settings and the occurrences enter into the unit flow of the film. The Movie-tone effects are insulting to the purity of this rhythm, just as occasionally the orchestra has deceived us into believing a rhythm occurred before our eyes when it really was apprehended by our ears. The senses are related. Arthur Rimbaud, the French poet, gave colors to the vowels. We speak of "sour music." What is the figure of speech if not a recognition of this relationship? It is because of this close affinity that I would keep music away from the film as much as possible. At least until the cinema realizes its tremendous potentialities. Let us purify the movie and at the same time develop a new field for the composer. This will be a

fine beginning for the young musician or the worker in small forms. The movie theatres could afford to employ talented young composers as staff composers. A number of small theatres might combine to employ one composer. This, however, is all incidental.

The movie house will henceforth take two tendencies: one toward the enormous theatre, and the other toward the intimate Little Cinema. There is one danger in the latter. It, too, has been discovered as profitable by the business man. With that has often come the collapse of a promise. Already the Little Cinema has developed its own evil, the importation bug. There is extant in the Little Cinema a bug which bites the owner till he goes *Ufa*-mad and will take anything, good or bad, that the German film company sends. It is the Little Cinema's expression of the American sycophancy. The big producer brings over the German director and actor, the Little Cinema imports the film. However, the Little Cinema indicates one direction away from the non-cinema movie-vaudeville presentation house. I am optimistic enough to believe this direction away will increase and may eventually be the determinant of the aesthetic of the movie architecture and the movie proper—and of the music for the movie. It may work back to a revaluation of the movie and a definition of its form and content. The musician may think himself deprived of a legitimate and profitable sphere of enterprise. But in the small movie forms there may be revealed a very fundamental and pure music which may offer new and fruitful exploitation areas to the composer. This is in keeping with the tendency to purification present in all the arts: in music, painting, sculpture, literature, and cinema. We want to free our categories from confusions. In that way we are freeing life itself from its current confusion, which borders on bewilderment. I believe the composer no longer has a contempt for the movie because it is mechanical. There is no quarrel between the mechanical and the non-mechanical, the quarrel is between the artistic and the non-artistic. The moving picture asks the musician not to impede its progress toward the realization of its inherent qualities. It asks the musician to respect *its* rhythmic content or possibilities. That is a request every artist should respect.

Throughout this essay I have concerned myself with the relation of the movie to the present cinema. I am, however, not one of those dogmatists who cannot see the possibility of a legitimate form in which music and film will be conceived and realized simultaneously and in interrelationship. A form of the cinema may evolve in which the stage and the film may constitute a har-

mony. A form of the cinema may evolve in which fluid color may be an important constituent. (The color-organ is now being manipulated in several movie-houses.) There may be a *Kino-Oper* which will not be monstrous. But such legitimate compound cinemas are distinct, or will be distinct, from the movie as we at present know it. To attempt a compounding with the present cinema is to create a monster out of a man. That is the principal objection to the sound-film. These compound cinemas are premature, and what is premature is unlovely.

The indolence and ignorance of the film-practicians (augmenting the irresponsibility of the inventor, the cupidity of the investor and his sanctimoniousness) have betrayed the silent movie. In the silent movie there was never a reason for the lip-mimicry of the spoken word. The sound-film protagonist may well urge the practice of this illegitimate pantomime as justification for going the full way to the spoken word. It is highly ridiculous to conceive of the movie as a screen on which mutes grimace. Ridiculous and even horrible! The practitioners who defend the silent movie have made no defense in their utilization of the cinema's silence. They have always showed a nostalgia for the word by mimicking the word. But if the practitioners of the "silent drama" have been incompetent in the silent movie, what shall we say of the same people at work upon sound-films? It is a small matter to learn the mechanics of the sound-film. It is another thing to pattern sound-sight in a distinctive and complete art. Cecil De Mille learned the mechanics of the movie in a moment, but he has never learned anything about the making of a beautiful film. The problem of the sound-film is not being met, but the first of the cinematic arts, the silent movie, is being further deflected, confused and thwarted. Music in the sound-film is being thought of solely as an experience as yet novel. It is thought of solely as a commercial reduction in costs, as a commercial advantage to the small house, as a commercial attraction to the audience. That explains the intrusiveness of the music. Not simply that the music has been clamorous (as in "Seventh Heaven"), or hodge-podge (as in "Four Sons"). But that the sound is not corporate in a medium conceived in sound-sight. The sound is expedience.

I have stressed non-intrusiveness. This is the emphasis upon silence. To define silence we must avoid confusing, as one writer has done, the present cinema with the cinema of incorporated sound. That writer has said: "In the film-work of the future, music will accompany the picture when its employment materially aids the sensual or emotional phase of perception." The

film which employs music to aid it is not the film of silence. And in the film employing music to aid it—the future film of the writer—the film will as much aid the music as the music the film. In other words, such a film will be a sound-sight compound working in an interrelated sound-sight pattern. The simple film of silent images refuses any aid from another sensory medium. The writer continues to prophesy that the music “will not necessarily be played in a straight, unbroken score.” This is a fragment possessing meaning to the present, simple film. The film need not be followed continuously. Silence should be stressed. Not as the quoted writer says, “interrupted or punctuated only by an occasional outburst of symphonic rhapsody to heighten the mood.” The movie has its own devices to heighten the mood. It needs no rhapsody or symphony save its own eloquence. The writer plays further into the hands of the conspiracy against the movie with these words: “And frequently, to strengthen the effect, the orchestra will be split, stationed on two sides of the screen and numerically arranged to meet the tonal requirements.” An ambitious musical circus, perhaps a future agency in the cinematic arts, but certainly of no value to the movie of plastic fluidity of non-sonal images, of images that may suggest but not express sound. The movie has no concern with “musical agencies,” “music plots,” with the assistance of any other music than that of its own images. It can very easily convey sound visually. It needs no help for this. And the stress of silence is available for the moments of greatest intensity. It is banal to utilize expressed sound for intense moments, when the movie has its own silent devices. In “Wings” the screen is magnified and against huge gray clouds two specks—airplanes—combat. The orchestra and all sound should have been hushed. What could have been more terrifyingly breath-taking than silent combat upon the seemingly limitless screen? But no, a specious, infantile realism gave voice to the combat, reducing the emphasis. Recently, in a small house in Paris, I witnessed a revival of Abel Gance’s 1918 war film, “J’Accuse.” There is a scene in it where the dead arise from the battlefield and march. The orchestra ceased. The effect was terrific! What vaudeville “fan” does not know the effectiveness of silence during an acrobatic feat? This is the point: since music is inevitable, we can make the best use of silence by selecting the intervals carefully at which the music will be hushed. At all other times the music is to be subdued—I might even say, made bashful. Long periods of silence separated by music will emphasize not the silence but the sound. And only by emphasizing silence can we

stress the silent image. Though in the emphasis of silence in sound there is still an emphasis of the sound arrangement. To this I answer: subdue the silence in the sound, use it sparingly. But see that the music neither distracts nor deceives the sight. Hide the orchestra. Perhaps that will satisfy Sir Thomas Beecham, who is so justly enraged against the present orchestral organization of cinema music. The sound-film may drive more spectators into the Little Cinema. That may aid the ideal movie-music.

VIEWS AND REVIEWS

FINANCIAL prophets evidently see farther into the future of music than do the musical oracles. The latter are declaring: Opera is dead; and the former reply: Long live the opera! The financiers give it at least another eighty-seven years, if we are to judge by the term of the ground lease for New York's new opera house. New York needs a new opera house. It is to have at last an ornamental as well as an adequate one. The building will be set in the heart of the crowded city; and yet the plans call for wide approaches, ample space, harmoniously designed surroundings; the whole will be a pleasure to the eye of the proud citizen.

In round figures, the project is said to involve an investment of one hundred million dollars. That is a tidy little sum, and the investor probably knows what he is doing. But one is tempted to ask: Is he basing his calculations on the "life-expectancy" of the opera as a form of music or as a social luxury? It can not be considered a necessity, not in America. Nor is there, with the decline of Richard Strauss, a truly potent musician among contemporary opera composers. For over three hundred years, however, people have gone to the opera for other than musical reasons, and it is likely to be a safe guess that they will continue to do so for eighty-seven years more.

Had opera—the bastard child of all the arts—never existed, we should still have Lasso, Palestrina, and the other masters who wrote music before 1600; we should have the whole of Bach, Chopin, and Brahms; the fulness of the greater Beethoven; the fine flower of Haydn, Schubert, Schumann, Franck, and Fauré. And we might count ourselves lucky at that. But opera, due to its mixed consanguinity, inherited the bright, particular virtues of the mongrel. And these virtues were sufficient to give us Monteverdi, Gluck, Mozart, Rossini, Verdi, and Wagner, with a "Carmen" and a "Pelléas et Mélisande" thrown in for good measure.

At Florence, Mantua, and Parma—during the infancy of opera—it was the spectacle that stirred a pleasure-loving nobility. At the performance of Monteverdi's "Arianna" at the ducal palace of Mantua, on May 28, 1608, the invited guests—according to a conservative estimate—numbered four thousand. The Mantuan traffic police had a hard day. The Duke himself was obliged to

help maintain a semblance of order. When opera came of age at Venice, in 1637, and the first public opera house opened its doors, the noble spectators in the boxes became an added attraction for the rabble in the gallery. Though golden voices wooed the ear with tender melodies, people went to the opera house to see the glitter and to be seen in their finery. We have histories of the opera and opera singers. Who will write the history of opera audiences?

Operatic customs form one of the strangest chapters in the story of human society. In 1728, at the début of a new soprano in London, the audience threw more than a thousand guineas on the stage, in token—crude but positive—of its approval. And just how good a singer was that soprano? American audiences of our day have been known to throw many thousands of dollars into the box-office to hear a sensationally advertised, but otherwise undistinguished soprano, especially if she is heard in the frame of the opera stage, with a “diamond horse-shoe” at the other end of the hall. Kid-glove applause is *con sordini*; it requires the strong and unprotected palms of the garlic-scented higher regions to produce that fine reverberation which shakes the rafters and brings grateful tears to the eyes of the singer. In that history of opera audiences there should not be forgotten the paid *claque* and the organized hisses. Tears other than those of gratitude have been shed on many a stage.

We are told that Italian gentlewomen, in 1624, on hearing for the first time Monteverdi's use of the *tremolo* on bowed instruments, could not master their emotion and wept into their silken handkerchiefs; but weeping only sweetens laughter. The generations that were content to sit through setting after setting of the tragic tale of *Orfeo*, or *Demofoonte*, or *Alessandro nell'Indie*, demanded their fun between the acts of the *opera seria*—in the form of comic *intermezzi*—or took it in the shadows of curtained boxes that favored blithe intrigue.

When Baron Pöllnitz, titled adventurer, was in London, he went to the opera in the Haymarket, of which Handel was then the manager. He considered it “the best and most magnificent in Europe.” And he had travelled every post-road from Saint Petersburg to Madrid. In his gossiping memoirs he tells us that at the Haymarket-Theatre a seat in a box was a guinea, half a guinea in the pit, and a crown in the gallery. “But tho' 'tis always crowded, yet it won't defray the Expences of Acting, so that several of the Nobility contribute to the Salaries of the Actors, which are extravagant.” Times have not changed. These

conditions not only brought Handel three times to the brink of ruin, but they finally ruined his health. Pölnitz considered himself a judge of music. He writes of the London opera: "The Music of these Operas is generally composed by one *Handel*, who is esteemed by a great many People beyond all Expression, but others reckon him no extraordinary Man; and for my own part, I think his Music not so affecting as 'tis elegant." What sort of performances must these 18th century operas have been, when in London—as almost everywhere else—"there's Dancing between the Acts when there is no burlesque Interlude?" Pölnitz was "passionately fond" of Italian music; yet, with the opera in Rome he declared himself "disgusted." He rightly resented the omnipresent *castrato*. He could not stand seeing "those Eunuchs play the Part of a *Roland*, or *Hercules*, or some such Hero." He was not satisfied with "half a dozen Actors, no Machines, and no Dances, except in the Interludes." Pölnitz had a better opinion of the English ballad-opera, "where they sing only the Tunes, the rest being recited." This, he thought, "is more just than when the whole is sung; at least a Man does not sing when he is killing or beating himself." Who can count the number of times that some one has "stabbed" himself or his faithless love on a high note? *Amor*' and *traditor*' are household words of the librettist and occasions for the singer to get blue in the face.

With a collection of some 25,000 opera libretti, the Library of Congress has the most extensive operatic *morgue* in existence. What a waste of effort to "entertain" the dear public of three centuries and give the opera managers something to gamble with. And what are probably the three finest opera scores—Mozart's "Magic Flute," Wagner's "Tristan," and Debussy's "Pelléas"—were composed, one to a serio-comic fairy-tale (with masonic implications) in doggerels, the second to a great romance in ejaculatory verse, the third to hot-house symbolism in nebulous prose. The drama has its laws; but the opera knows none except the fickle law of change.

In 1768 a publisher in London brought out a little volume entitled "The Lyric Muse Revived in Europe; or, A Critical Display of the Opera in all its Revolutions." It tells of operatic conditions in Italy during the 18th century. "The Neapolitan quality rarely dine or sup with one another, and many of them hardly ever visit, but at the Opera. It is customary for gentlemen to run about from box to box between the acts, and even in the midst of the performance; but the ladies, after they are seated, never quit the box for the whole evening." The proprietor of

each box regaled his company with iced fruits and sweet-meats. "Besides the indulgence of a loud conversation, they sometimes form themselves into card parties." It must have required concentration on the part of the players not to let the music spoil a good hand. The women dancers in Naples, at that time, were strangely attired: "in consequence of an order from the court, in the late King's time, they all wear black drawers." What a macabre sight they must have been. Yet, was it more singular than the short-lived experiment made at La Scala in Milan, some years ago, to safeguard impressionable manhood by having the *corps de ballet* pirouette in green tights? Frogs' legs as a sedative diet. To-day we have learned to face bare facts. Still, we are not so far in advance of opera's embryonic days. In 1565, during the *intermedi* that Striggio and Corteccia had composed for the wedding celebration of Cosimo de'Medici and Leonora of Toledo in Florence, Venus, "that loveliest of Goddesses, entirely nude, engarlanded with roses and immortelles," descended from the clouds in a swan-drawn chariot; and, according to the authors' stage directions, "in her train follow the three Graces, likewise recognizable by appearing wholly nude." There were "glorifiers" of the eternal feminine among the earliest "producers."

Stendhal was opera-mad, or rather Scala-mad.¹ His stays at Milan revolved round the famous opera house. He thought the orchestra admirable "in soft places," but it lacked in precision of attack and in *brio*. He visited eight or ten boxes during one performance: "there is nothing more delightful, more charming, than these Milanese customs." And because hardly anybody, occupied with paying or receiving such visits, gave the slightest attention to what was happening on the stage, it was possible to endure hours of indifferent music for the sake of one aria or one *ensemble* that offered "one delicious moment which lasts barely six minutes." Besides the *aria d'abilità*—the star's *bravura* piece that held every listener spellbound—there was the *aria del sorbetto* sung by some unfortunate nobody to the accompaniment of pretty lips sipping sherbet presented by babbling cavaliers. Stendhal knew of no place in Paris that could compare with a certain box at La Scala "where every evening fifteen or twenty distinguished men in succession make their bow and where one listens to the music only when the conversation ceases to interest." There was opera at La Scala every day of the week except Friday. On

¹Bibliophiles and lovers of Italy's foremost opera house will delight in La Scala attraverso l'immagine. Saggio iconografico di G. Morazzoni. Milano; a cura dell'associazione "Gli Amici del Museo Teatrale," 1928. The handsome edition is limited to 500 copies.

Saturday, July 16, 1817, Stendhal heard and saw in one evening Rossini's "Gazza ladra," Viganò's heroic ballet "Mirra," and a comic ballet as a "chaser." The performance took five hours. The scenery was superb. This being a first performance (all first performances were given on Saturdays), the audience listened critically. "Le silence a été extrême; l'on ne fait pas de visites la *prima sera*." The parterre of La Scala had one disadvantage: it was absolutely horizontal, so that, except from the front rows, one could not see the legs of the *ballerine*.

Those putting a hundred million dollars into New York's new opera house should make certain that the floor has the proper slope, and their investment will probably yield a fair return for the next eighty-seven years.

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From the diaries of men like Pöllnitz and Stendhal the musical historian should draw more information. We might thus gain a living record of musical personalities, events, conditions, tastes, at various times, instead of post-mortem theories about filiations of musical styles and botanical pluckings apart of dried or discolored flowers. Hopes were aroused that such a record was to be presented in Hermann Unger's "Musikgeschichte in Selbstzeugnissen" (Munich, Piper & Co., 1928). The title promised well; but the book does not fully come up to our expectations. To be sure, it is an adroitly made collection of sundry—and for the most part brief—quotations from various authors, ranging from Madame Blavatsky and the Chinese sages to the apostles of jazz and the inventor of the "sphærophone." Which merely shows again that extremes meet and overlap. There are many curious and little known extracts. Of perennial interest are the right and wrong opinions, quoted from the writings of great and small musicians, concerning their greater or lesser colleagues. The book unquestionably offers a novel and valuable contribution; but it still leaves room for a history of music that is faithfully and entirely carved from contemporary accounts. The frieze may turn out to be incomplete; and the gaps should be left unfilled with guess-work. At least there would stand out in high relief music as it recurred in the changing patterns of life throughout the ages, and not a flat picture as seen—and "interpreted"—by one man through the peep-hole of critical perception.

Occasionally, we meet with a monograph like Kurt Taut's "Die Anfänge der Jagdmusik" (The beginnings of hunting music),

which in a sense is also a piece of musical history based on "Selbstzeugnisse," or the first-hand reports of eye- and ear-witnesses. Hunting was probably one of man's first occupations. The shouts or calls used by groups of prehistoric hunters may well have been one of the earliest forms of vocal exercises, and the hunter's horn—spoils of the kill—one of the earliest instruments. Dr. Taut does not linger on the slippery ground of mere speculation, he seeks the firm foothold of library and museum. His bibliography covers nearly six pages in small print. From these sources he has drawn the material for an account that recaptures a great many facts about widespread usages of music in the life of man, at first devoid of artistic intention, but bearing in them the germ of important art elements. From the "caccias" of the 14th century and Clément Jannequin's "La Chasse" of the 16th century to the ravishing harmonies of the hunting horns at the opening of the second act of "Tristan," these elements have exercised their influence. It is consoling to read in Dr. Taut's collectanea that these horn-signals and flourishes were not always as harmonious as legend and poesy would have us believe. Erasmus of Rotterdam was one of many who declaimed against the nuisance of "those dirty hunting-horns." The chorus of objectors was swelled by Mersenne, Petrarca, and other writers. What would they have called the automobile-horn and its furious *cornure* that terrifies the poor, hunted pedestrian?

Entirely made up of "Selbstzeugnisse" is J.-G. Prod'homme's "Schubert raconté par ceux qui l'ont vu" (Paris, Librairie Stock). It is a companion to M. Prod'homme's similar volumes on Beethoven and Mozart, and their German models. In the case of Schubert, the documents collected by Otto-Erich Deutsch reduced the author's task to one of selection and translation. But of this task, by no means negligible, M. Prod'homme has acquitted himself with his usual taste and skill. Mr. Sonneck rendered to English readers a like service when, on the occasion of the centenary of Beethoven's death, he prepared and published his "Beethoven: Impressions of contemporaries" (New York, G. Schirmer, Inc.) What M. Prod'homme did for Schubert in French, remains to be done in English. Not that the centenary of Schubert's death has been overlooked by English and American publishers. They have valiantly done their share. One of the most compact and readable books of this kind is "Franz Schubert and his times," by Karl Kobald, translated from the German by Beatrice Marshall (New York, Alfred A. Knopf). The author does not claim to have shed new light on Schubert's life and works,

but what light there is he has caught in the prism of a colorful and individual presentation. Some of the light, however, seems to emanate from our old friend *ignis fatuus*. Schubert is still called "an amateur genius as it were." Would that we had more amateurs like him! "All his life he never attained to any position as an executant in his art, and never filled any musical post." His life was a short one; and if it was pre-ordained that it should end so soon, we must count ourselves fortunate that Schubert did not waste more of its precious hours on a "musical post." Again we are told that in "general culture" Schubert had "not the lofty intellect and cultivated mind of Beethoven." If Beethoven had died at the age of thirty-one, there is no telling what our opinion of his general culture would have been. Schubert attracted cultured men. With these friends he sat night after night in the alehouse—the "salon" of virile talk and absorbing discussion. He did not sit there as a listener only; he must have taken part in the conversation, actively, intelligently, with a mind of his own. If anything is wanting in the best of Schubert's music, it is not "loftiness."

Authors and publishers of biographies can not be urged too strongly to supply their books with indices. The next edition of this useful work on Schubert will be made more valuable by the addition of an index.

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There is at present a Moussorgsky *hausse*. The law of compensation gives the pendulum an upward swing. It soars, and hangs suspended in mid-air. There are revised versions of *Boris*, original versions of *Boris*, unrevised versions of *Boris*, and an *Ur-Boris*, as there is an *Ur-Faust* (of Goethe's, not of Gounod's). Commentators and annotators vie with one another in expounding the merits of these different versions, and in trying to persuade us that the farther we recede from Rimsky-Korsakov's "indefensible liberties," in returning to the composer's first conceptions, the closer do we approach a master-work. Messrs. Calvocoressi and Victor Belaiev have splintered their lances in this noble fight. M. Robert Godet, in the crusader's armor, swings his claymore—a double-edged "En Marge de Boris Godounof" (Paris, Alcan; London, Chester), the two volumes of which contain about everything that can be said on the subject of the opera, its history, its composer, his life, his friends and contemporaries, their place in Russian music—all these marginalia in order to transfix that

Base Phrygian Turk, "*le professeur Rimsky-Korsakof*." When the gory business is done, even those who may feel that the execution was needlessly brutal will have to admit that M. Godet, in meting out justice as he sees it, has written a capital work. He writes of Moussorgsky with great love and understanding. Yet, when love is blind, or nearly so, the understanding is somewhat weakened. No one, however, will blame M. Godet. For what he sees—or believes he sees—is always the vision of the artist.

Two books about Moussorgsky have recently appeared in Germany. One is by Oskar von Riesemann (Munich, *Drei Masken*, 1926), the other by Kurt von Wolfurt (Stuttgart, *Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt*, 1927). Dr. von Riesemann's book is now available in an English translation by Paul England (New York, Alfred A. Knopf, 1929). The author's long acquaintance with Russian music and Russian conditions gives authority to his narrative and weight to his opinions. Here, too, we encounter remarks about Rimsky's "professorial tone," and we begin to think that Serov's fine picture of the bearded, bespectacled "wizard" poring over his manuscripts represents in reality some college don correcting examination papers. When we are told that "Moussorgsky sank ever lower in the scale of society," the depth of his fall is measured by the rise of his friends: "Stassov, Cui, Borodin, were now Excellencies, Rimsky-Korsakov a professor." The title becomes a taunt. In a concluding chapter on the "Subsequent history of the works of Moussorgsky," Dr. von Riesemann deals at length with the various revisions of the operas, and he deals with them fairly. Precisely because of the attitude of M. Godet and others towards Rimsky-Korsakov, the following paragraphs from this chapter invite quotation:

If, from our present standpoint, many of the alterations that Rimsky-Korsakov has made in Moussorgsky's works seem superfluous, sometimes quite incomprehensible, we must not forget when his versions were made. Forty years ago men's musical conscience was not so elastic as it is now—this explains many changes that now perhaps strike us as merely the result of narrow professorial pedantry. According to modern ideas, Rimsky-Korsakov undoubtedly went much too far in his revision, especially in *Khovanstchina*, but it would be unfair to exact from an artist whose conception of music was founded on the works of the old masters that he should share in views that now seem obvious. That Rimsky-Korsakov did not always hold to his first opinions is proved, not only by the remarkable widening of his own musical ideas, but by the fact that he revised some of Moussorgsky's compositions (including *Boris Godounov*) several times, always with more indulgence to the originals, even restoring much that he had cut out at first. What marked out Moussorgsky as an exceptional genius is the fact that he was far in

advance of his time, even from a purely musical standpoint. Rimsky-Korsakov was not the only one who could not keep pace with him.

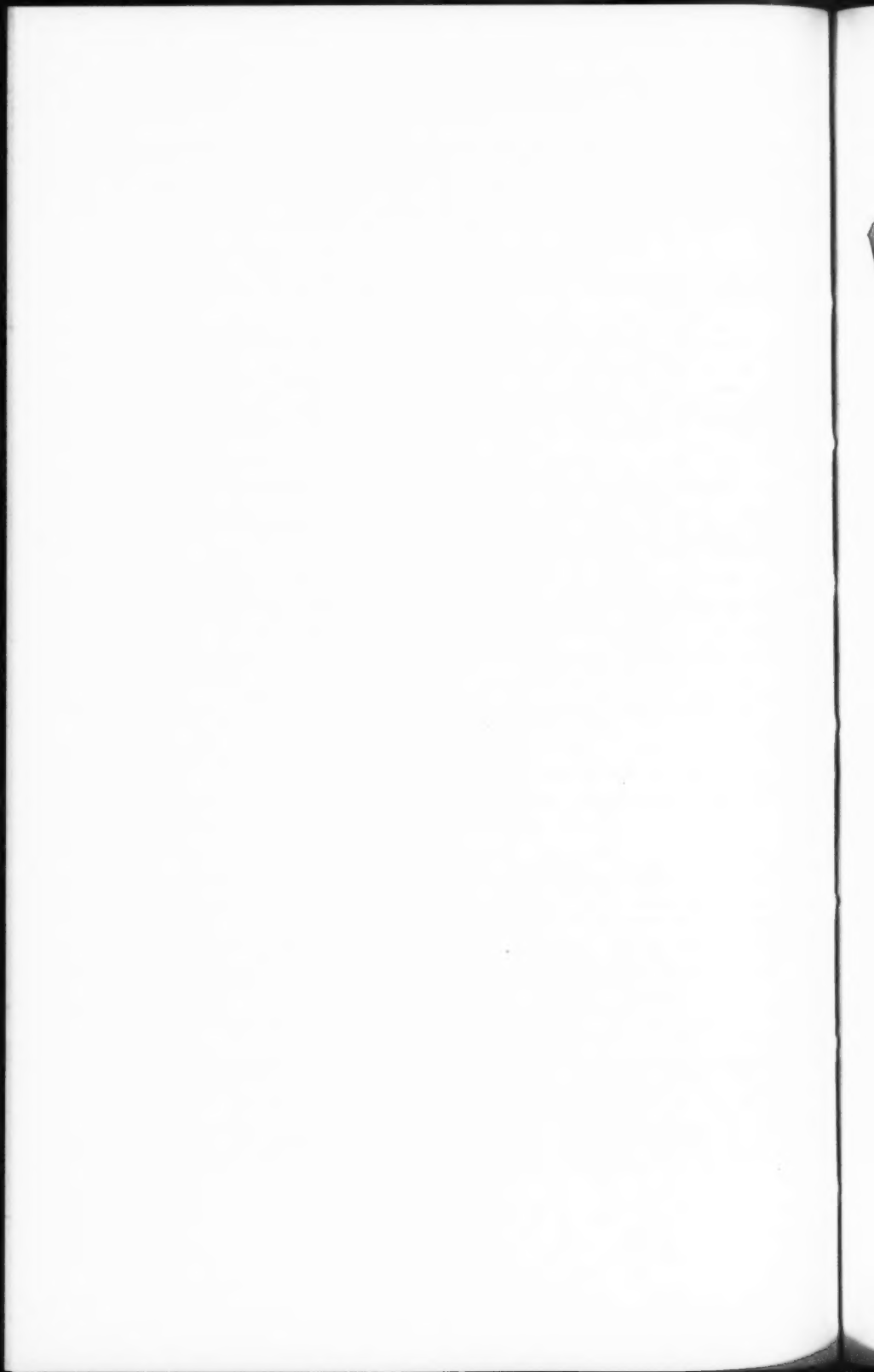
The revision and orchestration of Moussorgsky's works was absolutely necessary if they were to be generally accessible to the public. Who could have been better qualified and more clearly fitted for the work than his old friend, who was familiar with all the peculiarities of the composer's nature, even if he did not understand them all—who had sometimes worked with him side by side and shared all his artistic cares and struggles?

Rimsky-Korsakov, in his self-sacrificing labour on Moussorgsky's works, performed a task of the greatest importance in the history of art, for he made it possible for the two masterpieces of the unfortunate composer, *Khovanstchina* and *Boris Godounov*, to make a triumphant progress over the whole world. For this he deserves the thanks of every intelligent critic, even if we recognize that his work, like all human work, has its faults.

One great service Rimsky-Korsakov's action unquestionably has done—it has contributed enormously to popularize Moussorgsky's art. In the new smooth shell the rough kernel of the original form pleased everybody. Rimsky-Korsakov's version of *Boris Godounov* had a triumphal progress through the whole world.

By such remarks as these one is moved to wonder what services might not have been rendered Schubert's "Alfonso und Estrella," Schumann's "Genoveva," Cornelius's "Cid," Wolf's "Corregidor," Franck's "Hulda," Tchaikovsky's "Wakula," and Albéniz's "Pepita Jiménez," had they received the "unwarrantable" editorial attentions of a Professor Rimsky-Korsakov.

C. E.





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